

Local Man

"ONE OF THIS YEAR'S BEST COMICS"

THE HOLLYWOOD REPORTER • CBR • COMICBOOK.COM
GAMES RADAR • COMIC TROPES • COMIC BOOK CLUB PODCAST
THE MOVIE SLATE • 11 O'CLOCK COMICS



FLEECES

SEELEY

SIMPSON

SOBREIRO

LOCAL MAN

VOLUME 2: THE DRY SEASON

Created & Written By
TIM SEELEY & TONY FLEECS

Art By
TONY FLEECS & TIM SEELEY

Colors By
BRAD SIMPSON & FELIPE SOBREIRO

Trade Cover By
**TIM SEELEY
& TONY FLEECS**

Design By
TONY FLEECS & ANTHONY HALL

IMAGE COMICS, INC. • **Robert Kirkman**: Chief Operating Officer • **Erik Larsen**: Chief Financial Officer • **Todd McFarlane**: President • **Marc Silvestri**: Chief Executive Officer • **Jim Valentino**: Vice President • **Eric Stephenson**: Publisher / Chief Creative Officer • **Nicole Lapalme**: Vice President of Finance • **Leanna Caunter**: Accounting Analyst • **Sue Korpela**: Accounting & HR Manager • **Lorelei Bunjes**: Vice President of Digital Strategy • **Emilio Bautista**: Digital Sales Coordinator • **Dirk Wood**: Vice President of International Sales & Licensing • **Ryan Brewer**: International Sales & Licensing Manager • **Alex Cox**: Director of Direct Market Sales

Jon Schlaffman: Specialty Sales Coordinator • **Margot Wood**: Vice President of Book Market Sales • **Chloe Ramos**: Book Market & Library Sales Manager • **Kat Salazar**: Vice President of PR & Marketing • **Deanna Phelps**: Marketing Design Manager • **Drew Fitzgerald**: Marketing Content Associate • **Heather Doornink**: Vice President of Production • **Ian Baldessari**: Print Manager • **Drew Gill**: Art Director • **Tricia Ramos**: Traffic Manager • **Melissa Gifford**: Content Manager • **Erika Schnatz**: Senior Production Artist • **Wesley Griffith**: Production Artist • **Rich Fowlks**: Production Artist • **IMAGECOMICS.COM**

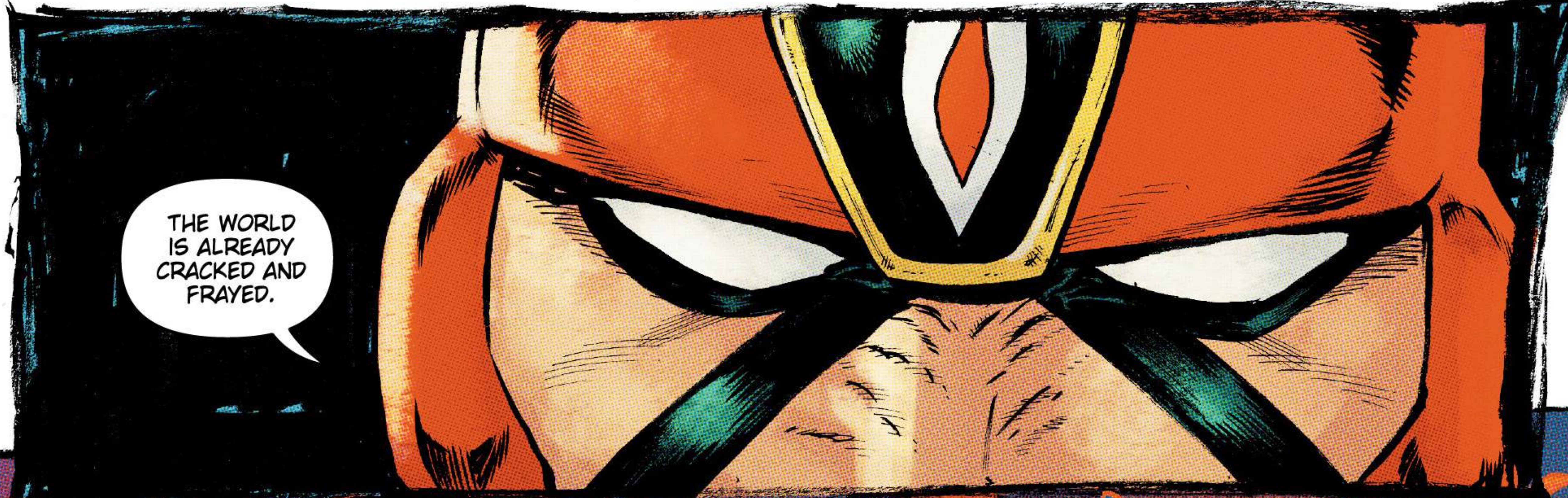
image

LOCAL MAN, VOL. 2. First printing. April 2024. Published by Image Comics, Inc. Office of publication: PO BOX 14457, Portland, OR 97293. Copyright © 2024 Tim Seeley & Tony Fleecs. All rights reserved. Contains material originally published in single magazine form as LOCAL MAN #6–9 and LOCAL MAN: GOLD. “Local Man,” its logos, and the likenesses of all characters herein are trademarks of Tim Seeley & Tony Fleecs, unless otherwise noted. “Image” and the Image Comics logos are registered trademarks of Image Comics, Inc. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means (except for short excerpts for journalistic or review purposes), without the express written permission of Tim Seeley & Tony Fleecs or Image Comics, Inc. All names, characters, events, and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, or places, without satirical intent, is coincidental. Printed in Canada. For international rights, contact: foreignlicensing@imagecomics.com. ISBN: 978-1-5343-9736-1.



Gold

AMG/23



THE WORLD
IS ALREADY
CRACKED AND
FRAYED.

STRANGE ISLAND HQ

LOS ANGELES.



AS FAR AS
I'M CONCERNED,
FANTOSIDE TEARING
IT APART CAN ONLY BE
AN IMPROVEMENT!

OR SHE
COULD ANNIHILATE
EVERYTHING,
CROSSFIRE!

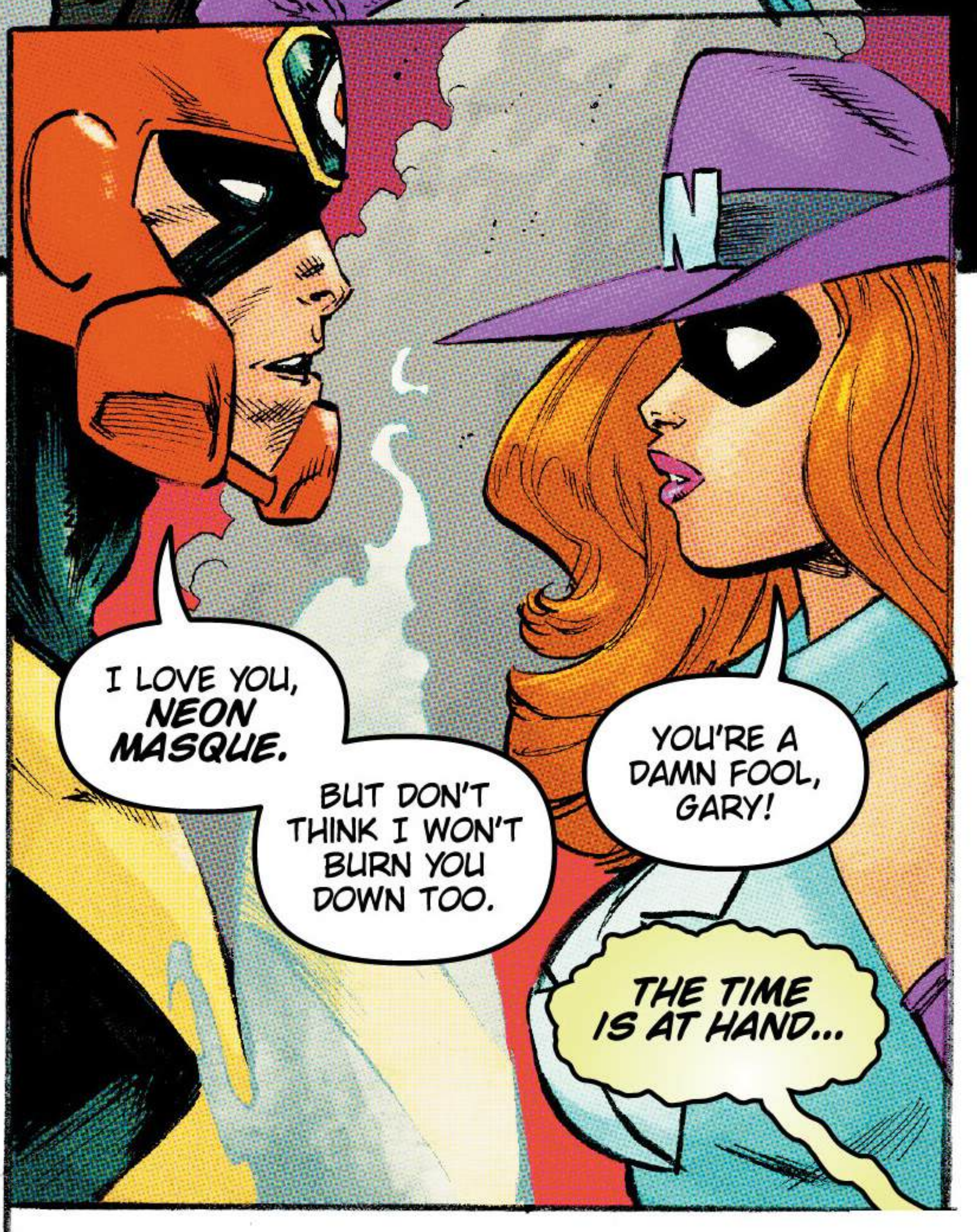
I'M SICK OF
YOUR HEATHEN
ZEN MALARKY!

THEN, I'M SORRY
IT'S COME TO THIS,
CAMO TERROR.

BECAUSE,
MY FLAMES
NEVER MISS!

Fwoosh

RAAGH!

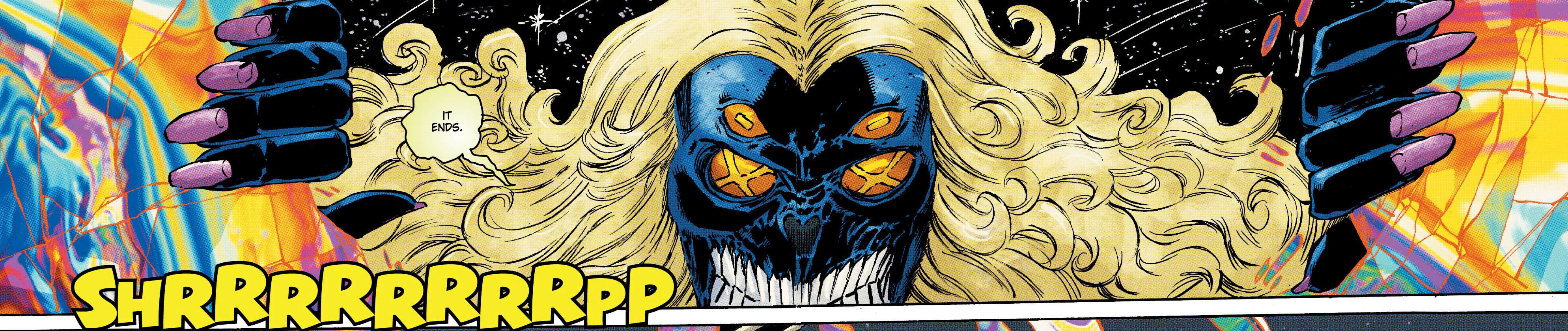


I LOVE YOU,
NEON
MASQUE.

BUT DON'T
THINK I WON'T
BURN YOU
DOWN TOO.

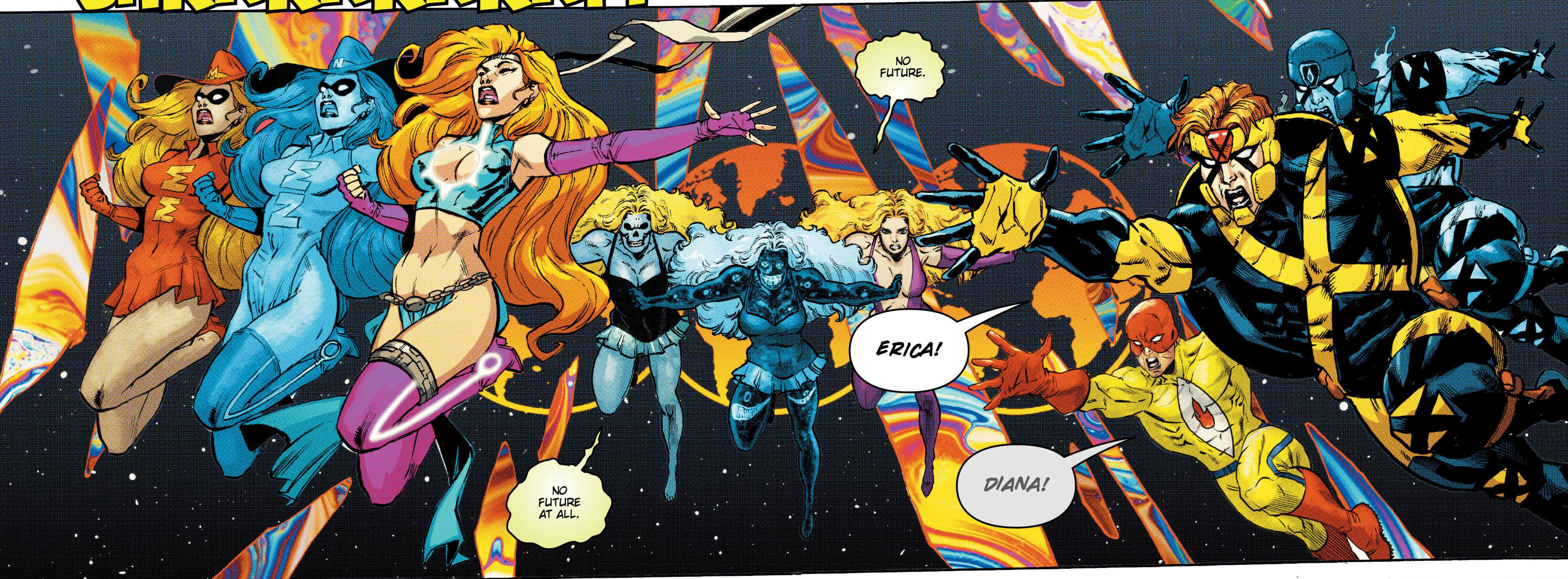
YOU'RE A
DAMN FOOL,
GARY!

THE TIME
IS AT HAND...



IT
ENDS.

SHRRRRRRRRPP



NO
FUTURE.

ERICA!

NO
FUTURE
AT ALL.

DIANA!



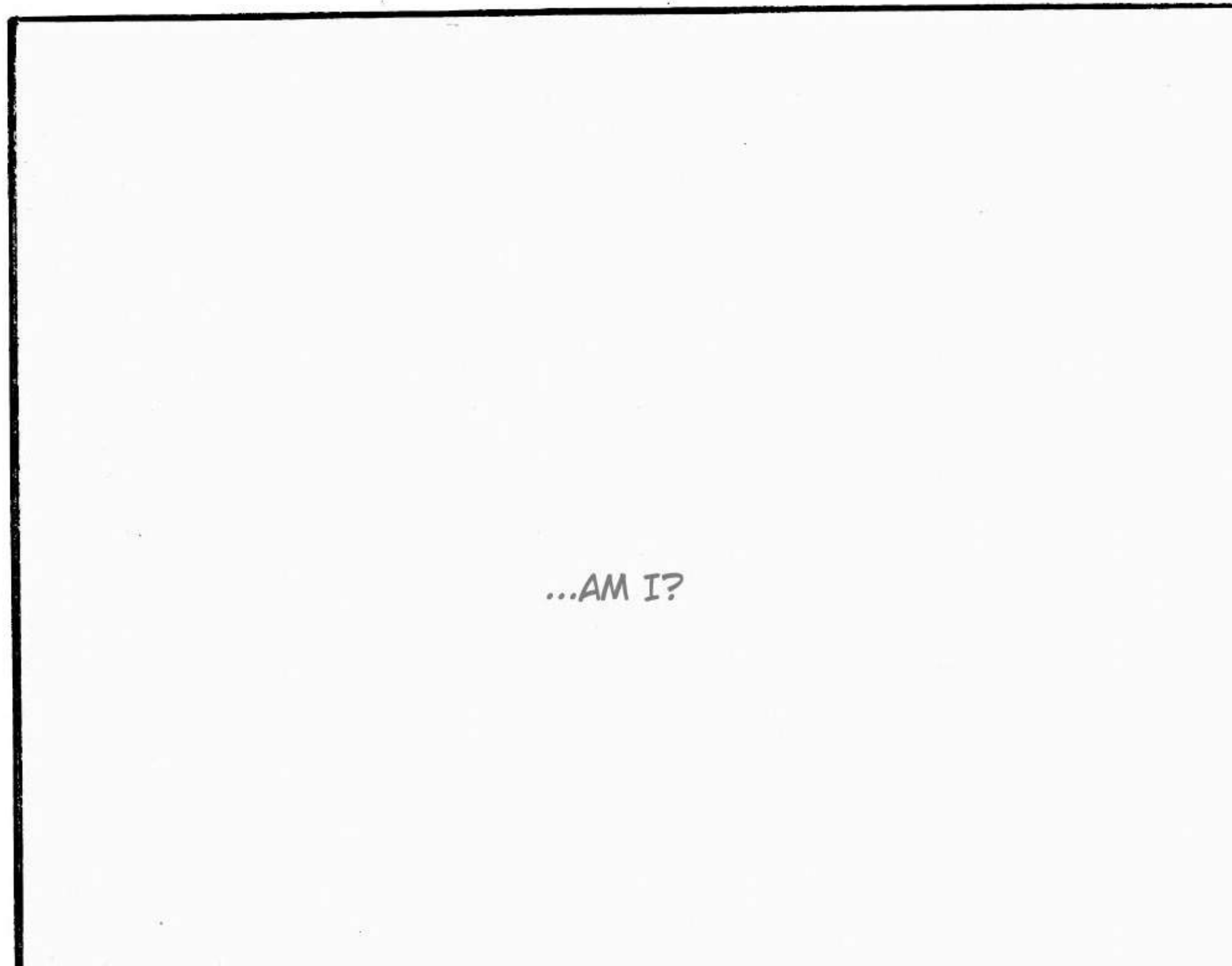
I'VE
SEEN
YOU.

YOUR
SOUL.

WHO
THE HELL
ARE YOU?



WHO
THE HELL...



...AM I?



NEXT SERVICES
92 MILES

IceMax
ANTIFREEZE
COOLANT

STREET

WISCONSIN
APR-16-92
America's Dairyland

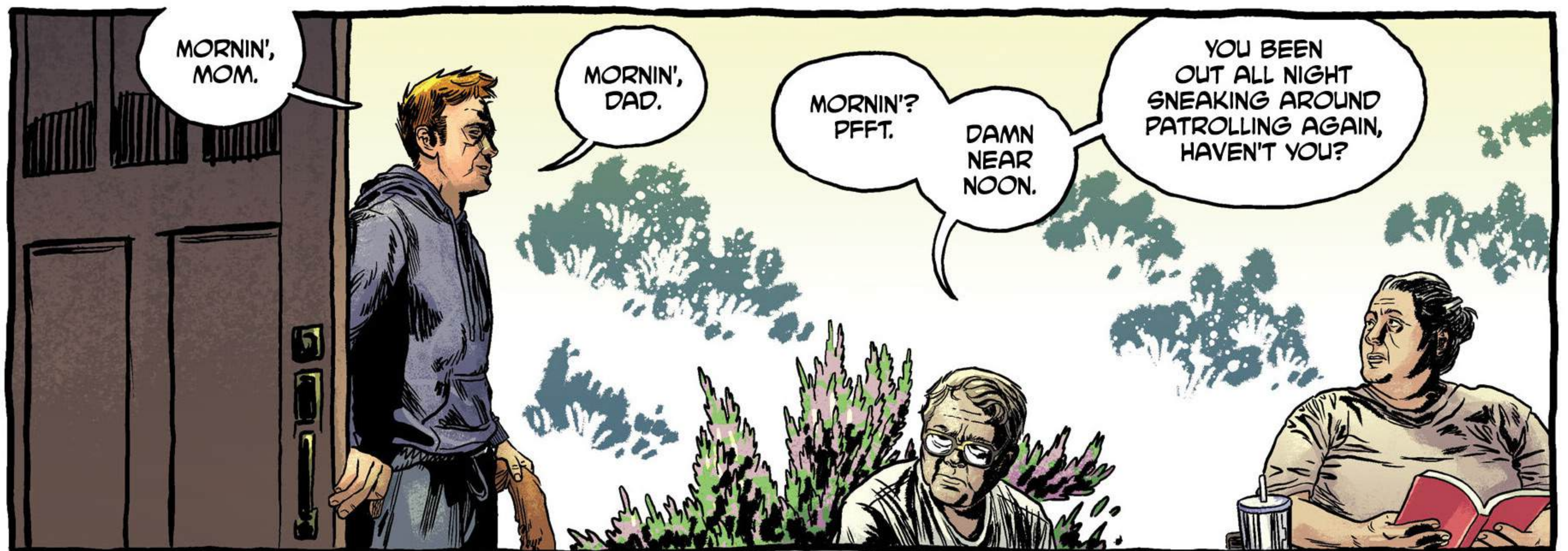
WEST NO
94

SALESY AMPL



THE XAVER HOME.

FARMINGTON, WISCONSIN.



MORNIN',
MOM.

MORNIN',
DAD.

MORNIN'?
PFFT.

DAMN
NEAR
NOON.

YOU BEEN
OUT ALL NIGHT
SNEAKING AROUND
PATROLLING AGAIN,
HAVEN'T YOU?



I FIGURED I'D FIGHT
CRIME ON FRIDAY, SO I
COULD TAKE MOM OUT
EARLY FOR HER SPECIAL
DAY TOMORROW.

WHAT'S
THAT NOW?



SUNDAY?
MOTHER'S
DAY?

OH GOSH, JACK,
I CAN'T REMEMBER US
EVER DOING ANYTHING
FOR MOTHER'S DAY
BEFORE.

I DON'T
THINK...

DID YOU
EVEN EVER
CALL?

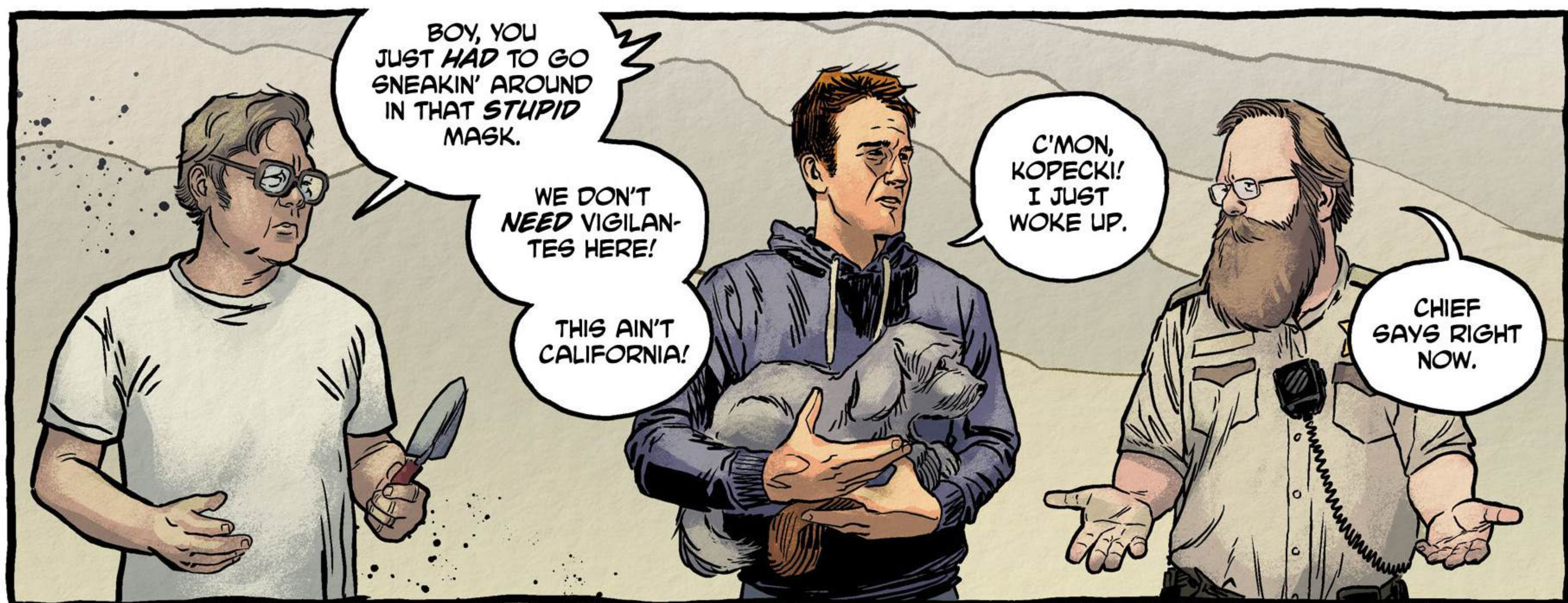
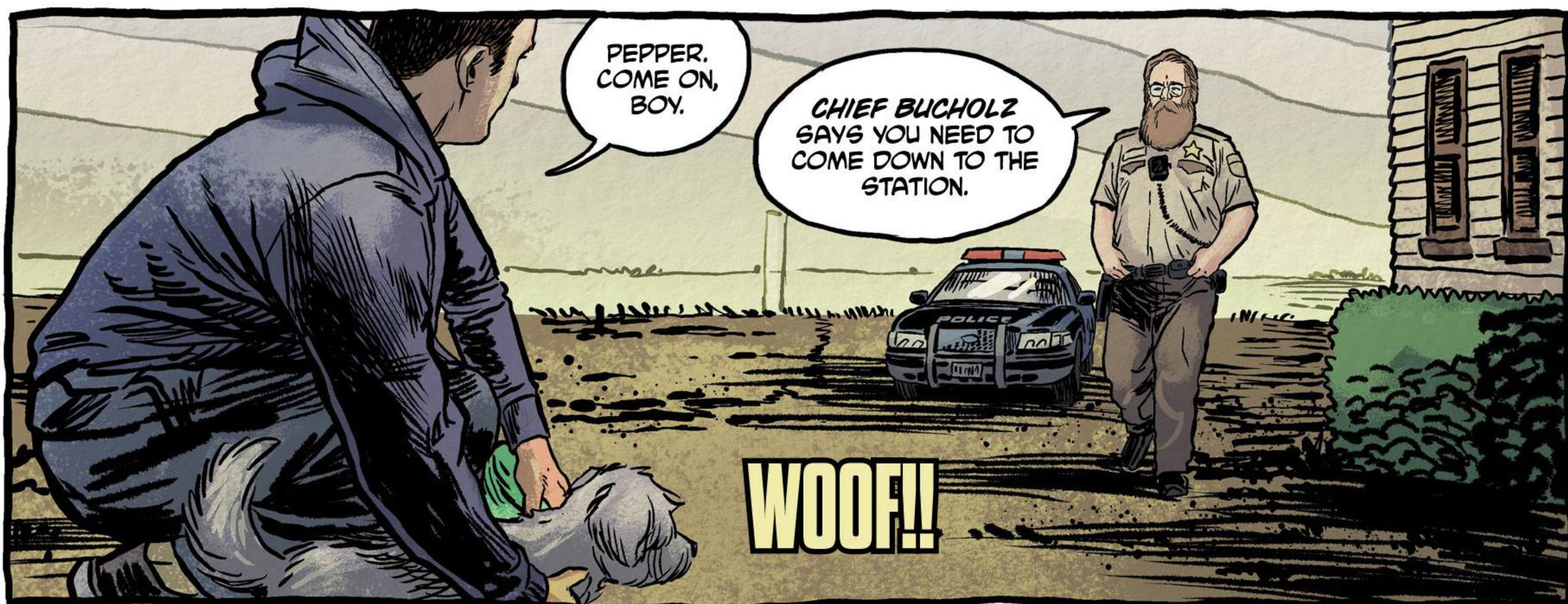


WELL, I'M TRYING
TO DO BETTER.
I'LL GO TO CHURCH
WITH YOU.

WE CAN GET
BREAKFAST
TOO.

THE
WHOLE THING,
MOM.

I'LL BELIEVE
IT WHEN I
SEE IT.





PEPPER.
STAY THIS
TIME.

I'M
SERIOUS.



STAY.

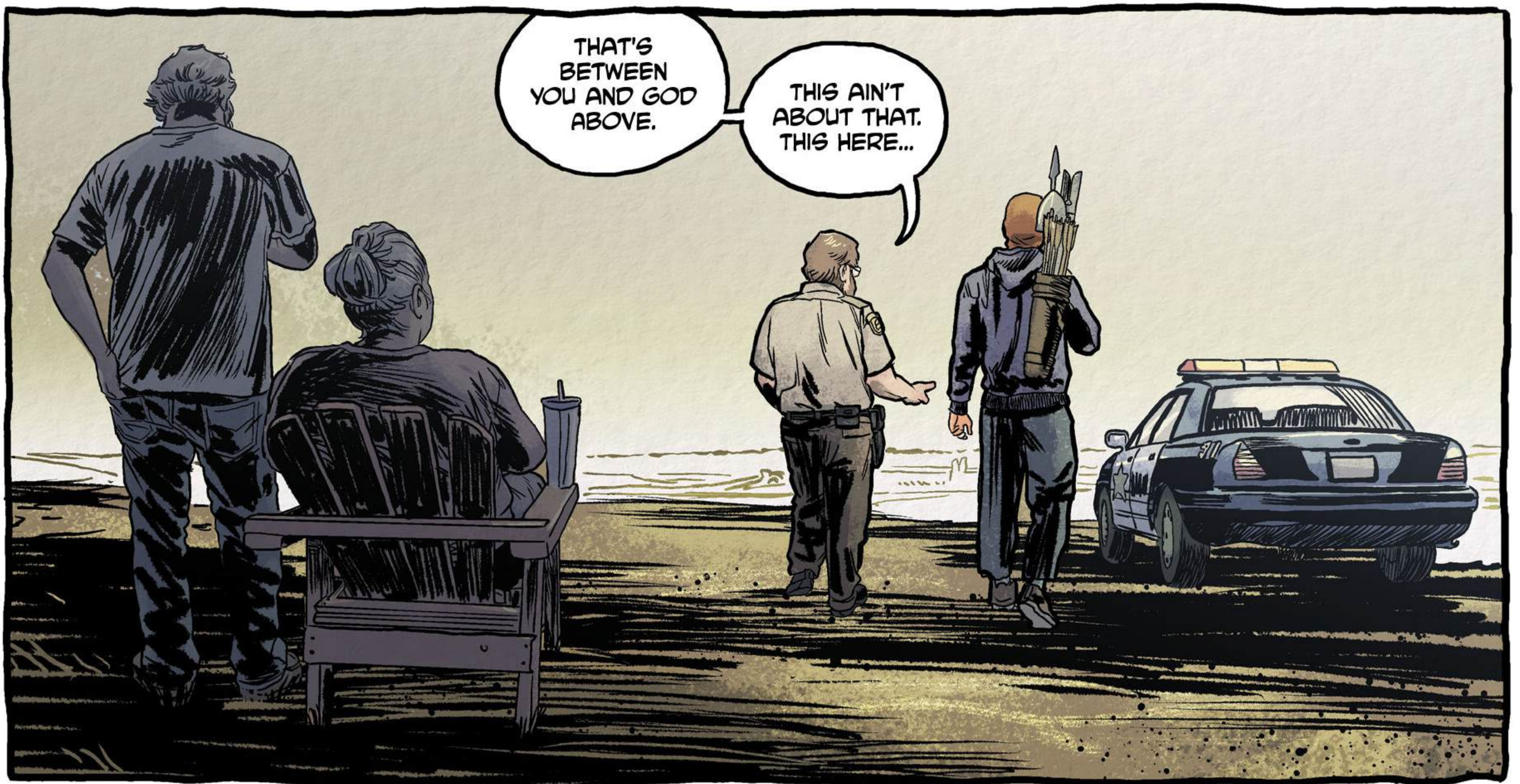


LOOK, IF THIS
IS MORE *CAMO
CRUSADER*
STUFF...

WHATEVER YOU
THINK ABOUT ME,
CHIEF BRIAN AND I
HAVE A THING,
OKAY?

HIS DEATH,
AND ALL THAT,
IT'S--

YAH
YAH.



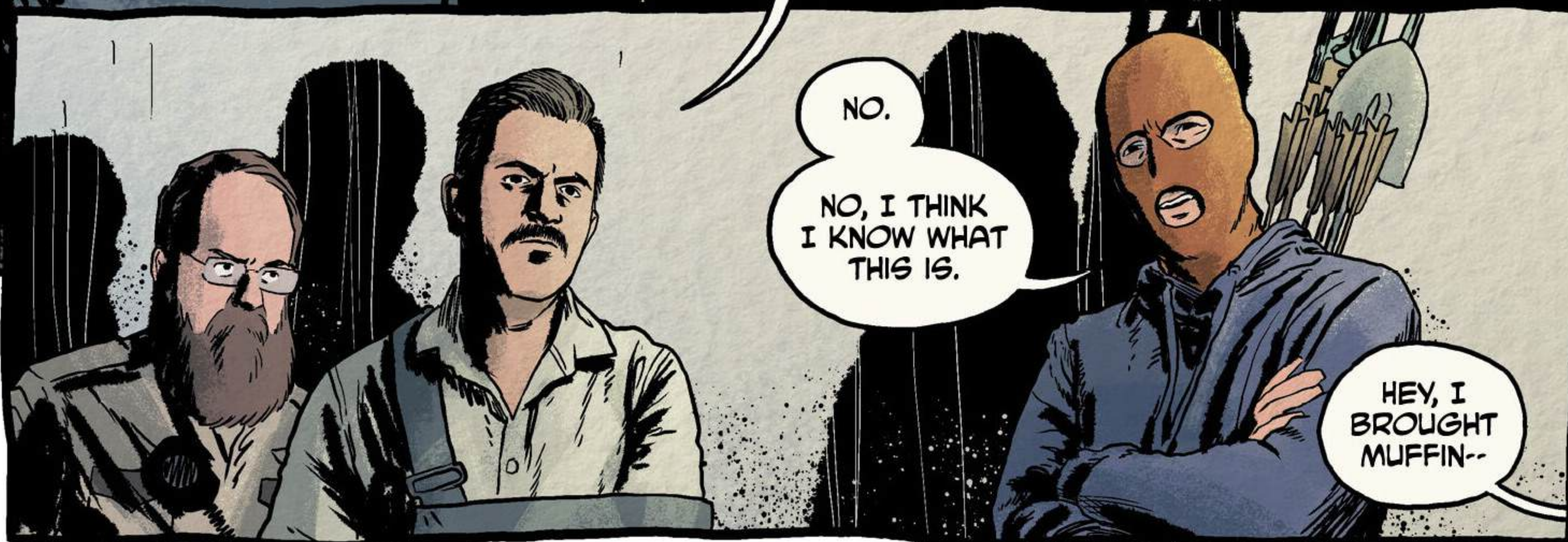
THAT'S
BETWEEN
YOU AND GOD
ABOVE.

THIS AIN'T
ABOUT THAT.
THIS HERE...

"THIS IS ABOUT YOU."

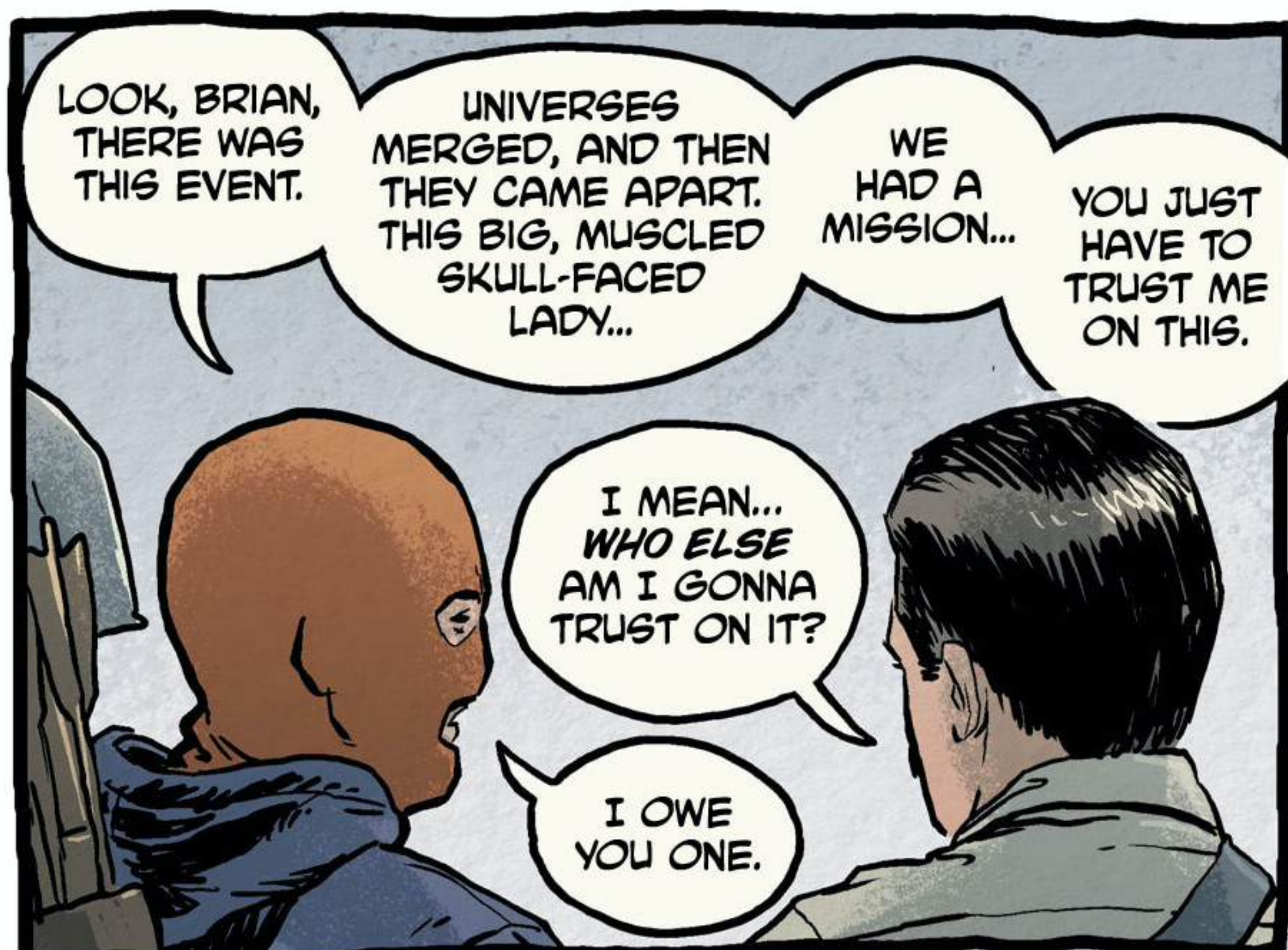


YOU DON'T SEEM REAL SURPRISED.



NO.
NO, I THINK I KNOW WHAT THIS IS.

HEY, I BROUGHT MUFFIN--





THAT'S ME UNDER THAT MASK, ISN'T IT? ME OF THE FUTURE?

YEAH. IT'S ME.

THIRD GEN'S LAWYERS START MAKING TROUBLE IF I'M SEEN IN COSTUME. YOU SHOULD--

MAN, MY HIGH SCHOOL GIRLFRIEND IS STILL CHECKING ME OUT!



ARE-- ARE YOU STILL BANG-ING HER?!

SHE'S MARRIED TO--

DUDE. SHUT THE FUCK--

THAT'S ALL OF US THEN.



FIREBREATH



GUYS, THIS OLD CREEP IS ME FROM THE FUTURE.

PHEW. GLAD YOU ALL MADE IT.

ME, I'M SURE YOU REMEMBER...

STRYKER

SCRAP FROM
DYNAMO5



JESSE SANCHEZ,

Street Angel



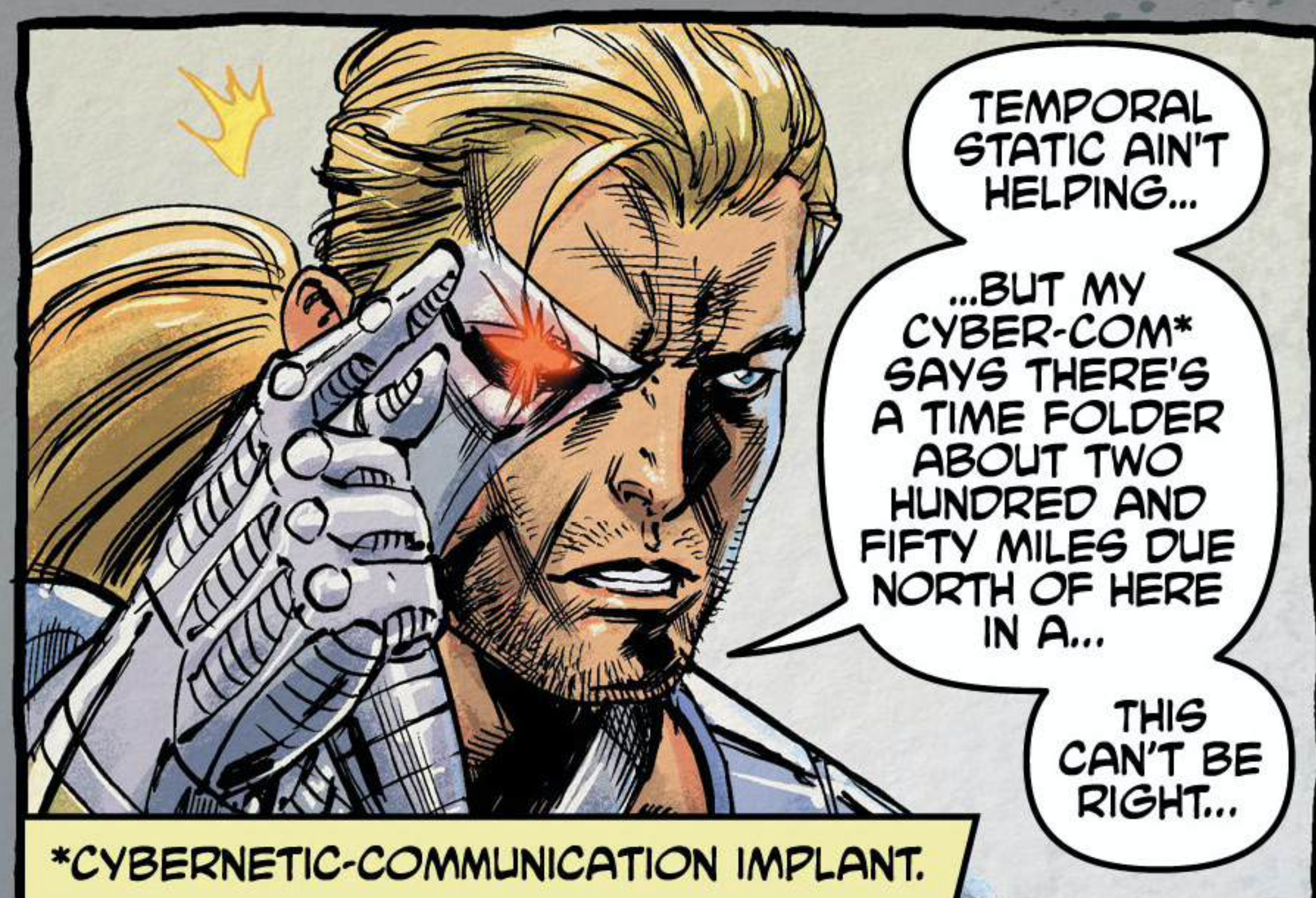
BOOF

THIS PLACE SMELLS LIKE SHEEP FUDGE.



OK, SO WE GOT TOSSED INTO THE FUTURE. IF WE WANT OUR UNIVERSE TO SURVIVE THE WAR TO COME, WE NEED TO SQUASH ANY ANOMALIES HERE AND HUSTLE BACK TO OUR OWN TIME ON THE DOUBLE. EVERY UNIT HAS A MISSION.

RIPCLAW'S TEAM HAS TO STOP DAMIEN DARKLORD. WHAT'D THE SUPREME GUY GIVE US, CAPTAIN?

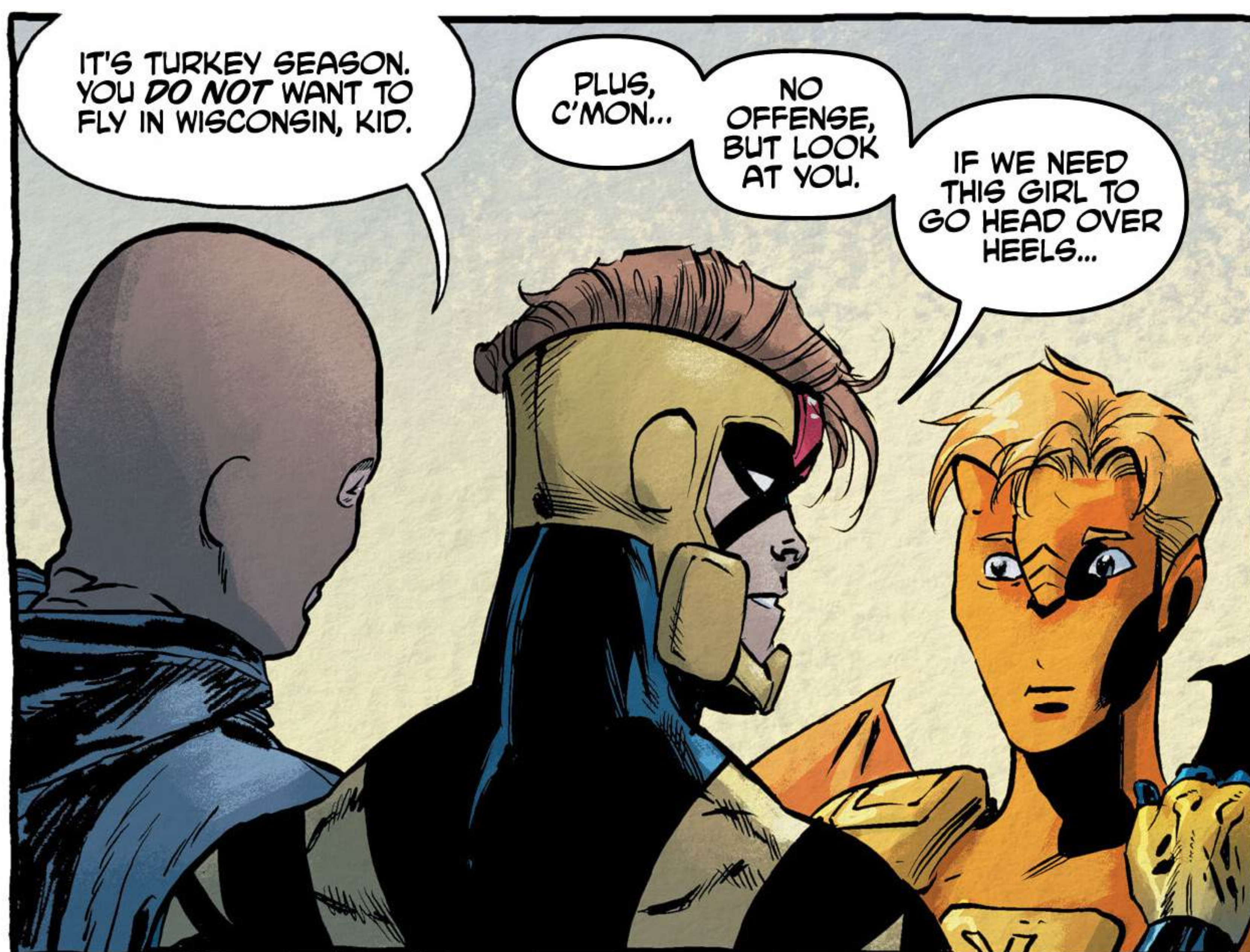


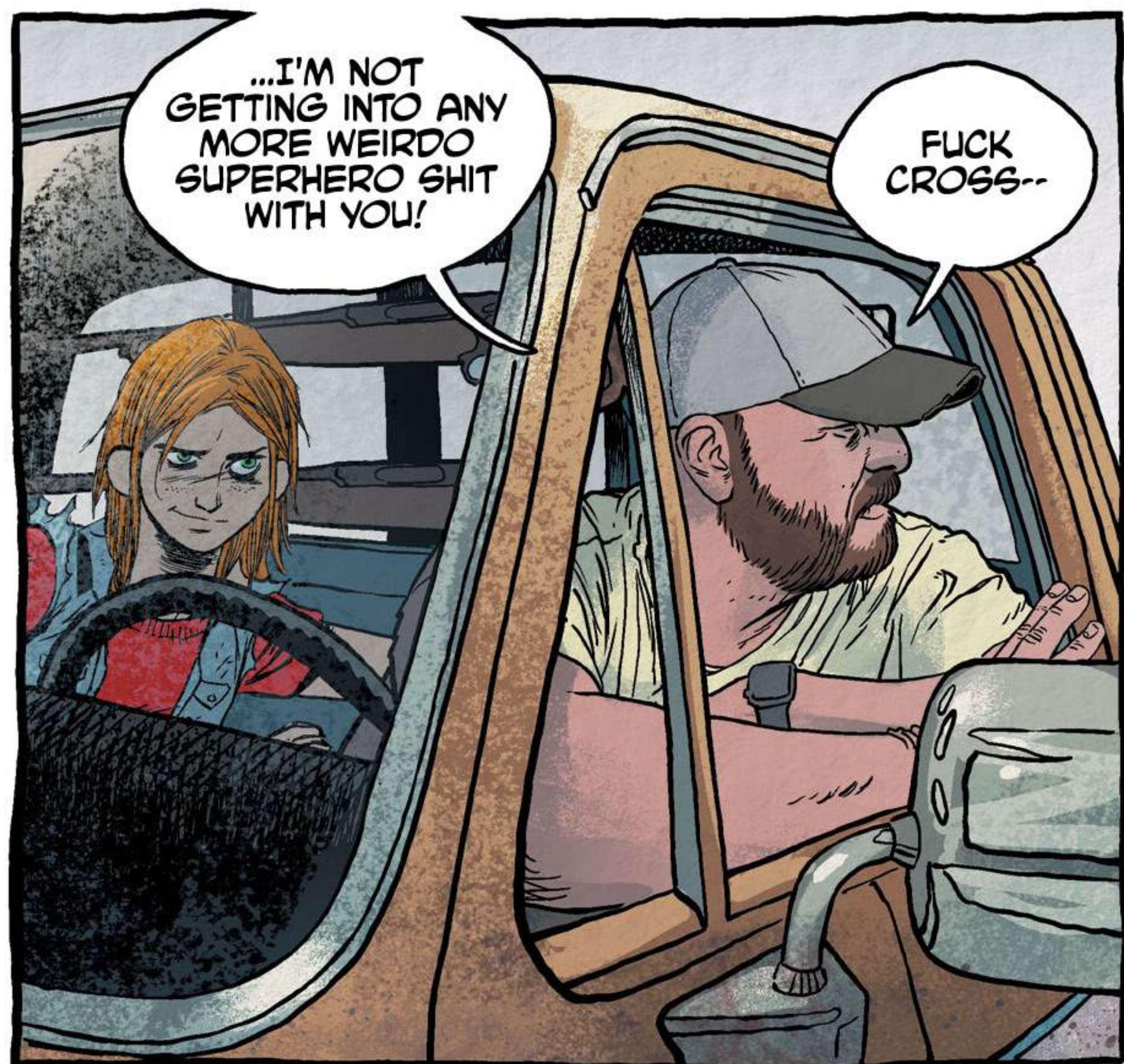
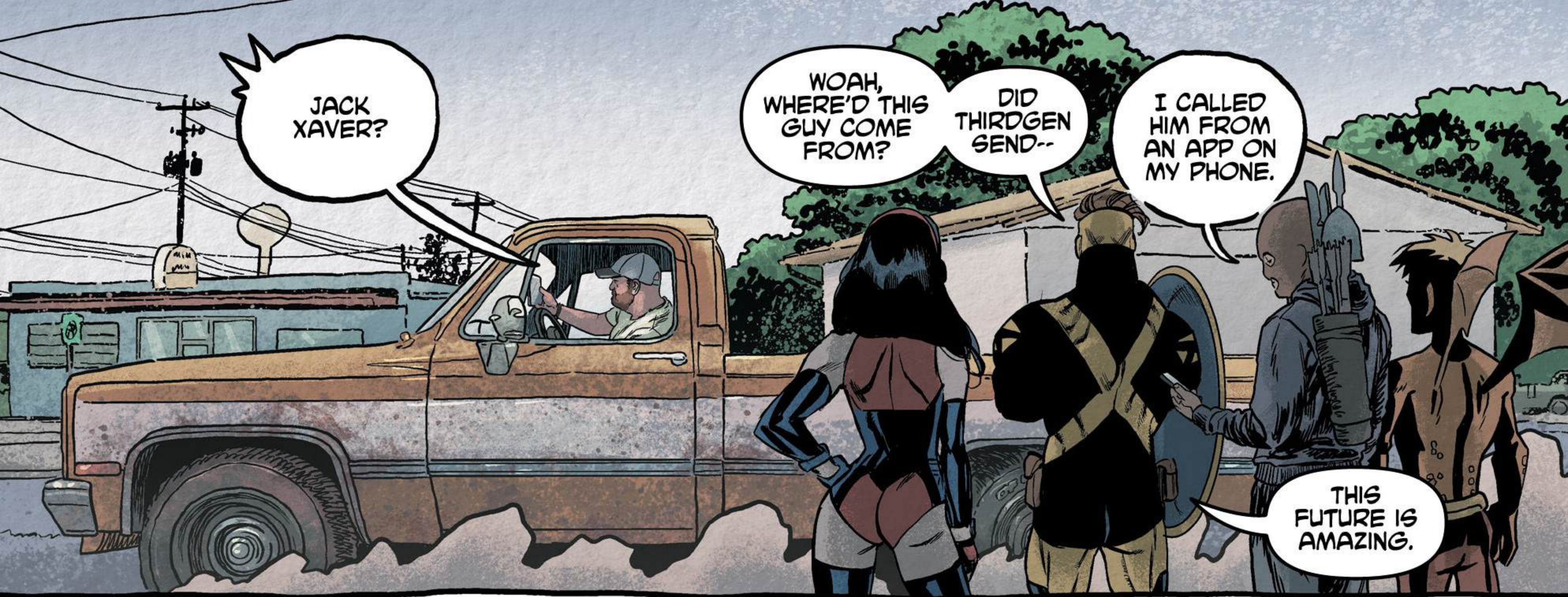
TEMPORAL STATIC AIN'T HELPING...

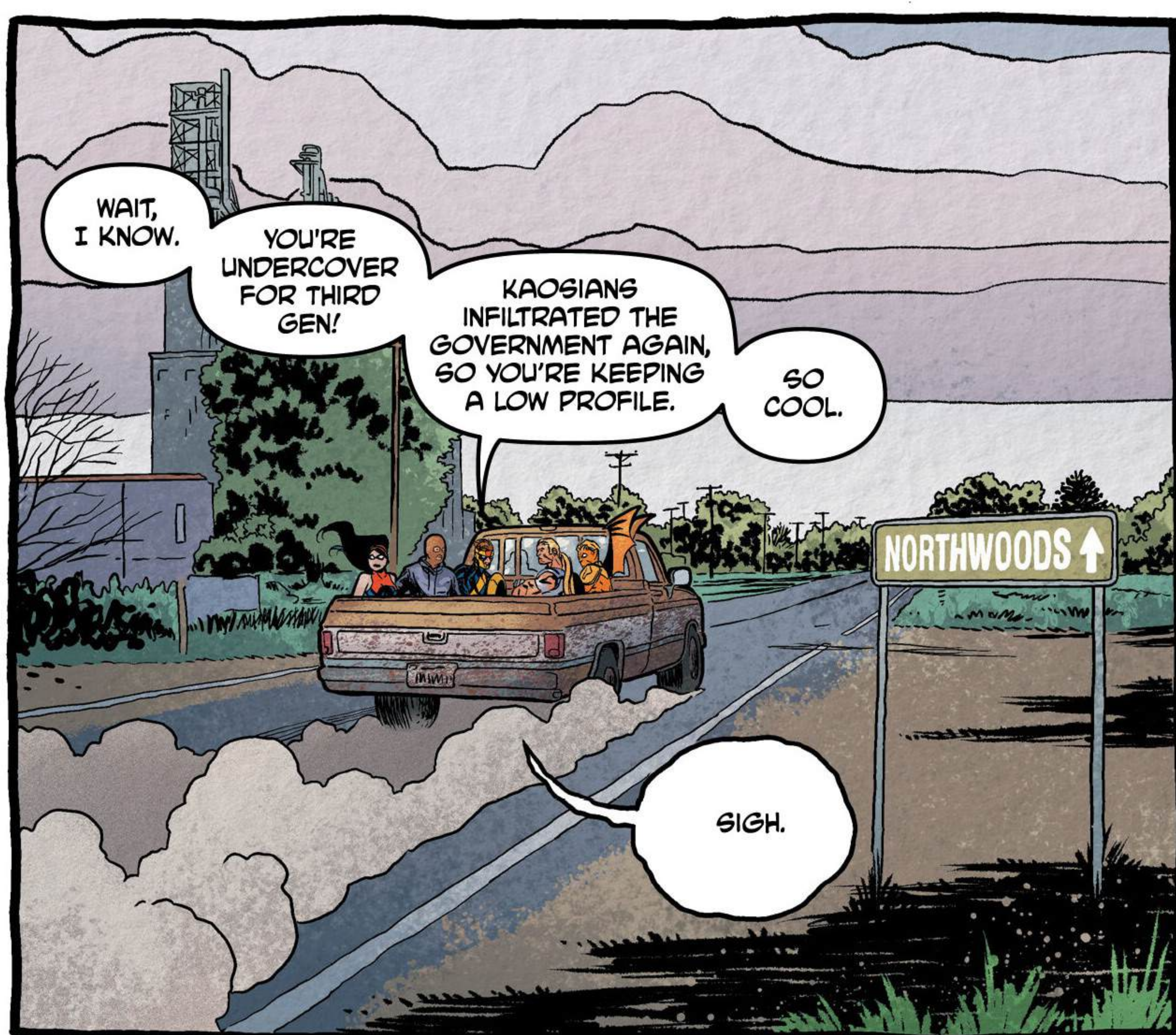
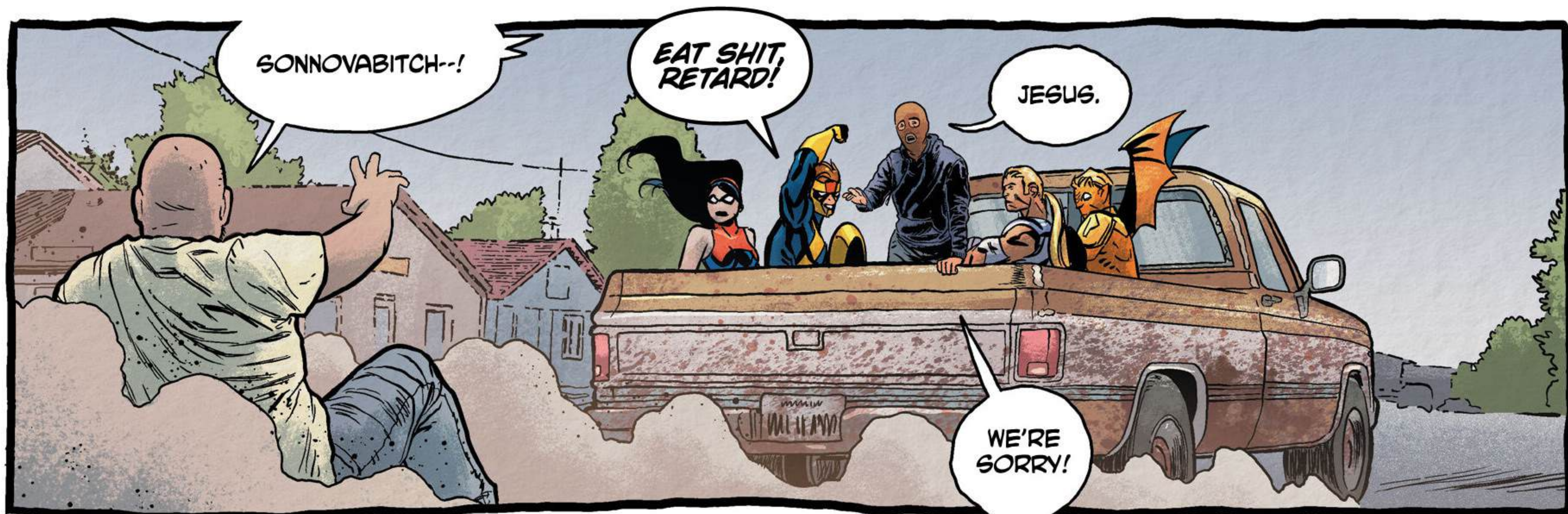
...BUT MY CYBER-COM* SAYS THERE'S A TIME FOLDER ABOUT TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES DUE NORTH OF HERE IN A...

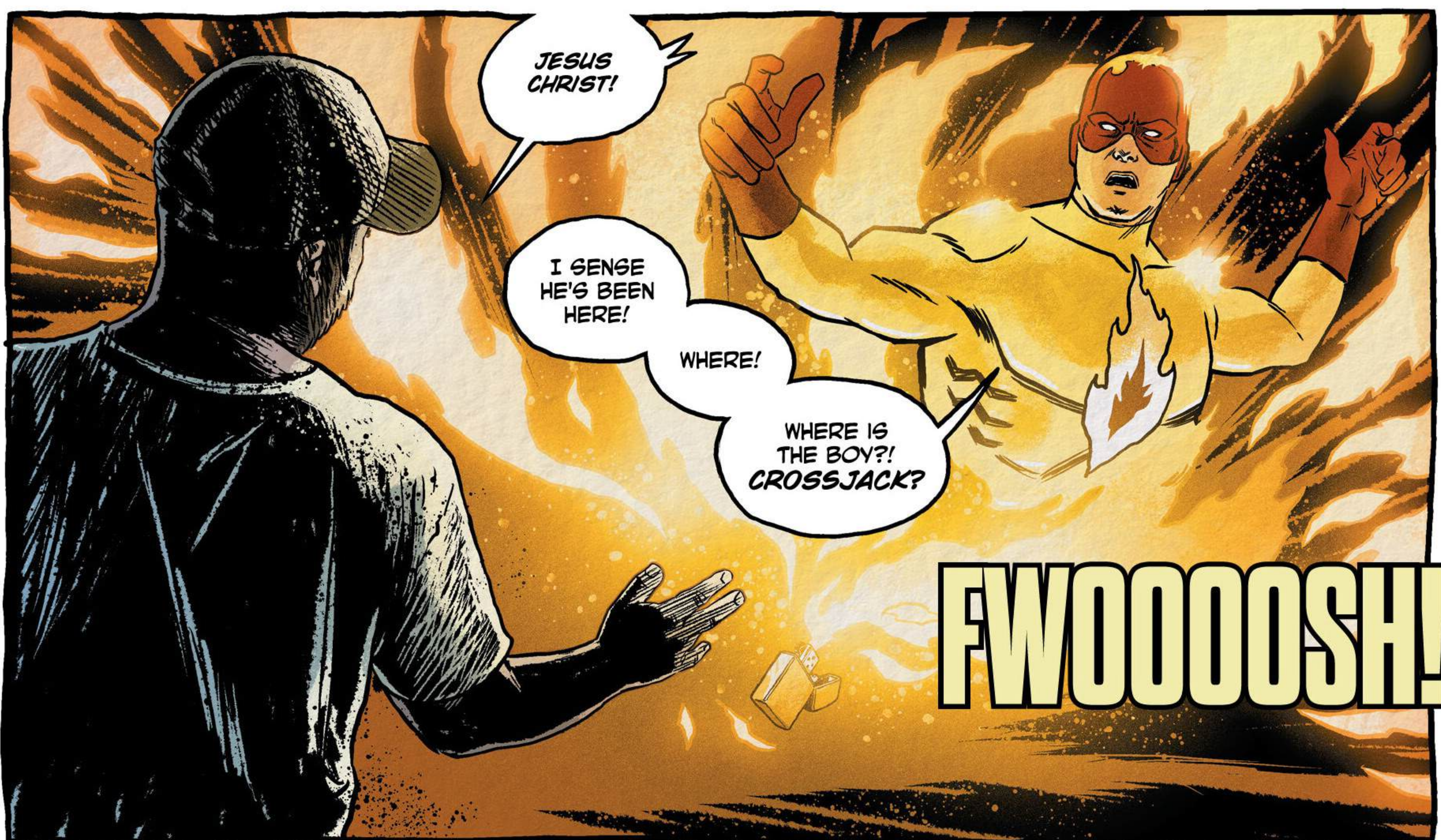
THIS CAN'T BE RIGHT...

*CYBERNETIC-COMMUNICATION IMPLANT.











RUNNING OUT OF GAS ON THE WAY TO SAVE THE UNIVERSE.

I BET THIS DIDN'T HAPPEN TO *PROPHET'S* TEAM.

YEAH, BUT *WE* GET TO SEE AMERICA.



I GOTTA PEE. CROSSJACK, CAN YOU WATCH THE DOOR FOR ME?

SURE, *BRIDGET*. I'LL WATCH ANYTHING YOU WANT.

UGH...



WHAT?

THAT. THE CASUAL "SHOTGUN FLIRT" THING YOU DO TO SEE IF YOU CAN WORK SOME ANGLE.

I JUST... UGH.

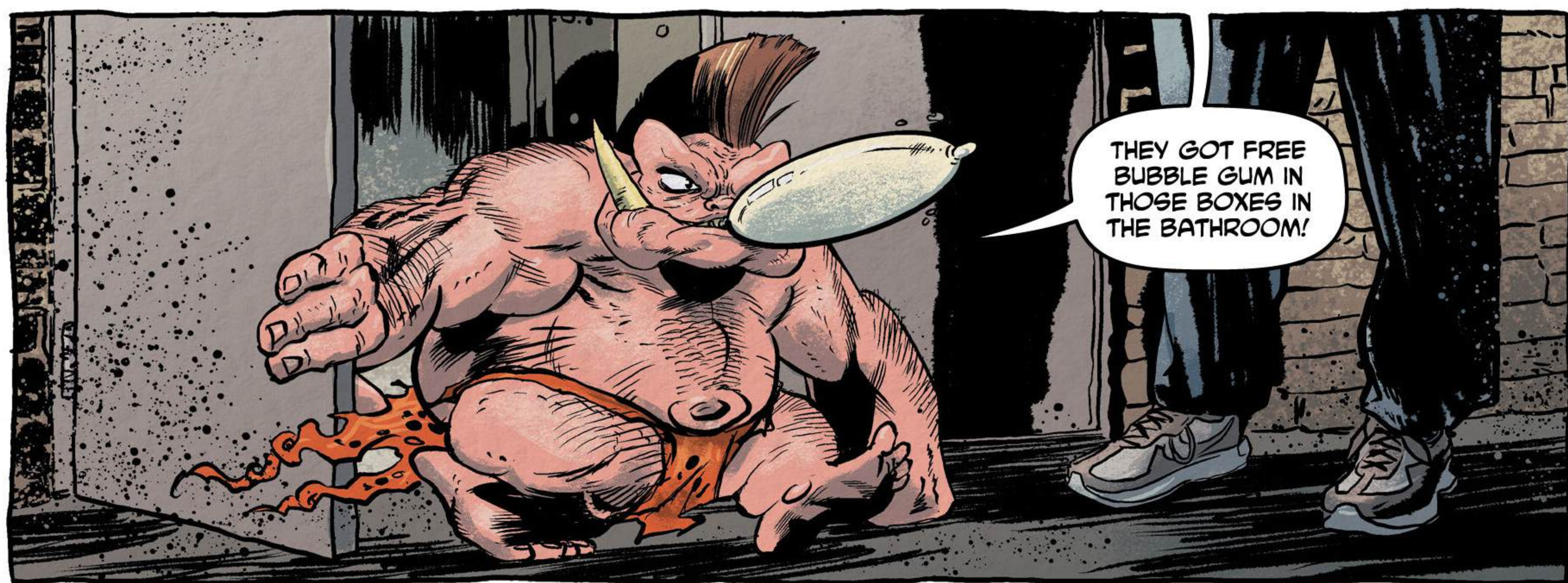
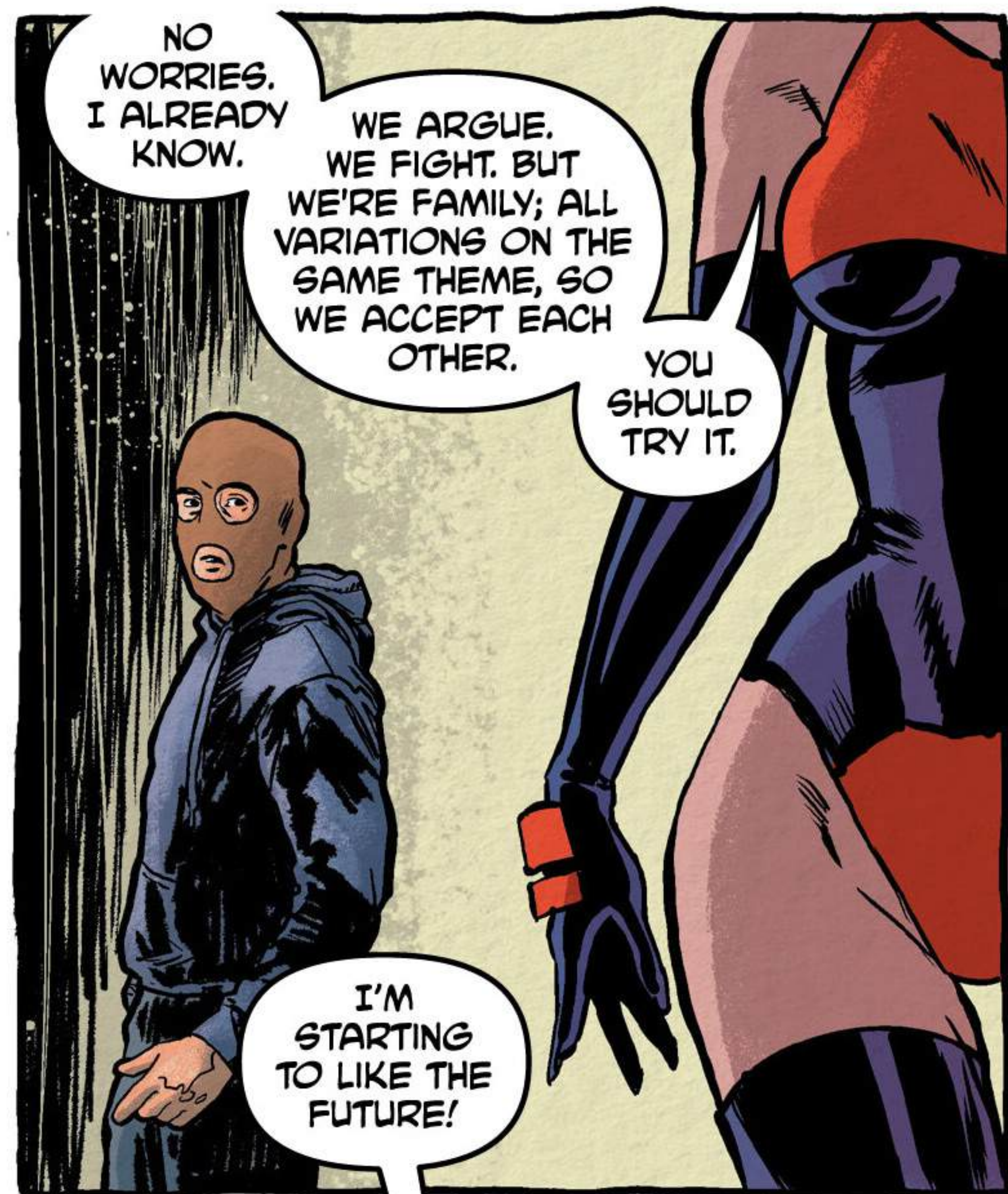


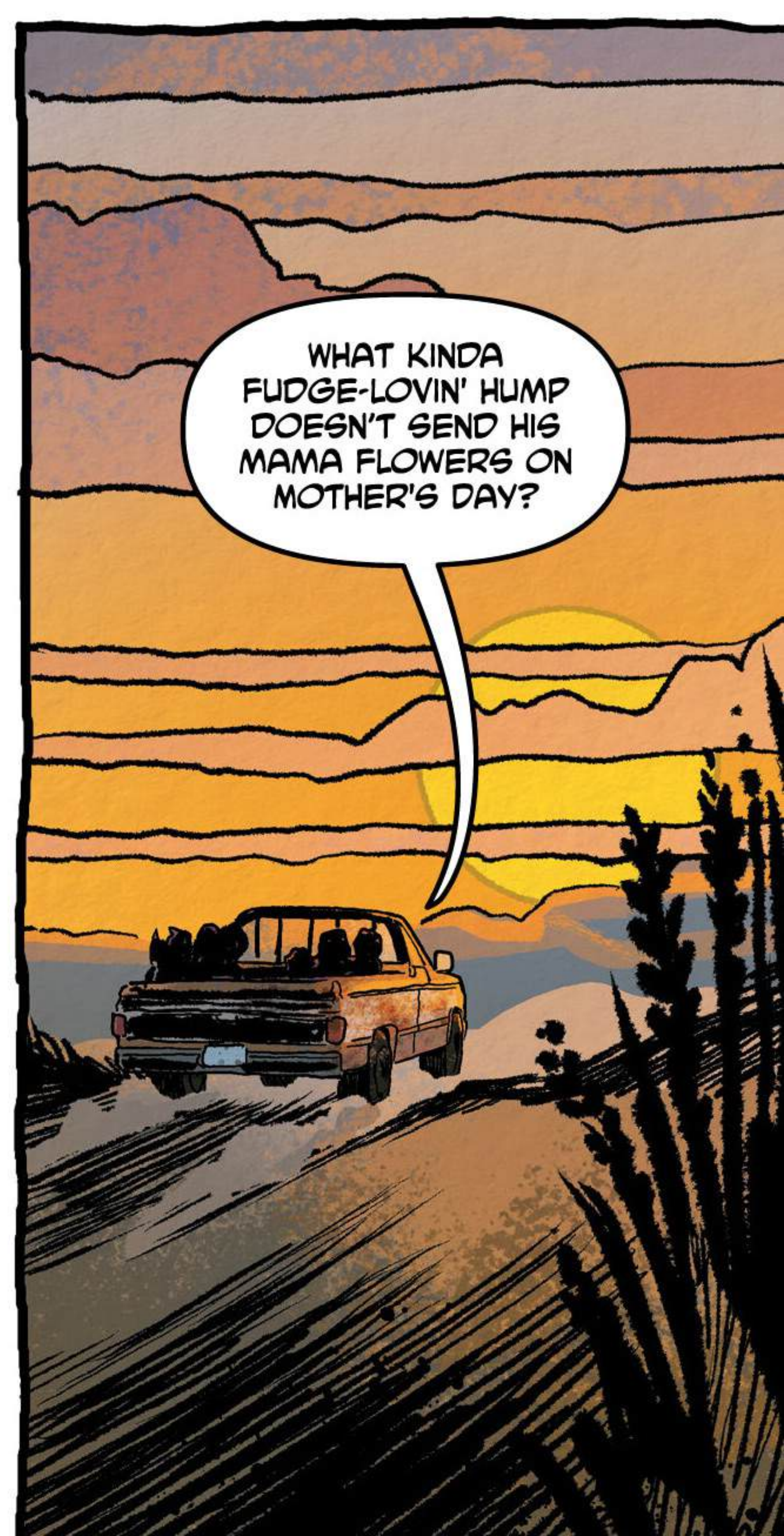
I THOUGHT YOU WERE SHUTTING UP!

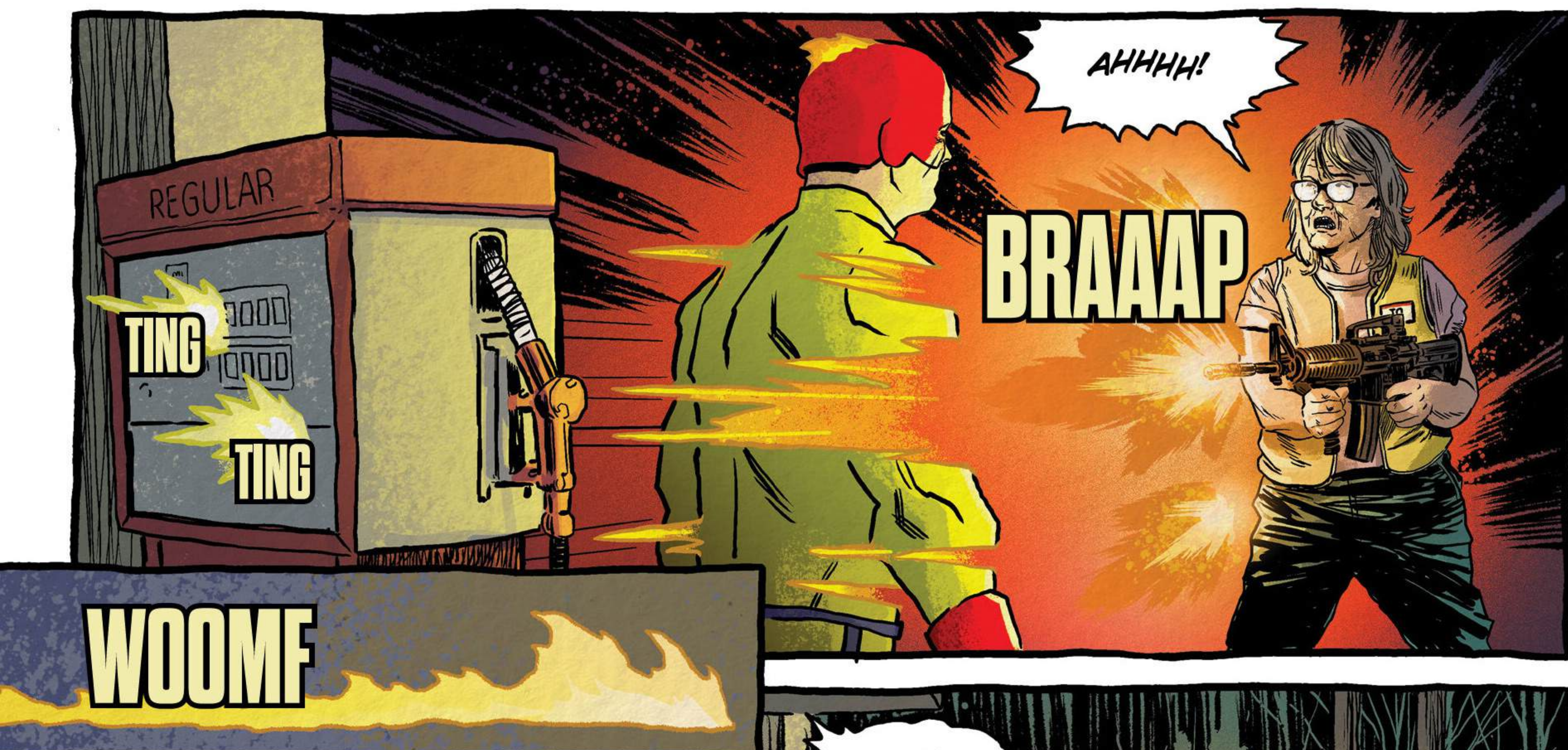
BESIDES, I'M NOT EXCLUSIVE WITH NEON. I'M NOT THE ONE CHEATING HERE.

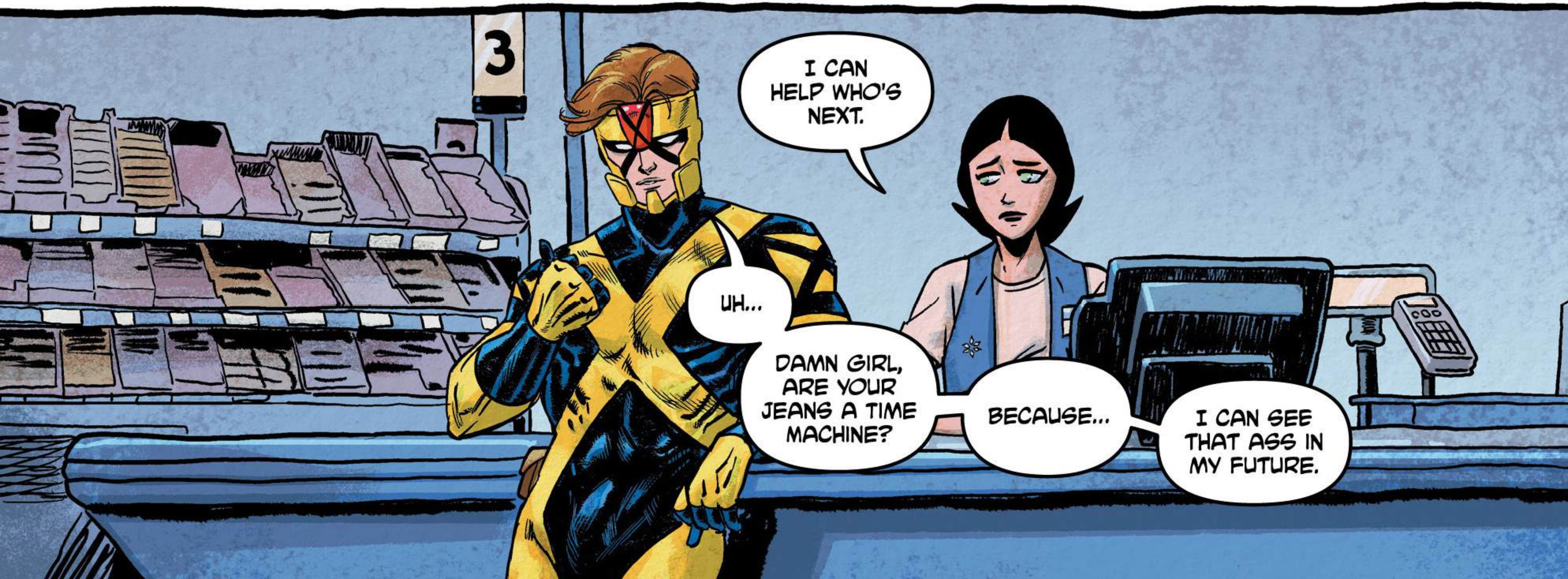
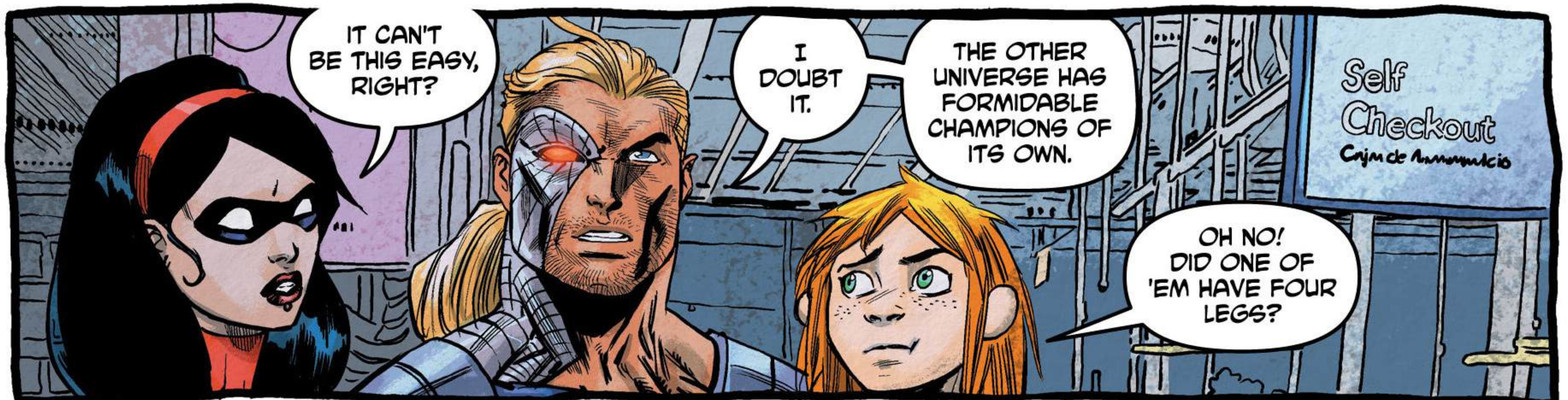
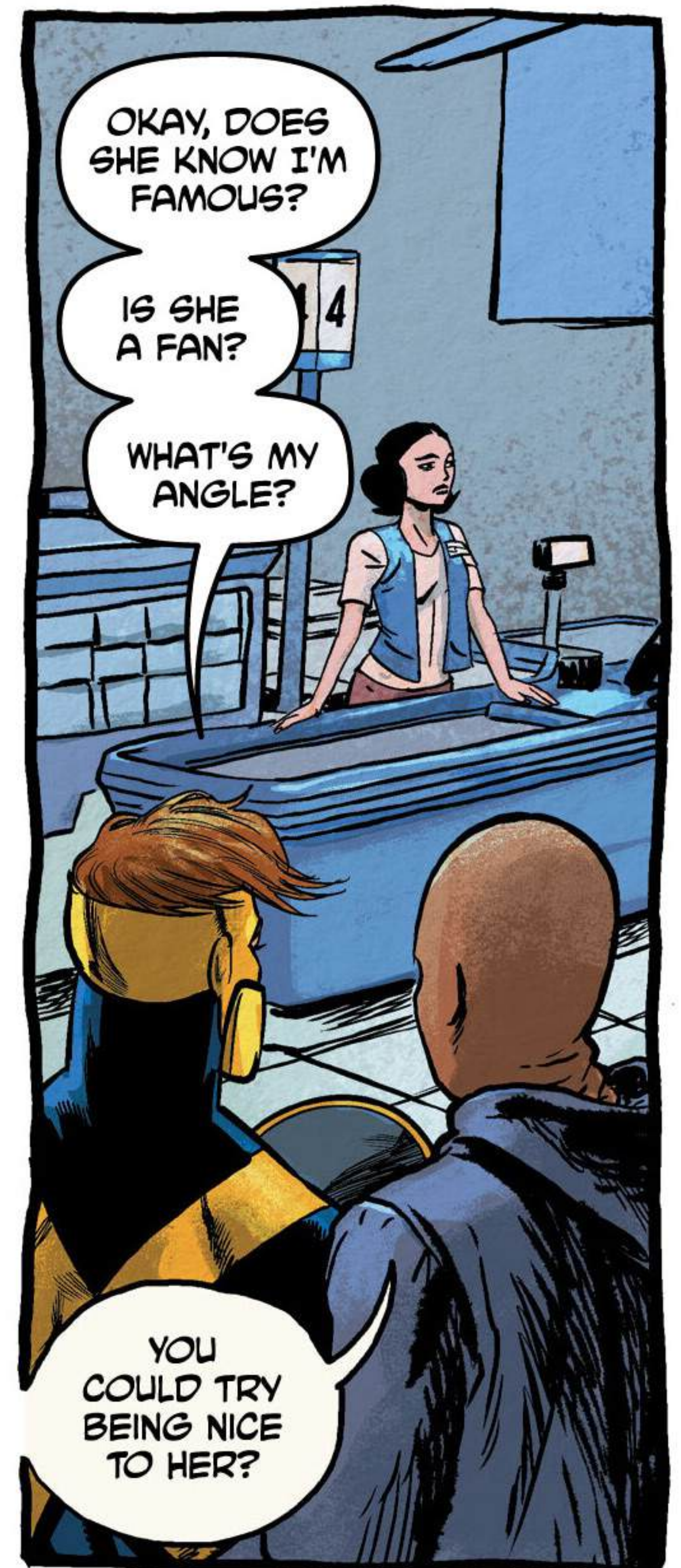
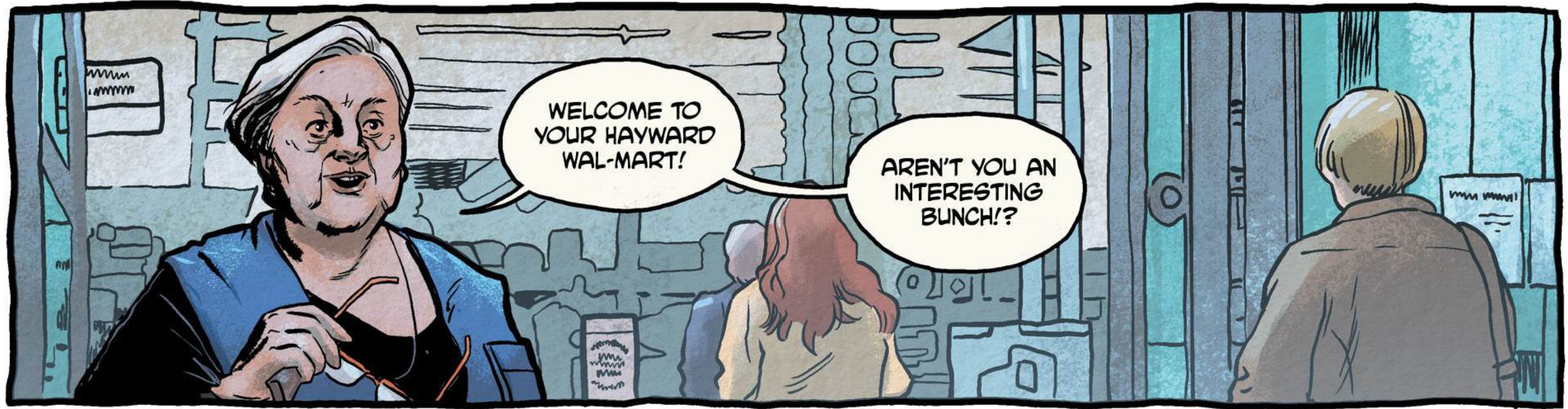
OR...I AM... BUT NOT...YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

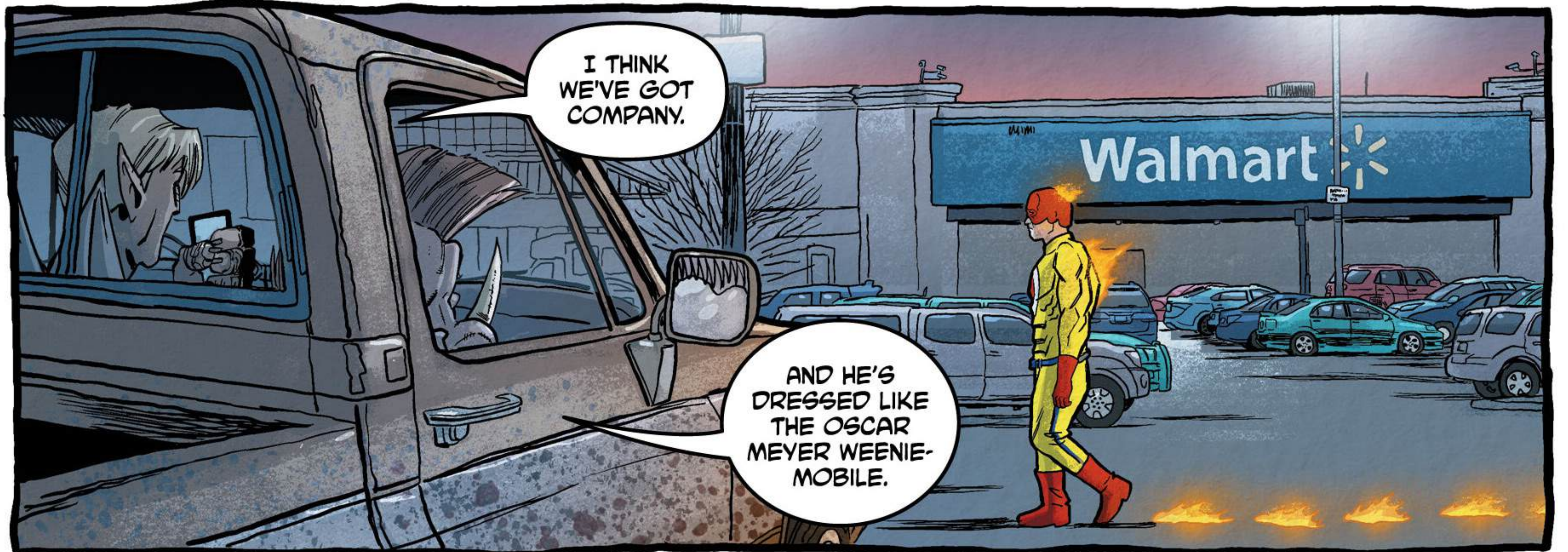
SIGH.

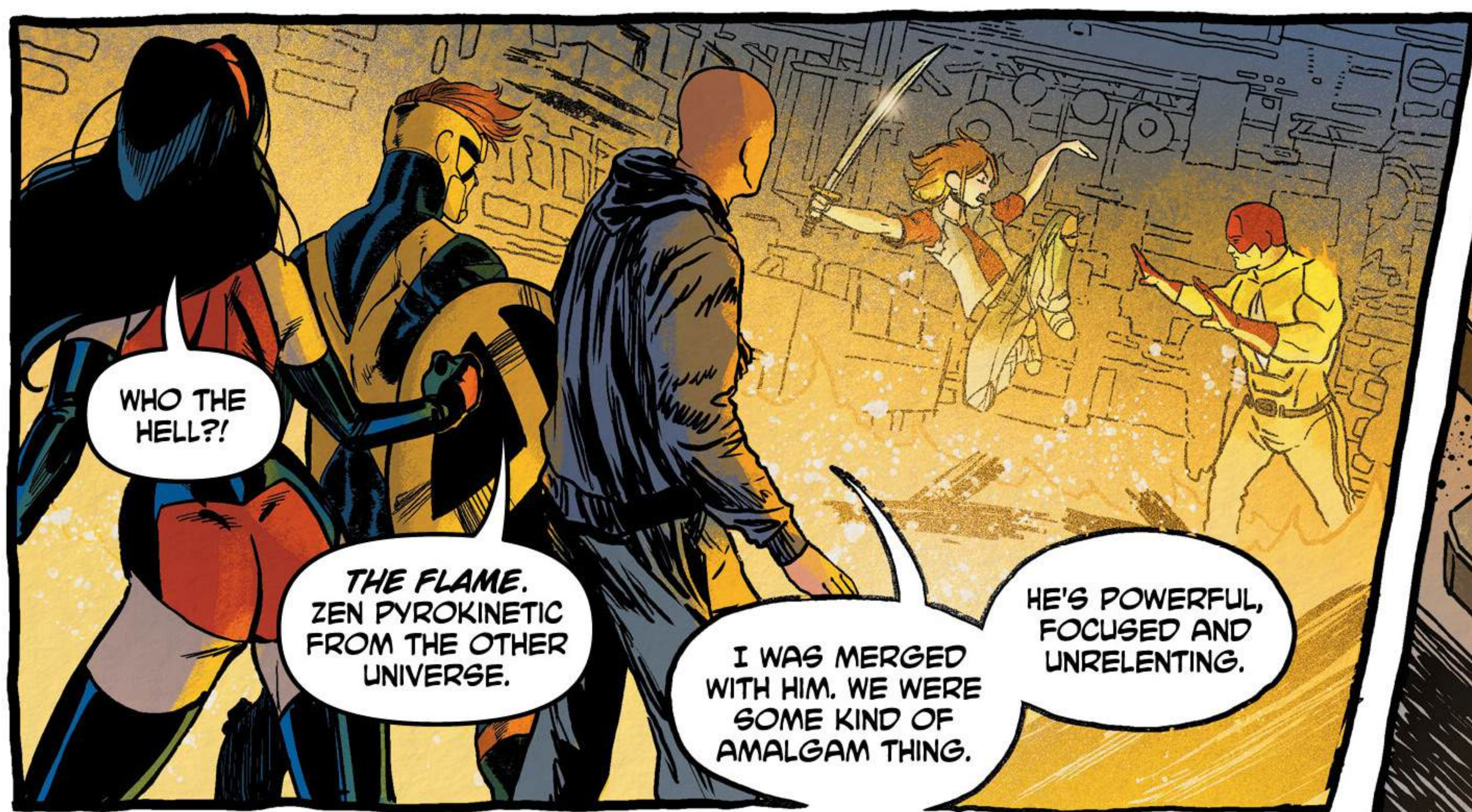
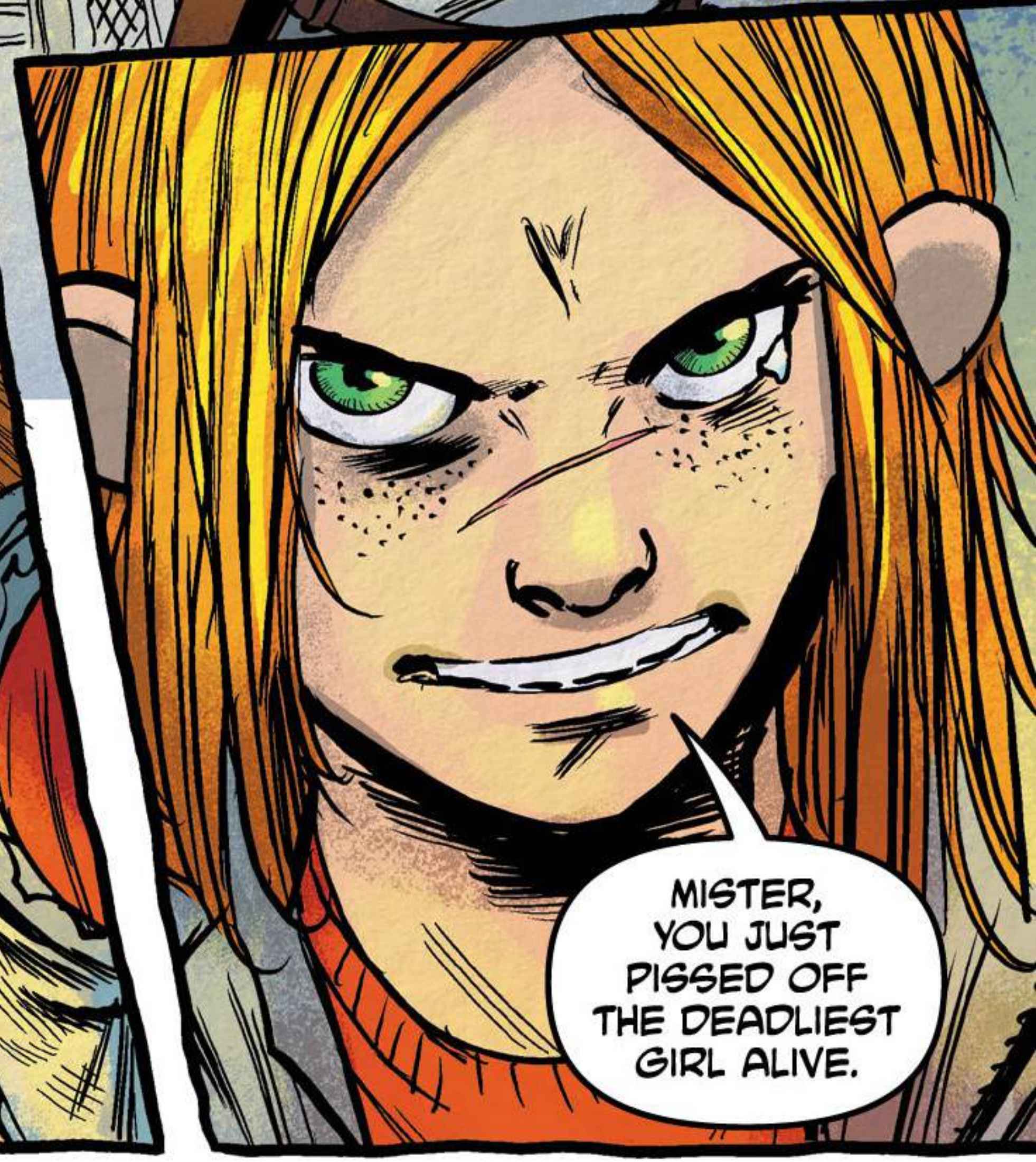


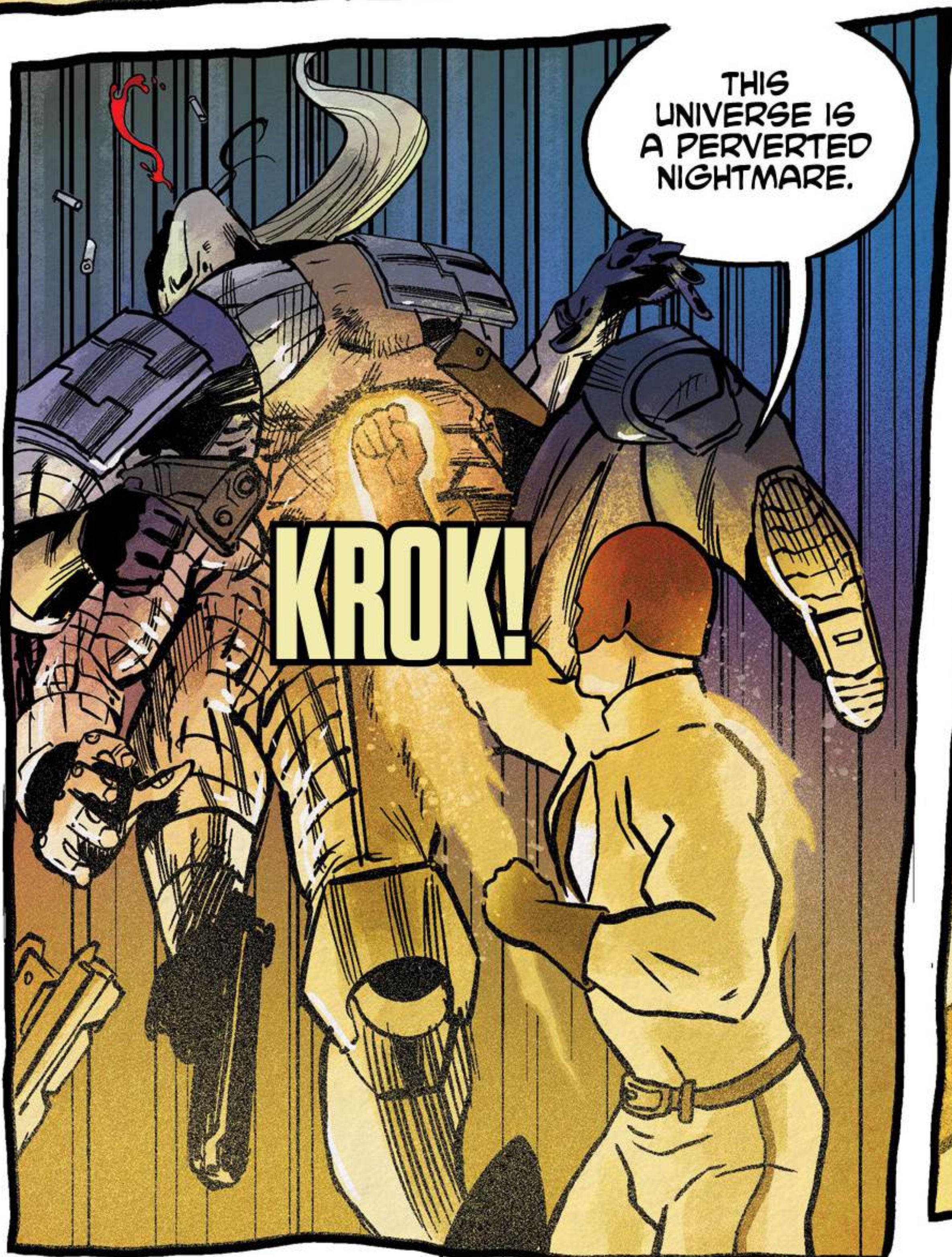
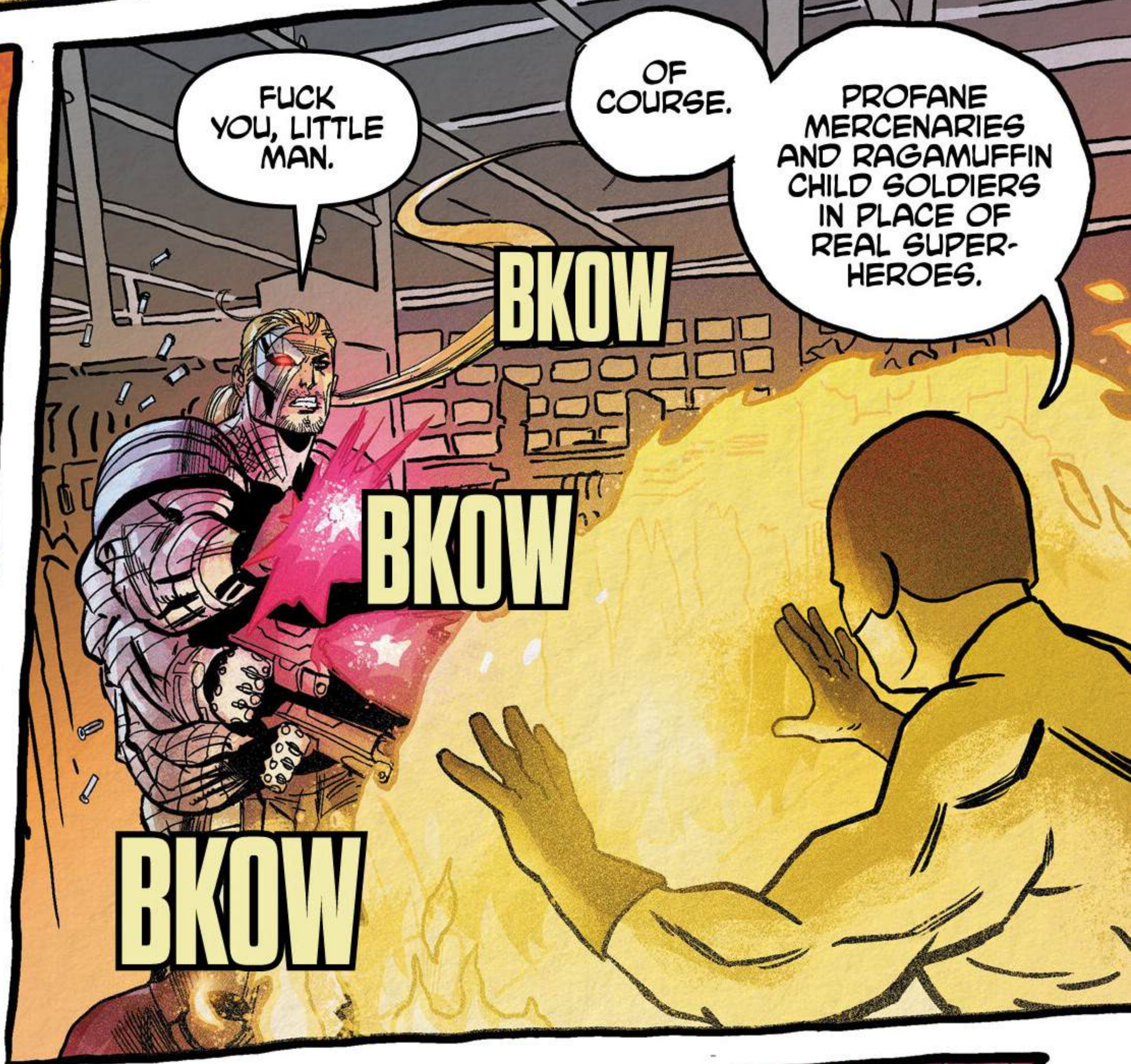
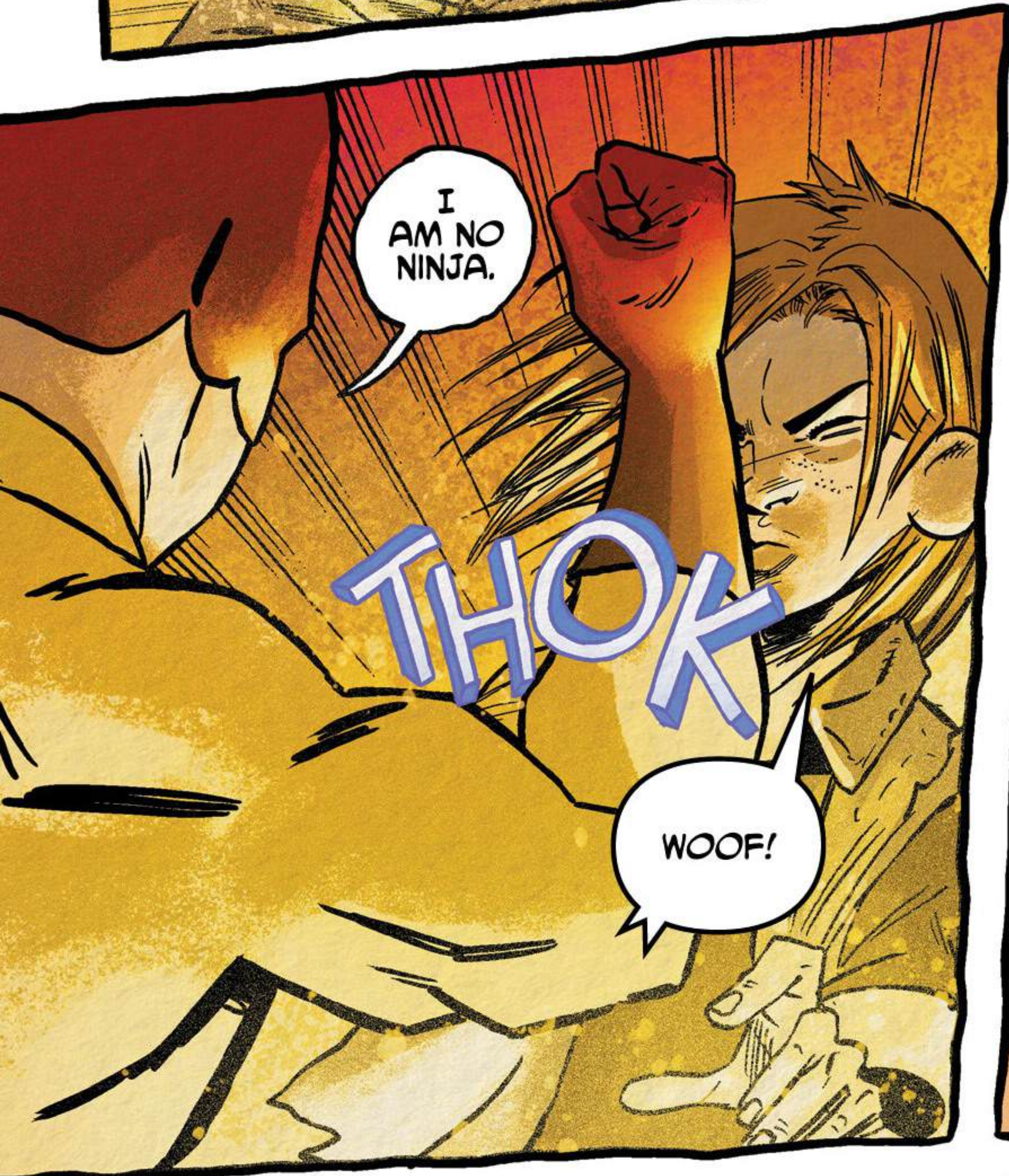
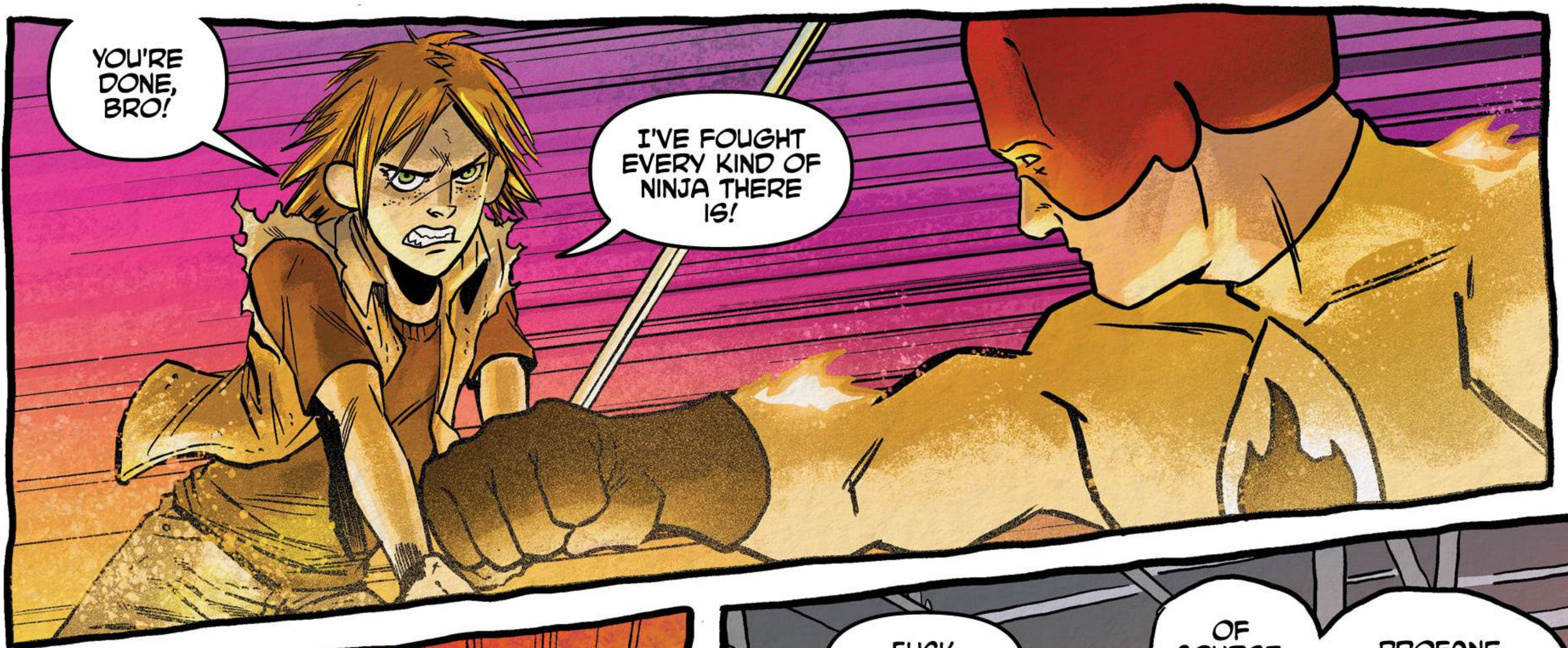




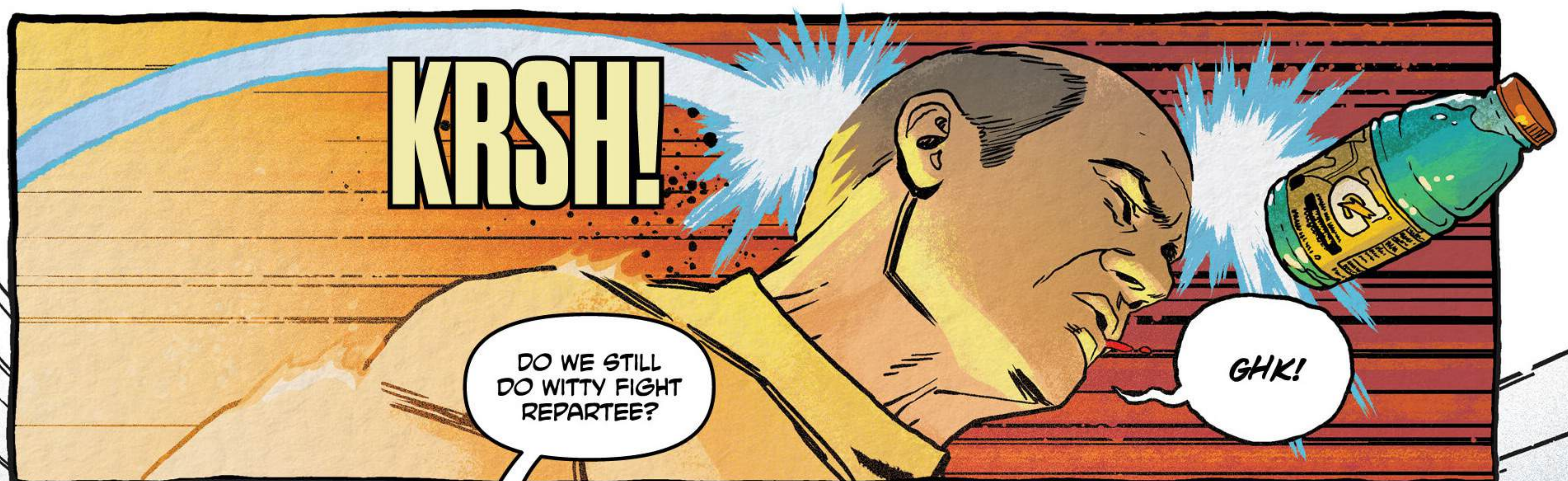










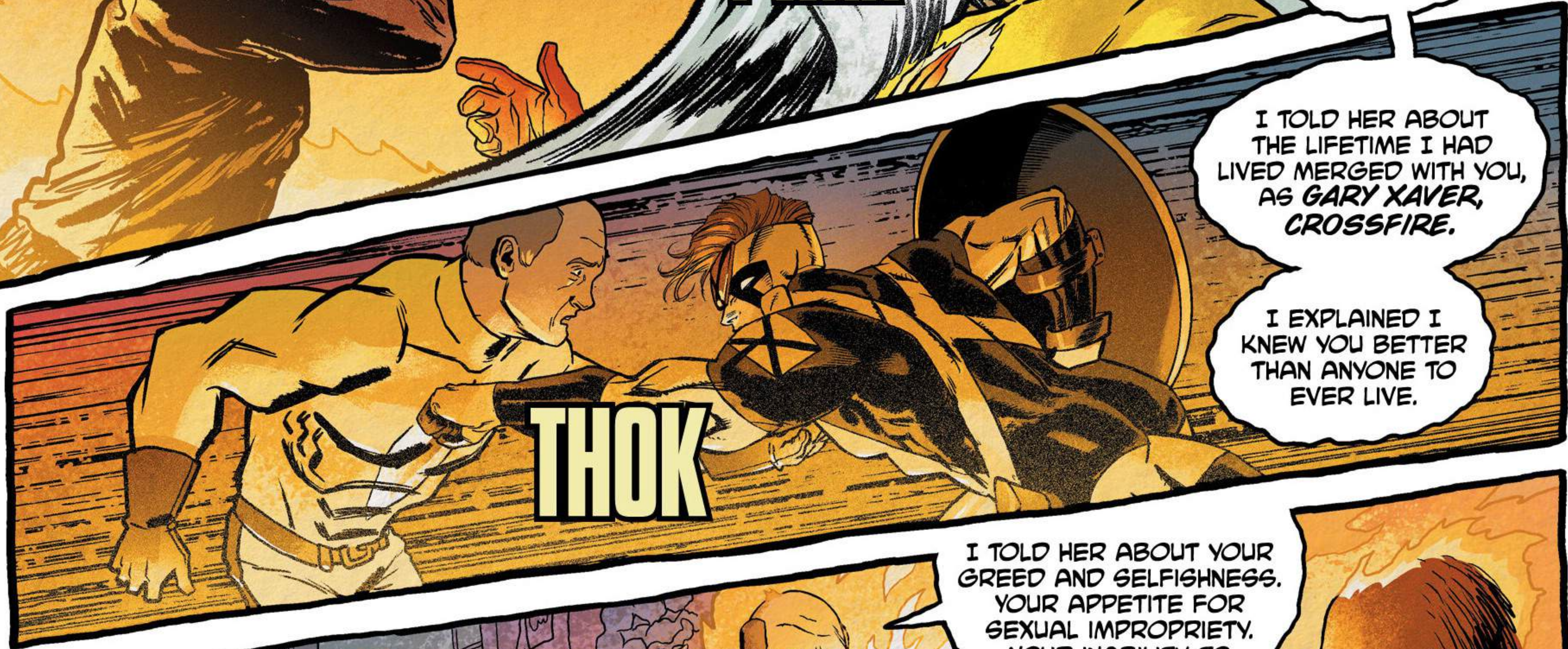




AFTER THE
UNIVERSES WERE
PULLED APART,
FANTOMAH
ASKED US...

PWAK

...THE HEROES
OF MY WORLD,
WHAT WE
SHOULD DO.



THOK

I TOLD HER ABOUT
THE LIFETIME I HAD
LIVED MERGED WITH YOU,
AS **GARY XAVER**,
CROSSFIRE.

I EXPLAINED I
KNEW YOU BETTER
THAN ANYONE TO
EVER LIVE.



I TOLD HER ABOUT YOUR
GREED AND SELFISHNESS.
YOUR APPETITE FOR
SEXUAL IMPROPRIETY.
YOUR INABILITY TO
CHANGE.

HOW **YOU** WERE
WHAT PASSED FOR
A GREAT HERO IN
THIS UNIVERSE.



AND SHE AGREED
THAT A PLACE LIKE
THIS WAS FAR TOO
DANGEROUS TO EXIST
SO CLOSE TO OURS.

THE ONLY
SOLUTION WAS
TO OVERTAKE
THIS WORLD.

WIPE IT
CLEAN.

START IT
AGAIN FROM
SCRATCH.

MAKE IT
JUST AND
GOOD.

TSSSS

GAH!



COME ON.

I THINK WE ACTUALLY GOT THIS.

YEAH...



WHAM!

I'M SORRY. I JUST...

I CAN'T!



I CAN'T FUCKING CHANGE. HE'S RIGHT!

NO MATTER WHAT YOU SAY, MAN...

I KNOW I'M GOING TO GROW OLD AND TURN INTO YOU.

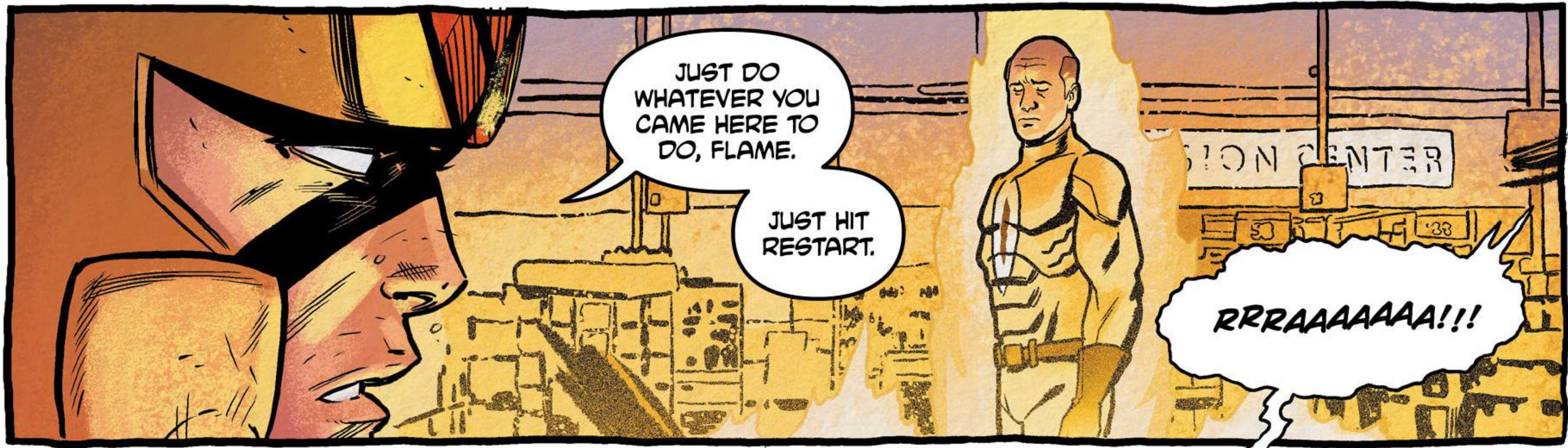
NO! DON'T--



I'M GOING TO FAIL AT LIFE AND END UP RIGHT BACK IN THE SAME BULLSHIT TOWN I COULDN'T WAIT TO GET OUT OF WITH ALL THE SAME BULLSHIT PEOPLE AND...

YOU LIVE MY WORST NIGHTMARE, JACK. THE ABSOLUTE WORST.

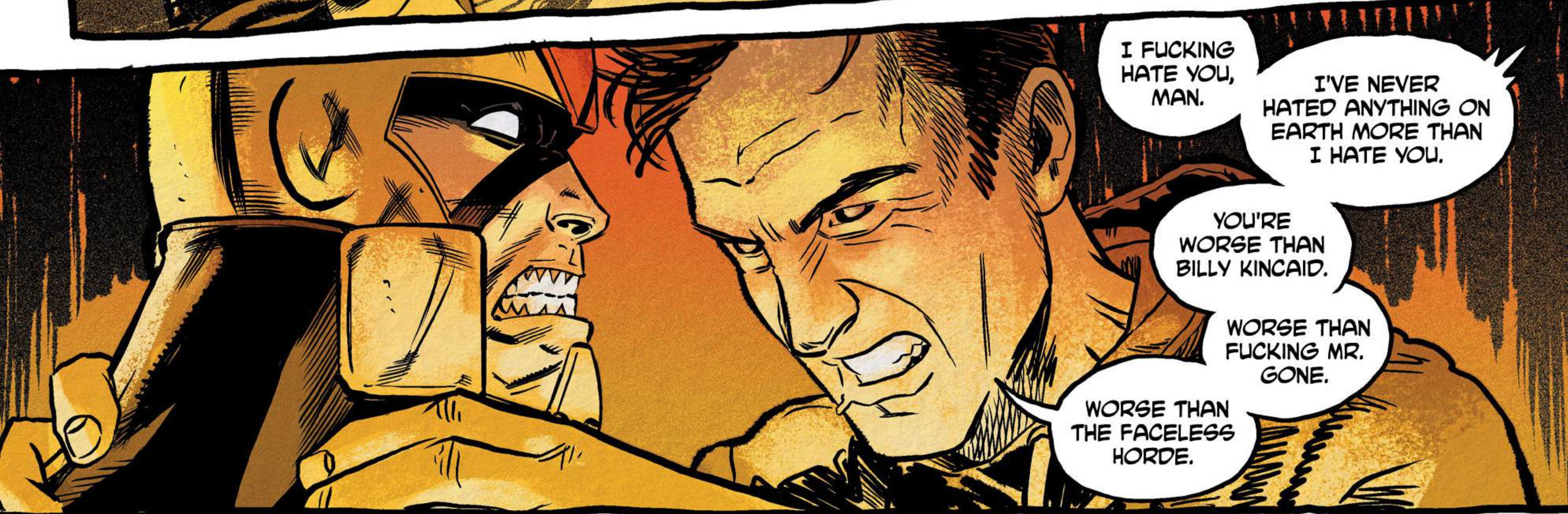
WE BOTH KNOW WE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE BY LETTING THEM FIX THIS PLACE.



JUST DO WHATEVER YOU CAME HERE TO DO, FLAME.

JUST HIT RESTART.

RRRAAAAAAAA!!!





THE CROSS-JACKS ARE UH...

HAVING SOME SORT OF...

IDENTITY CRISIS?

SOMEBODY NEEDS TO STOP THE FLAME! IF HE GETS TO THE GIRL--

I'M ON IT.



YOU'RE DONE, FLAME.

END OF THE FUCKING LINE.

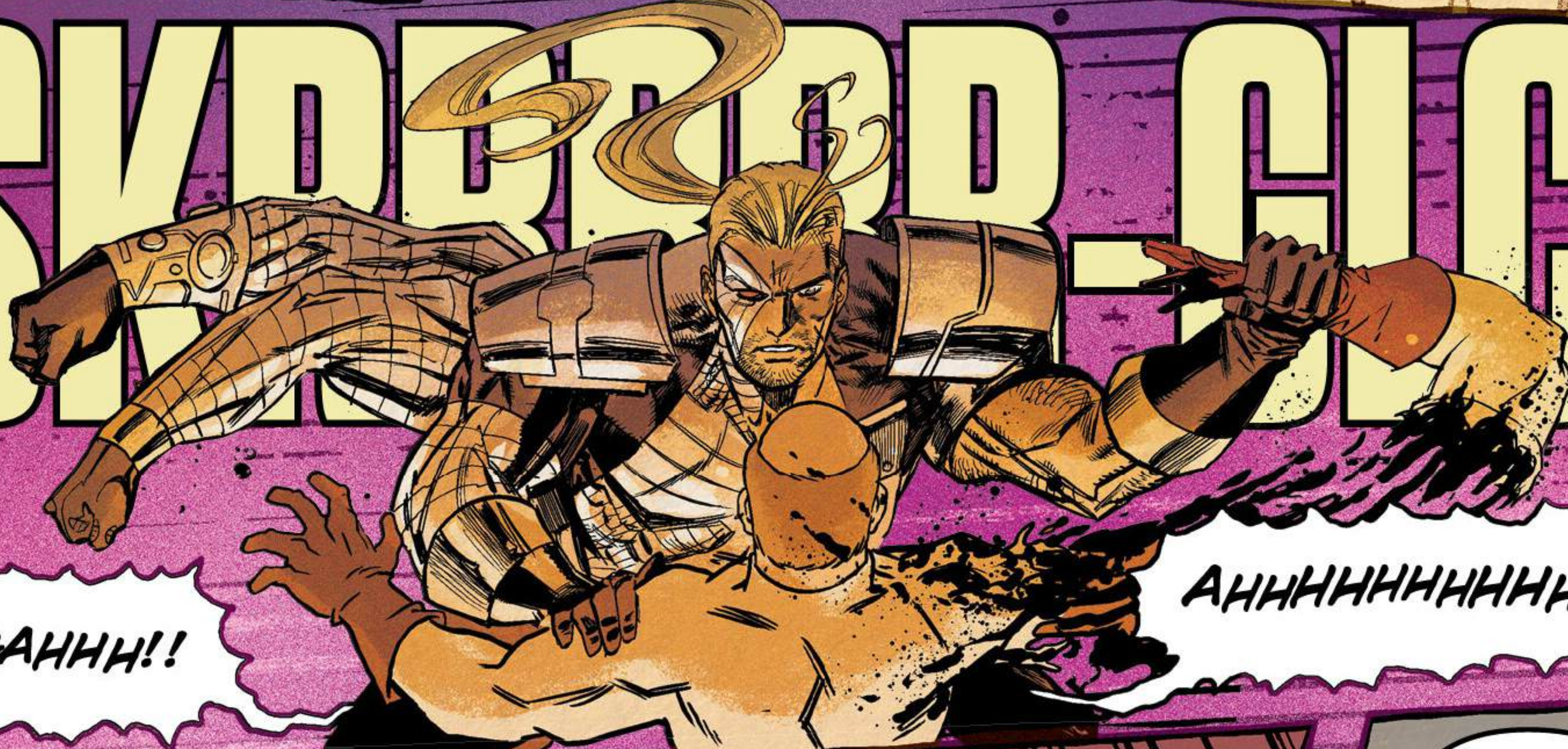
OH..

OH NO, THE BIG FOUL-MOULTHED MAN IS ANGRY WITH ME.

I'M SO SCARED. HE'S GOT FOUR ARMS!

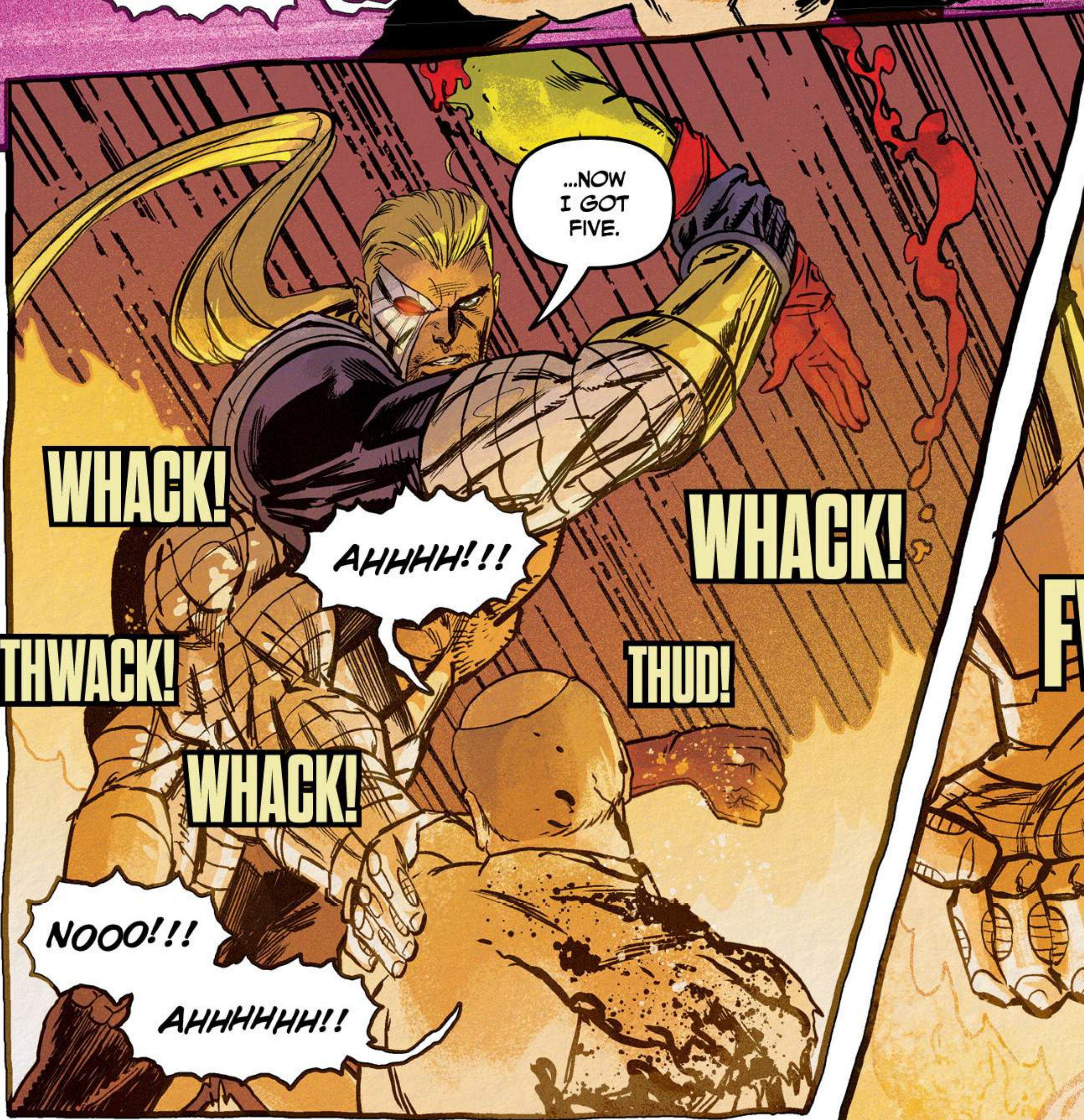
YEAH...

SKRIP-FLIP



GAHHH!!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!



...NOW I GOT FIVE.

WHACK!

AAAAHH!!!

WHACK!

THWACK!

THUD!

WHACK!

NOOO!!!

AAAAAAAAHH!!!

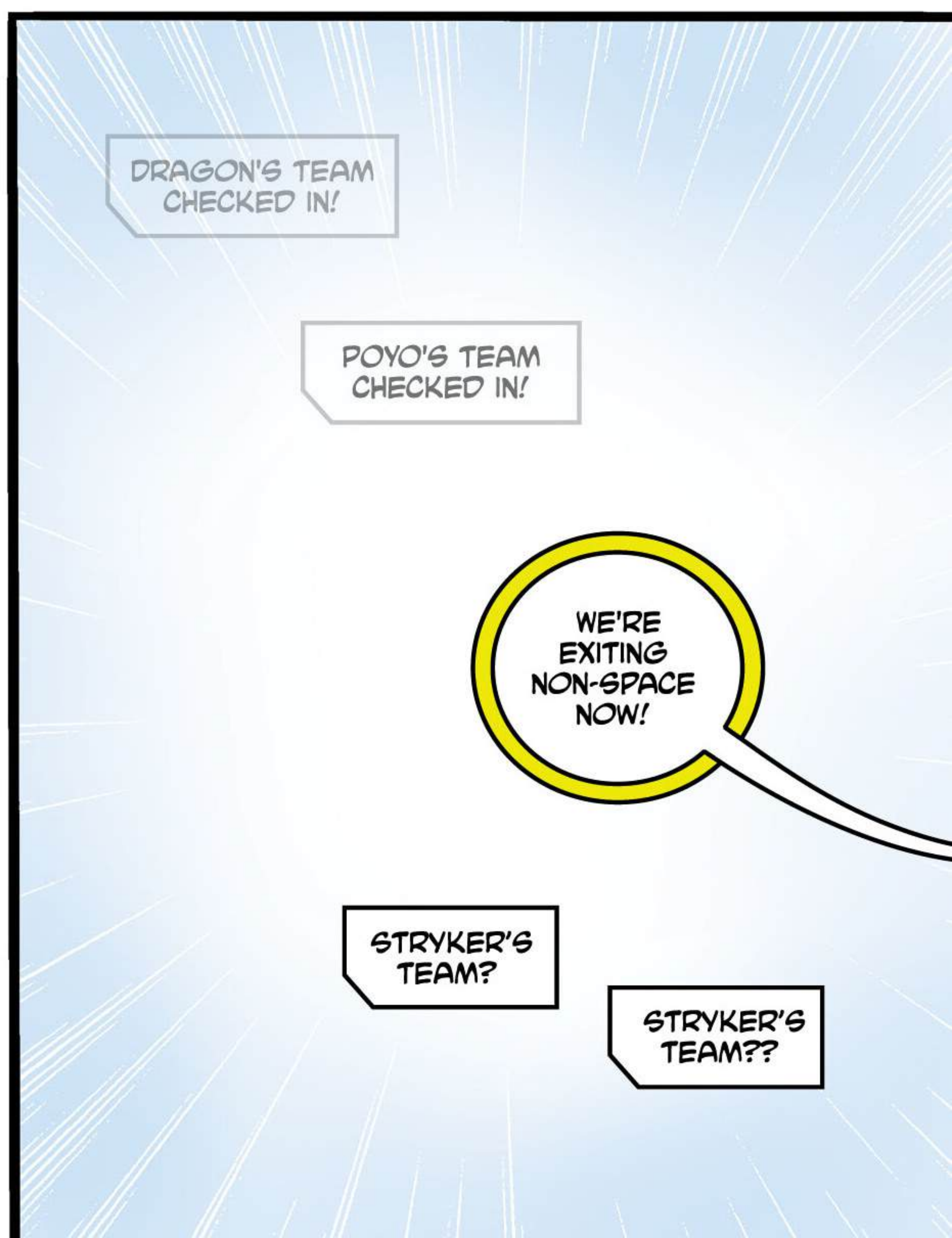
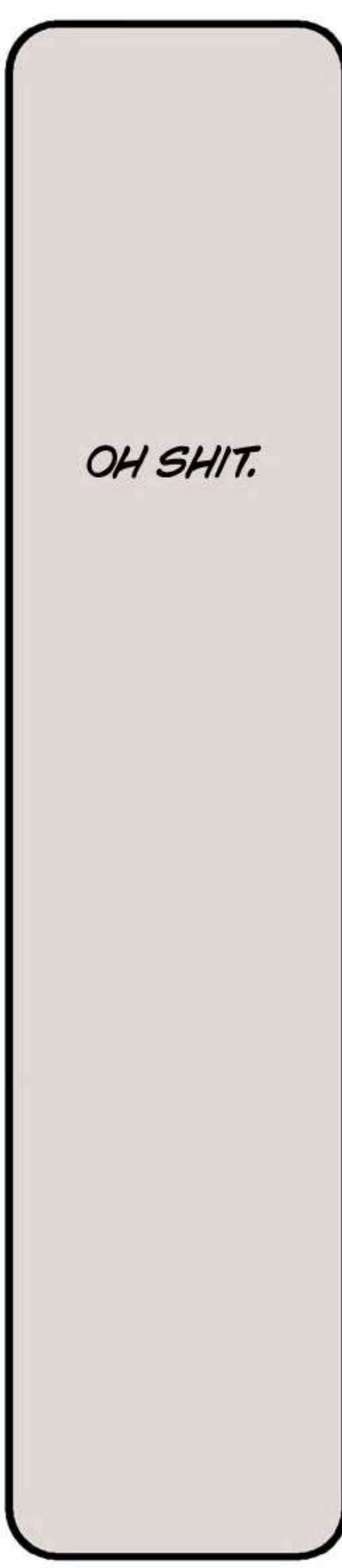
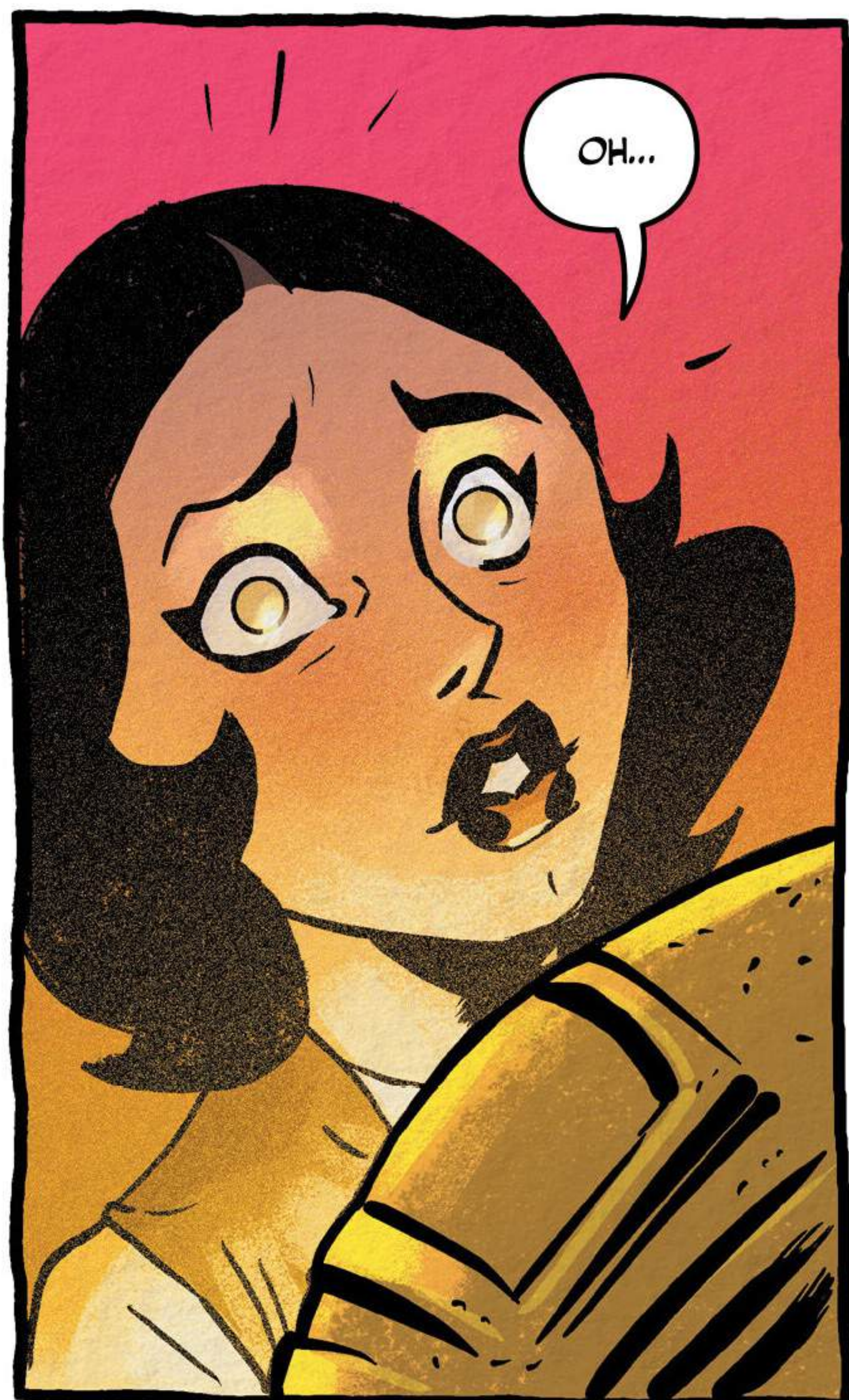
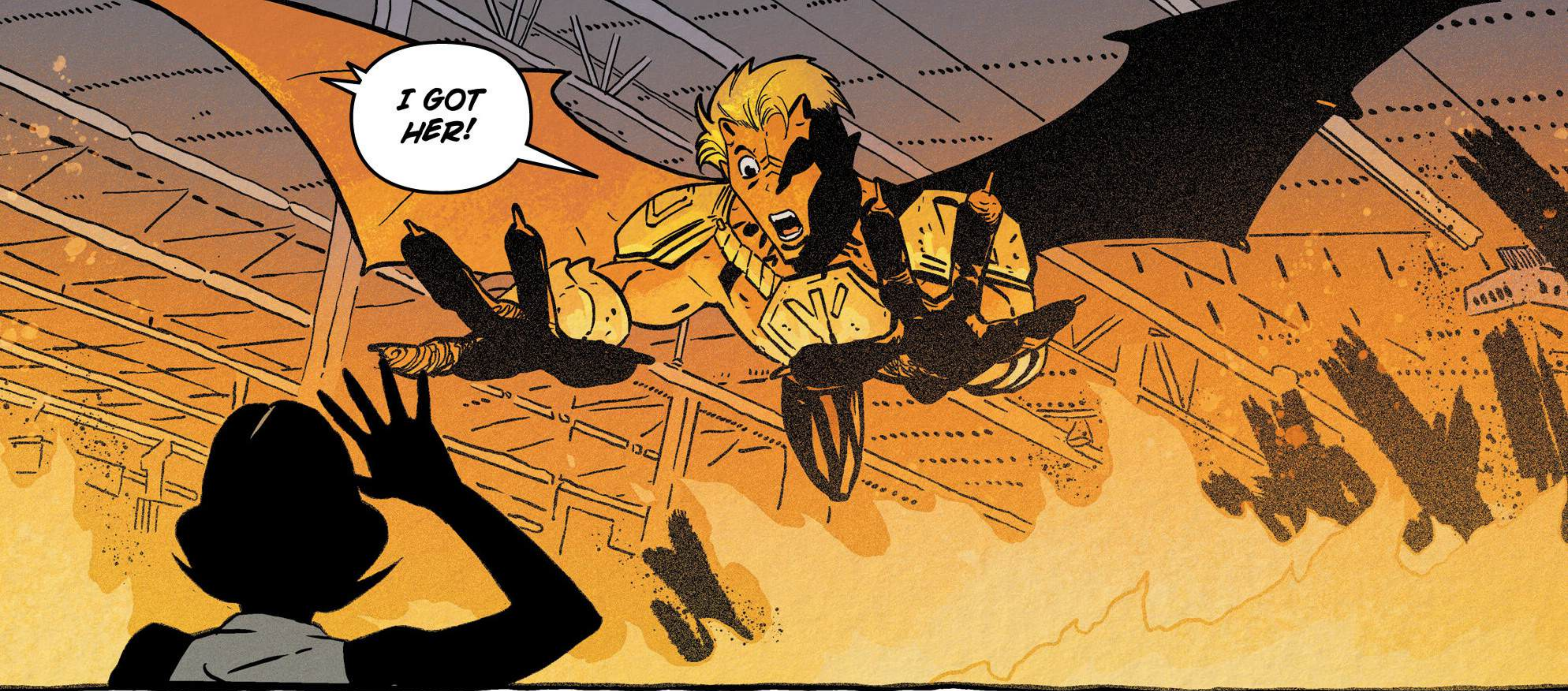


HE'S FLAMING OUT!

THE GIRL!

SOME-BODY--!!

FWOOSH!



STRYKER'S TEAM
CHECKING IN,
YOUR **SUPREME**
HOLINESS.

ALL TEAMS
CHECKED IN!
GLAD YOU ALL
MADE IT BACK
IN ONE PIECE.

THE WAR
TO SAVE OUR
UNIVERSE BEGINS
NOW!

UNITE

AND
CONQUER!!

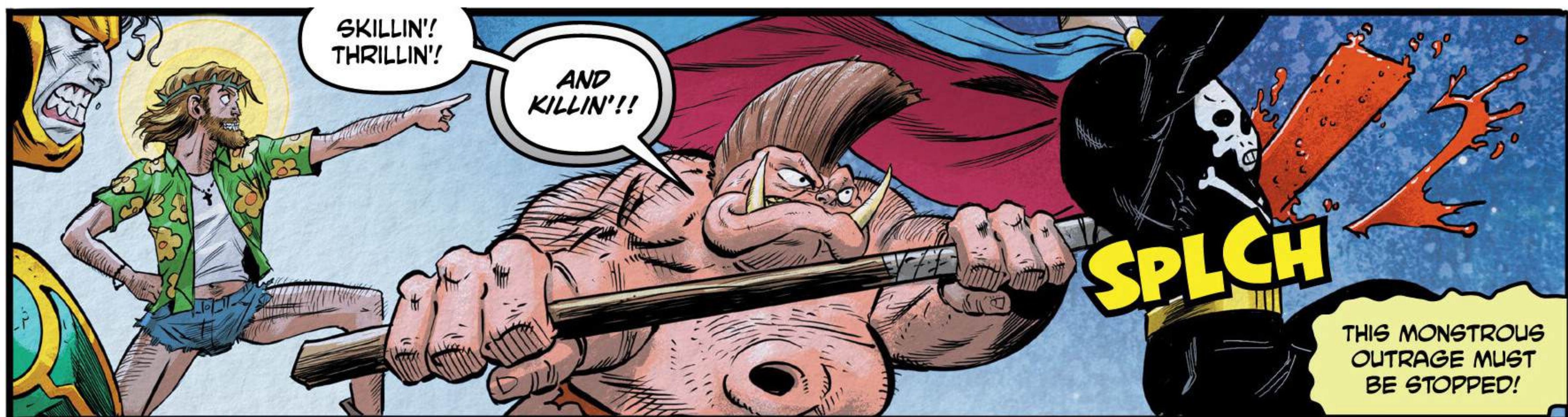
BOOF!

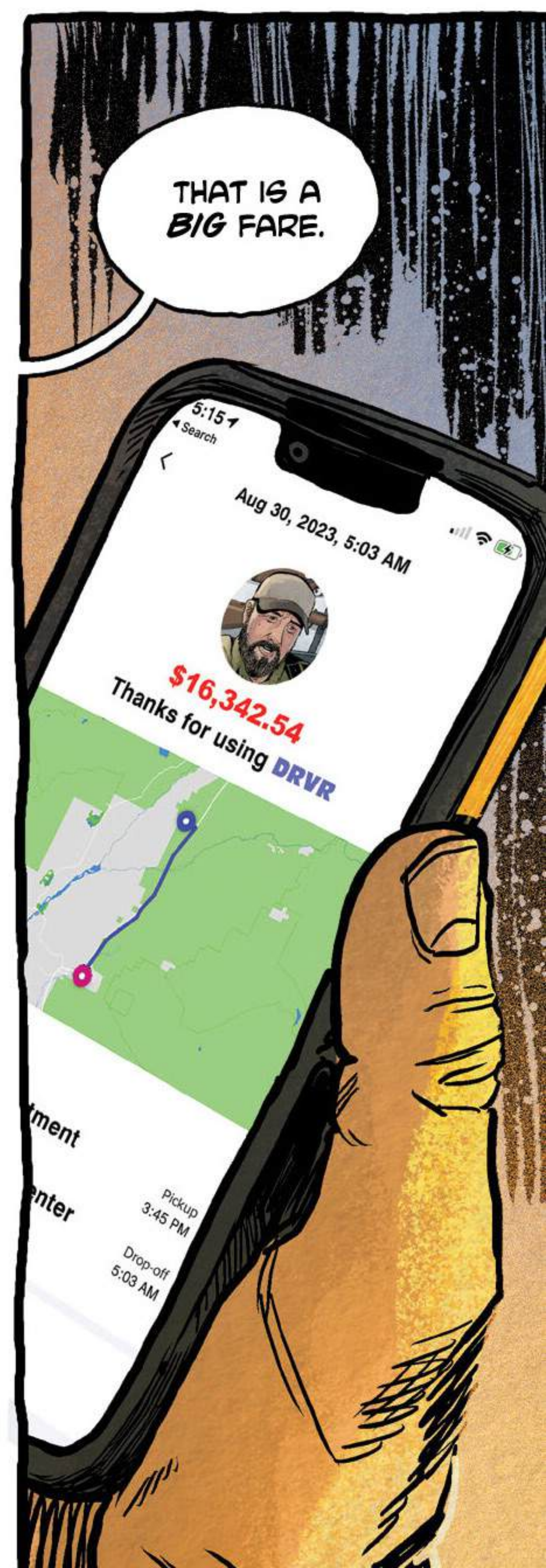
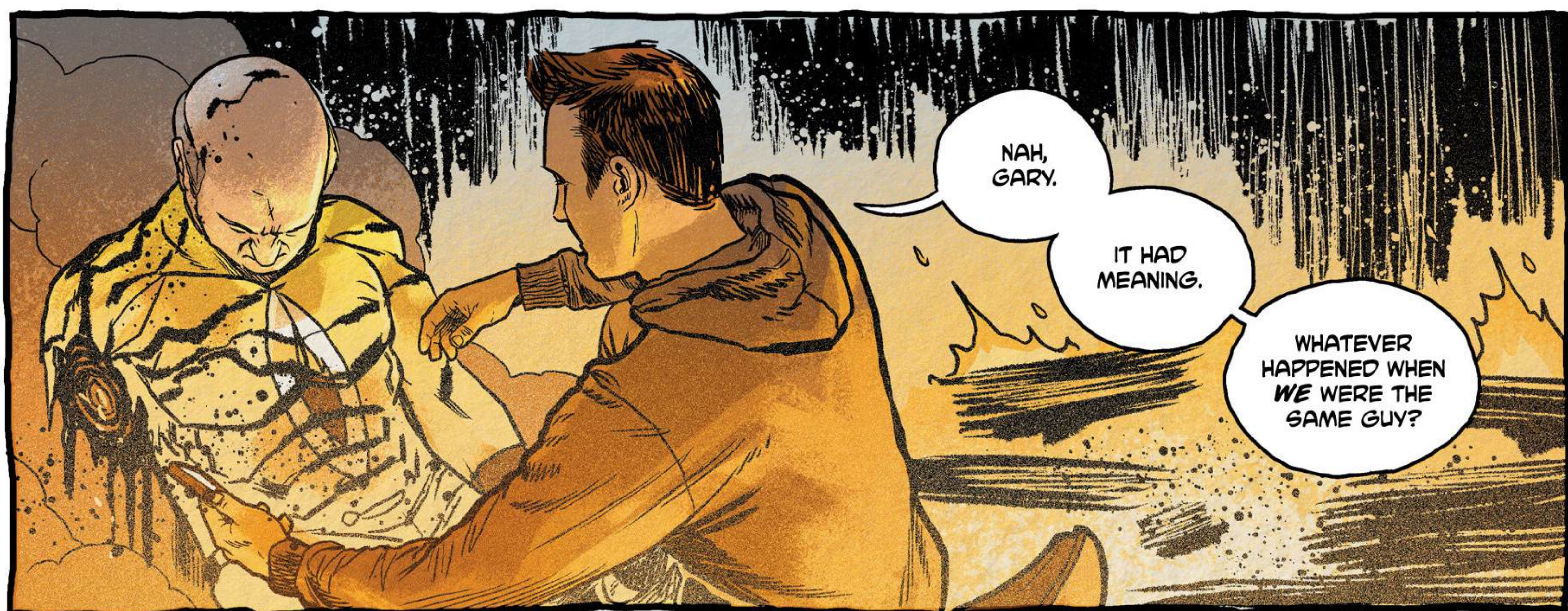
YOU'RE
OKAY?!

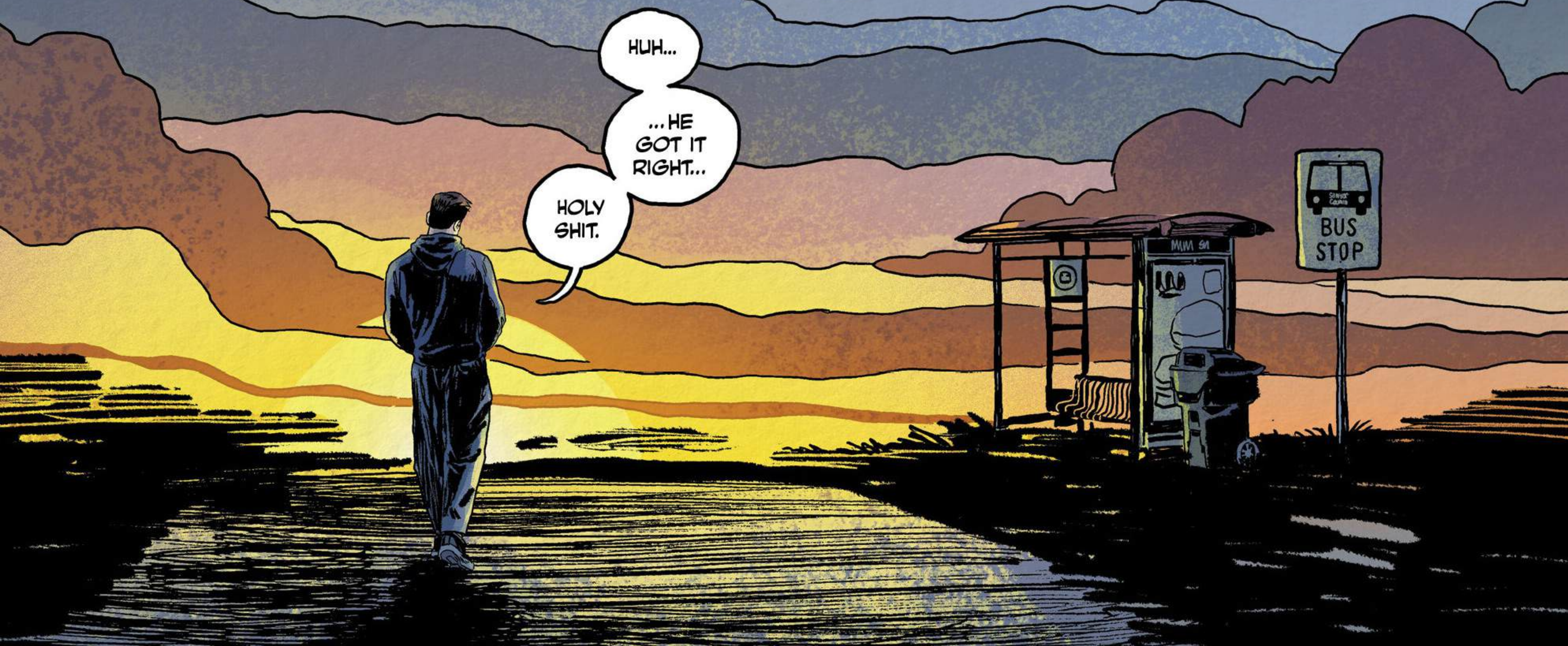
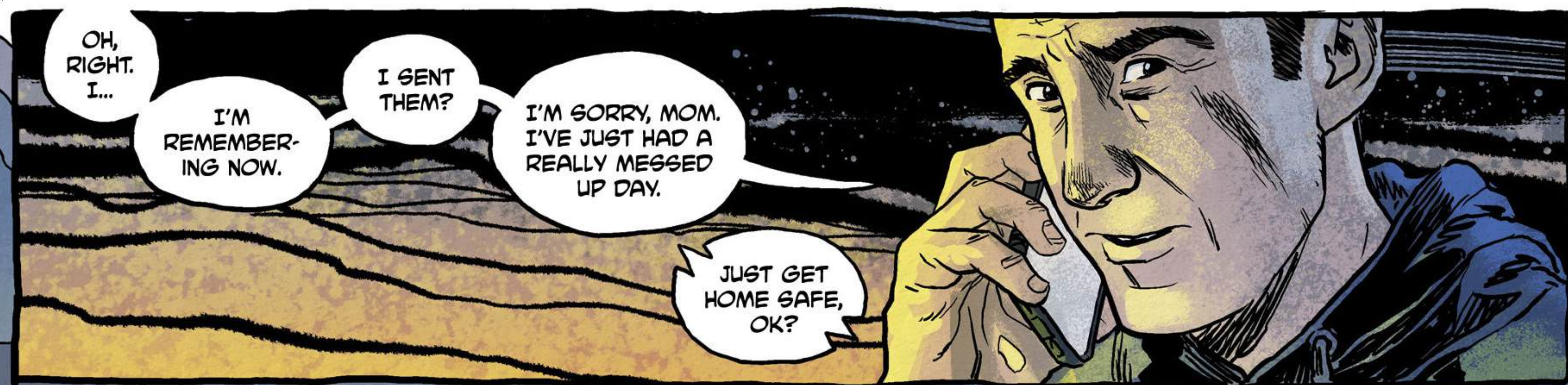
I'M AN ALIEN
FROM THE PLANET
SMASHMOUTH!

YOUR STUPID
EARTH FIRE CAN'T
STOP ME FROM...









LOCAL MAN

is trademark and copyright
Tim Seeley & Tony Fleecs

STRYKER

is trademark and copyright
Top Cow Productions

BOOF!

is trademark and copyright
Todd McFarlane

FIREBREATHER

is trademark and copyright
Phil Hester & Andy Kuhn

STREET ANGEL

is trademark and copyright
Jim Rugg & Brian Maruca

DYNAMO FIVE

is trademark and copyright
Jay Faerber & Mahmud A. Asrar

LOVE EVERLASTING

is trademark and copyright
Tom King & Elsa Charretier

THE FLAME

created by
Will Eisner & Lou Fine

BATTLE POPE

is trademark and copyright
Robert Kirkman & Tony Moore

**All other Image Comics heroes are trademark and
copyright their respective owners.**

Forever

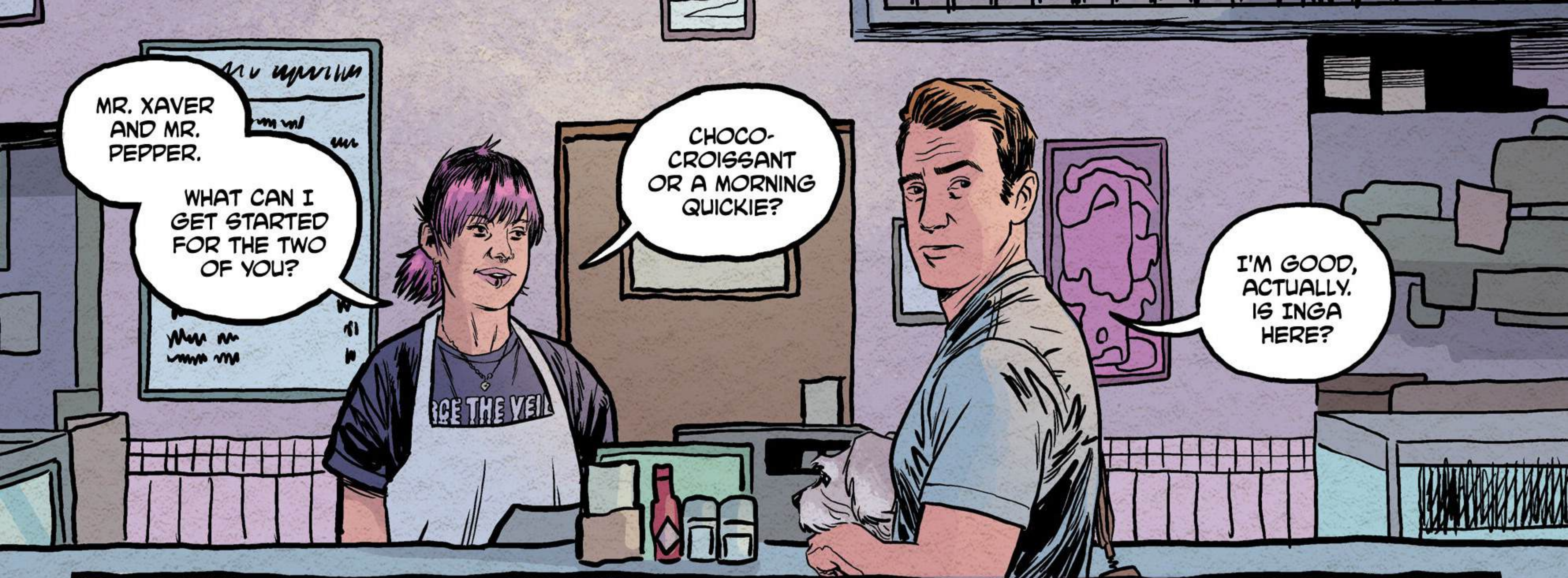


Chapter 6





THE DRY SEASON



MR. XAVER
AND MR.
PEPPER.

WHAT CAN I
GET STARTED
FOR THE TWO
OF YOU?

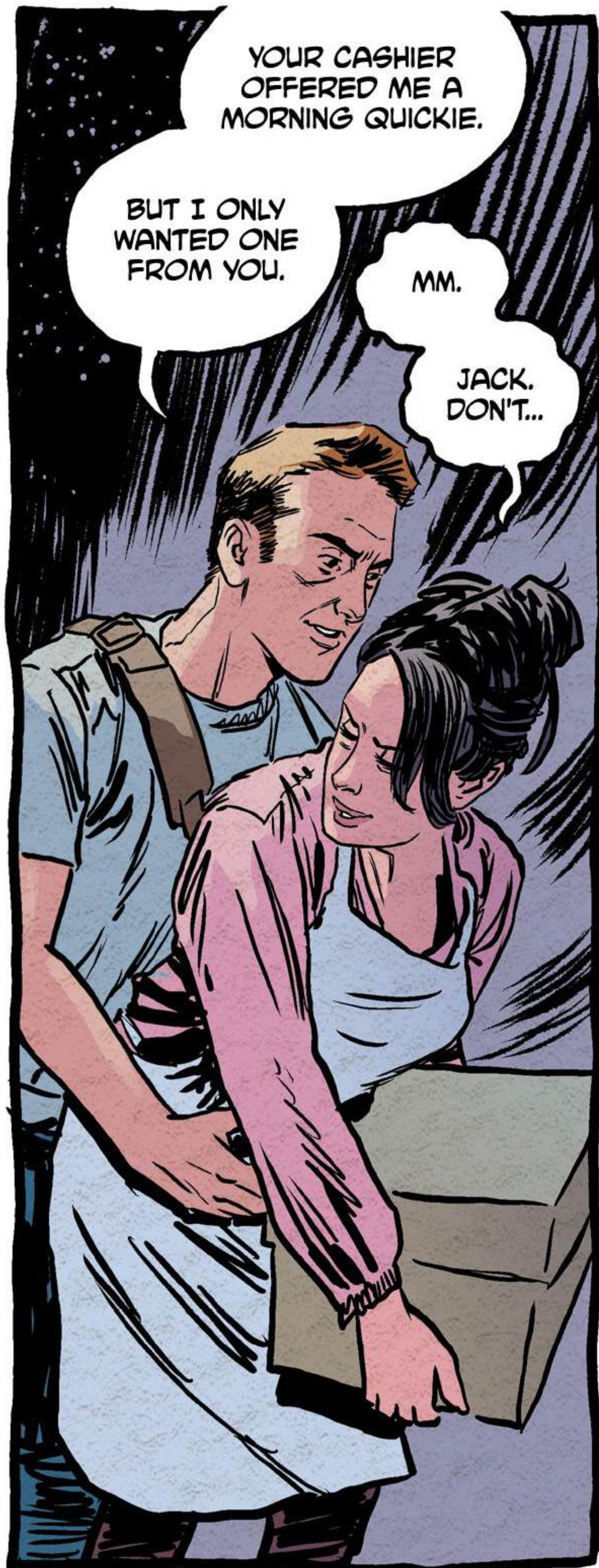
CHOCO-
CROISSANT
OR A MORNING
QUICKIE?

I'M GOOD,
ACTUALLY.
IS INGA
HERE?



"MRS. BUCHOLZ
IS BACK IN THE
STOCKROOM."

HNF!



YOUR CASHIER
OFFERED ME A
MORNING QUICKIE.

BUT I ONLY
WANTED ONE
FROM YOU.

MM.

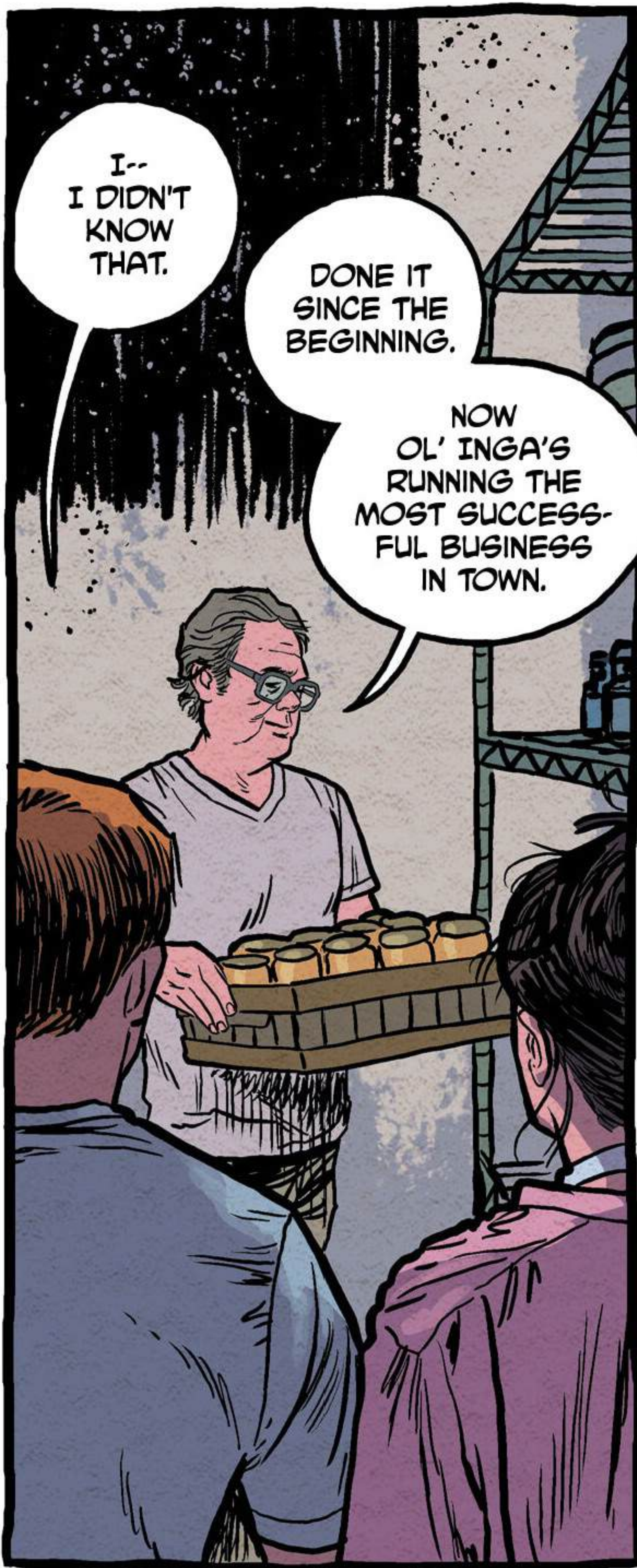
JACK. DON'T...



DON'T
STOP.



MORNING
QUICKIE?





TAKE
IT EASY,
PATRIOTS.

THOSE
WERE JUST
WARNING
SHOTS.

I'M NOT HERE
TO HURT ANYONE,
BUT I WILL IF I
HAVE TO!

AND I'LL
HAVE TO IF I
DON'T GET
ANSWERS!

NOW, LISTEN!
THE CAMO CRUSADER
WAS THE GREATEST
SUPERHERO THERE
EVER WAS!

HE WAS THE
CHAMPION OF
JESUS CHRIST
HIMSELF, AND
THE DESTROYER
OF SIN!

BUT HE
DIED!

THE FAKE MEDIA
SAYS HE GOT KILLED
IN ACTION AGAINST
ALIENS ON PLANET
KAOS!

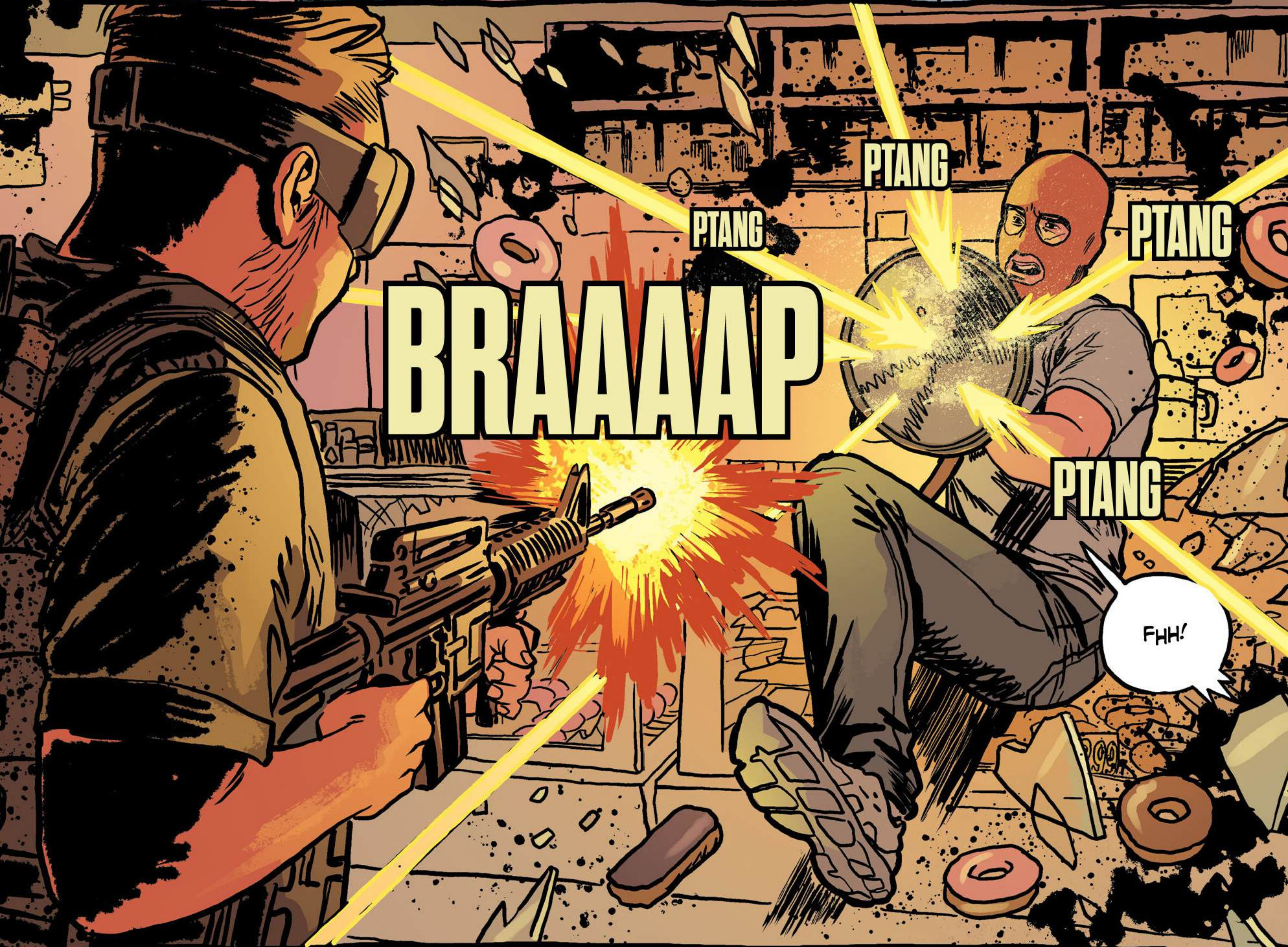
THAT'S WHAT
YOU SHEEP
BELIEVE! BUT
IT'S A LIE!

HE GOT
KILLED ON
EARTH!

FLIGHT TRACKERS
SAY HE WAS IN
FARMINGTON!

THAT IS THE
#TRUTH!







GOT ANY OTHER IDEAS?

...



AHHHH!

YOU'RE NUTS, MAN!

KLANG



COME ON! LET'S GO!

EVERYONE OUT!

JEEZ, BOY...



"WHAT'D YOU BRING TO OUR TOWN NOW?"

YOU THINK WE DON'T KNOW!?

THIS SHIT DOESN'T END WITH CAMO CRUSADER, EITHER!

GH!



THIS GOES ALL THE WAY TO THE TOP!



BUT IT'S
ALL SOME BIG
GAME TO YOU,
YOU FUCKIN'
NPC!

JUST PLAYIN' YOUR
PART, THROWIN' AWAY
YOUR YELLOW TIGHTS,
PRETENDING TO BE
NORMAL PEOPLE.

BUT YOU AREN'T!
YOU'RE A GODDAMN
**MANHATTAN
CANDIDATE!**



THE CRUGADER
WASN'T JUST
SOME THIRD GEN
CELEBRI-HERO!

HE DIDN'T CARE
ABOUT FAME
OR MONEY! HE
WAS GOING TO
SAVE US!

**REALLY
SAVE US!**

HNH!

AND YOU
TOOK HIS EYE
WITH A BOLT
OF STEEL!

WHAT?



WE
KNOW.

THE TRUTH IS
GONNA COME OUT,
AND THEN THE OLD
ORDER IS GONNA
FALL, NO MATTER
IF YOU KILL ME
OR NOT.

I'M
NOT...

I'M NOT
GOING TO
KILL YOU.



I JUST--
I NEED
TO...

HOW
DO YOU
KNOW?

HA.

THE
TRUTH.
THE #TRUTH
IS...



PKOW



HUFF.

HUFF.
STAND...

STAND
DOWN.



AH,
CHRIST.

WE--

WE KNOW
WHAT YOU
DID.

RRE!



BECAUSE
WHEN YOU
TOOK HIS
EYE...

IT WENT UP
TO HEAVEN
TO LOOK
DOWN...



AND NOW ALL
WHO WISHED
THEY COULD...

...SEE THE
WORLD AS
HE DID...

THEY
SEE...





MORE VIOLENCE IN SOUTH CENTRAL WISCONSIN TODAY, ON THE HEELS OF THE MURDERS EARLIER THIS MONTH OF TWO MEMBERS OF THE SUPERHUMAN MERCENARY UNIT, THE *DESOLATORS*. *THIRD GEN*'S INTERIM SPOKESMAN *NEON* HAD THIS TO SAY....



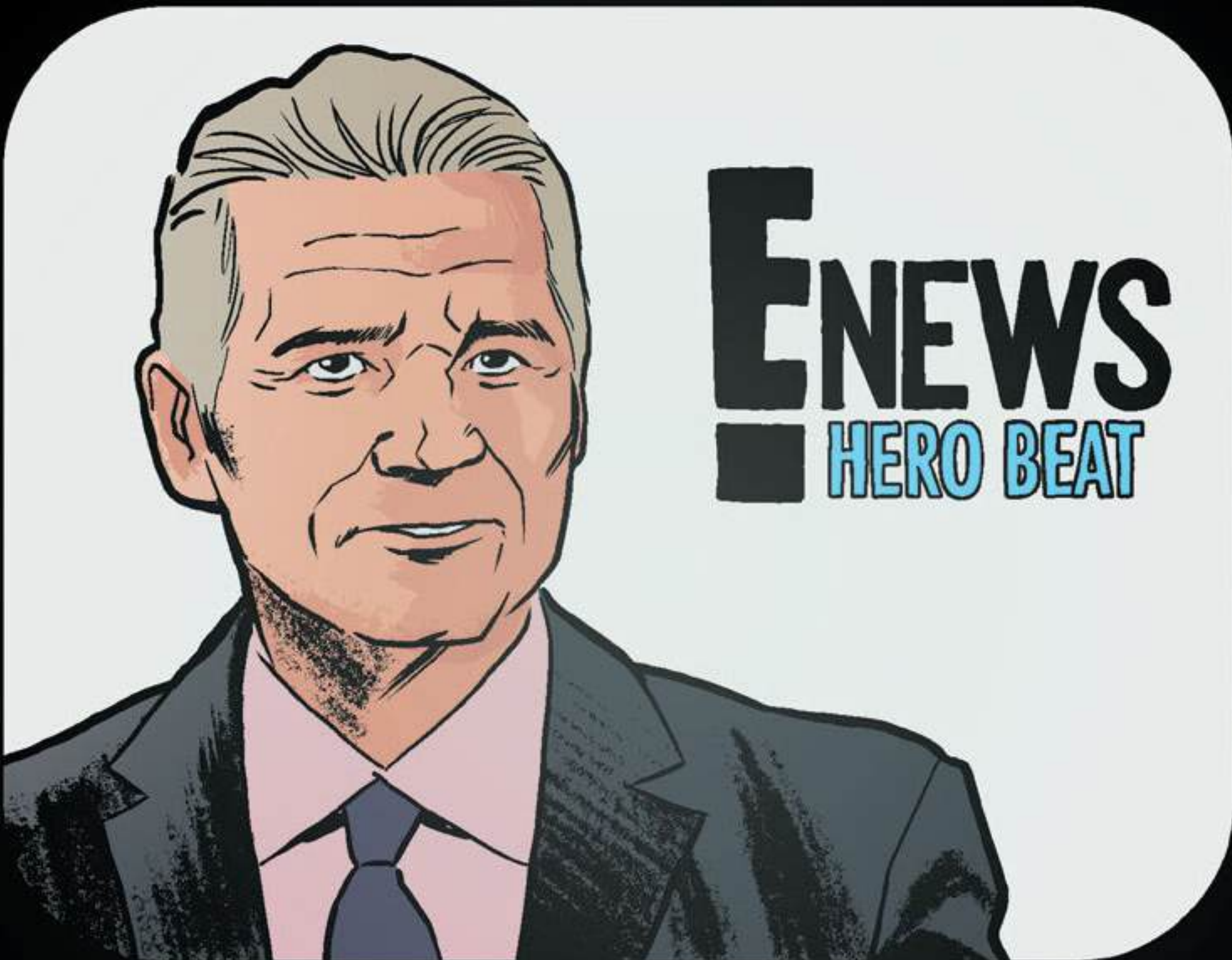
GIVE ME A **BLEEP!** BREAK! YOU WANNA SHOOT UP A SMALL BUSINESS, I GOT PLENTY OF WOKE-PEDDLERS THAT FIT THE BILL!

THE ONLY THING THIS LITTLE WISCONSIN TOWN DOES IS TAKE OUT THE TRASH!



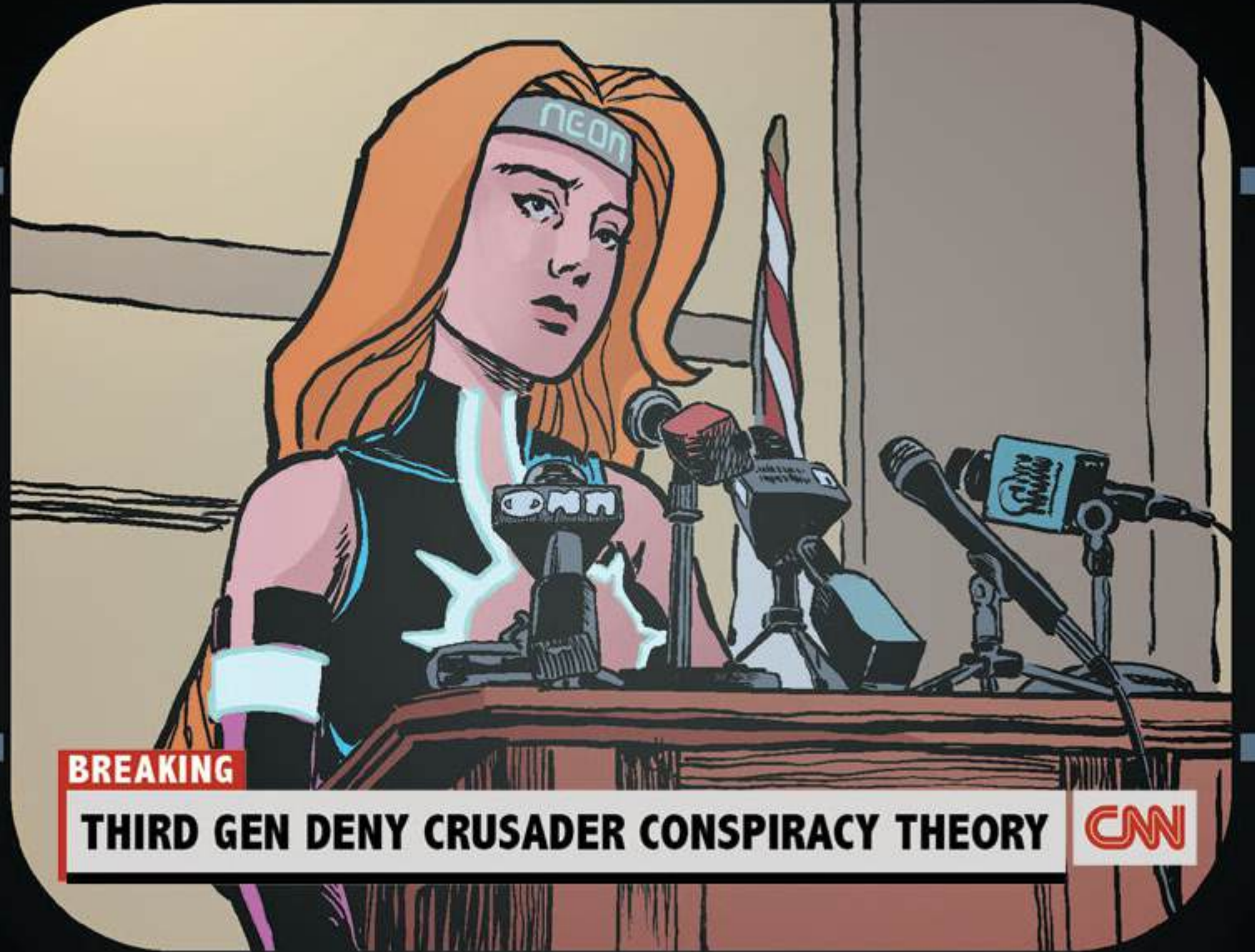
...COINCIDING WITH NEWS OUT OF FARMINGTON, A24 ANNOUNCED THAT THEY WOULD PROCEED WITH THEIR ADAPTATION OF THE MEMOIR, *THE DARK INSIDE*, BY *STACY WOHL*.

PRODUCERS WILL ADD NEW SCENES TO THE SCRIPT FOLLOWING WOHL UP TO HER LAST DAYS.



"I MISS CAMO CRUSADER. WE ALL DO. BUT, THESE CONSPIRACY THEORIES DO NOTHING TO HONOR MY HUSBAND'S MEMORY. NOTHING.

REMEMBER HIM WITH GOOD DEEDS. BE A FRIEND. PLANT A TREE. GOD BLESS."



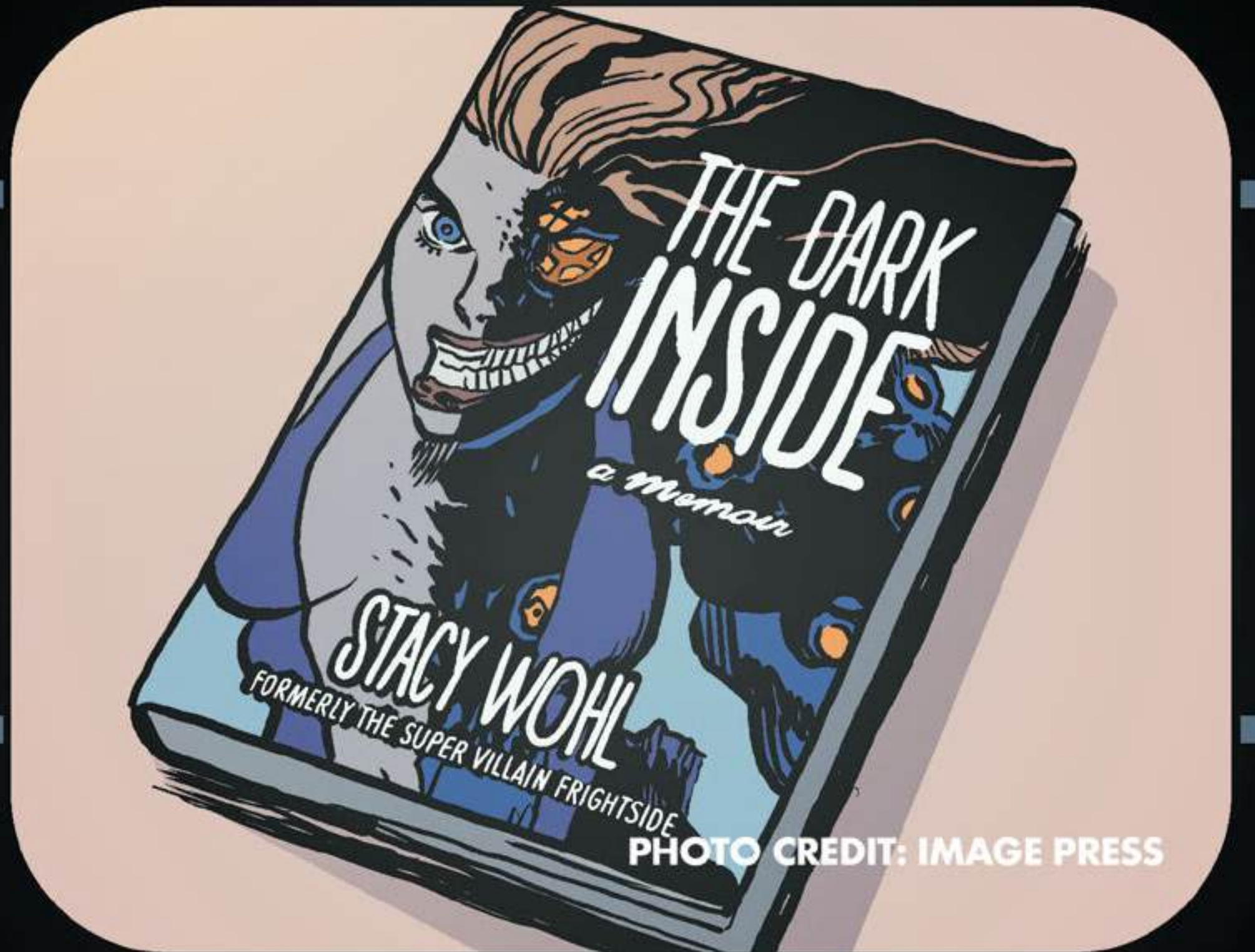
SERIOUSLY, WITHIN A FEW DAYS THIS SPRING, THEY'D PUT FREAKS LIKE THE *HODAG* AND *FRIGHTSIDE* IN THE DIRT!

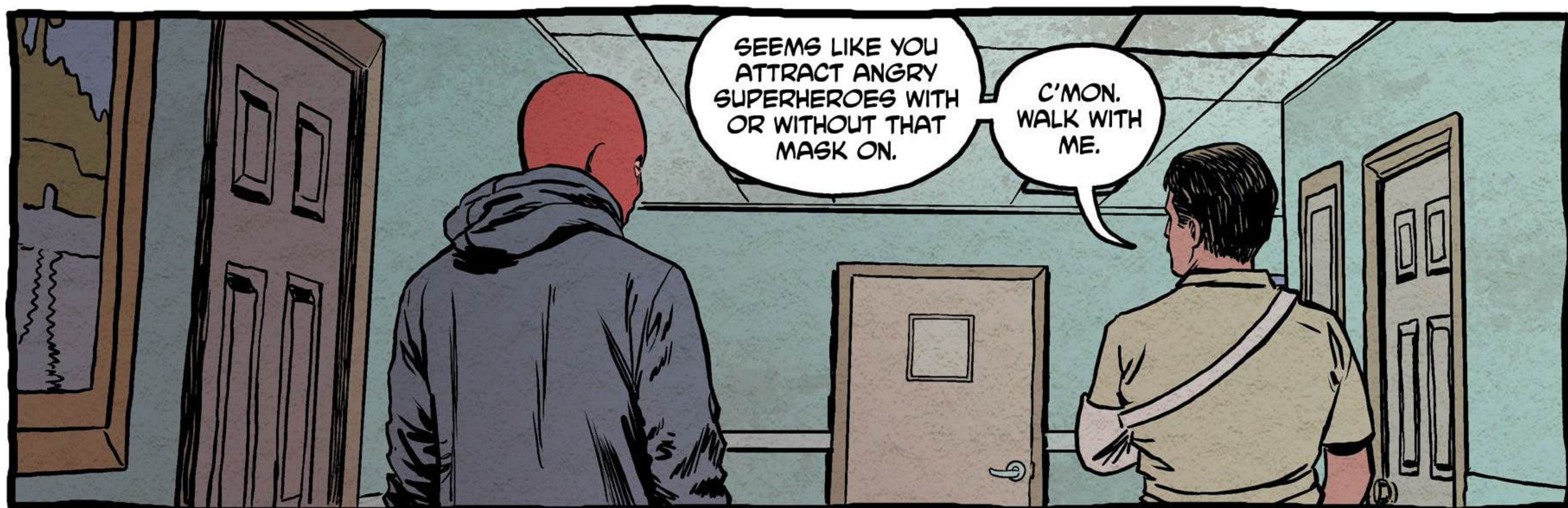
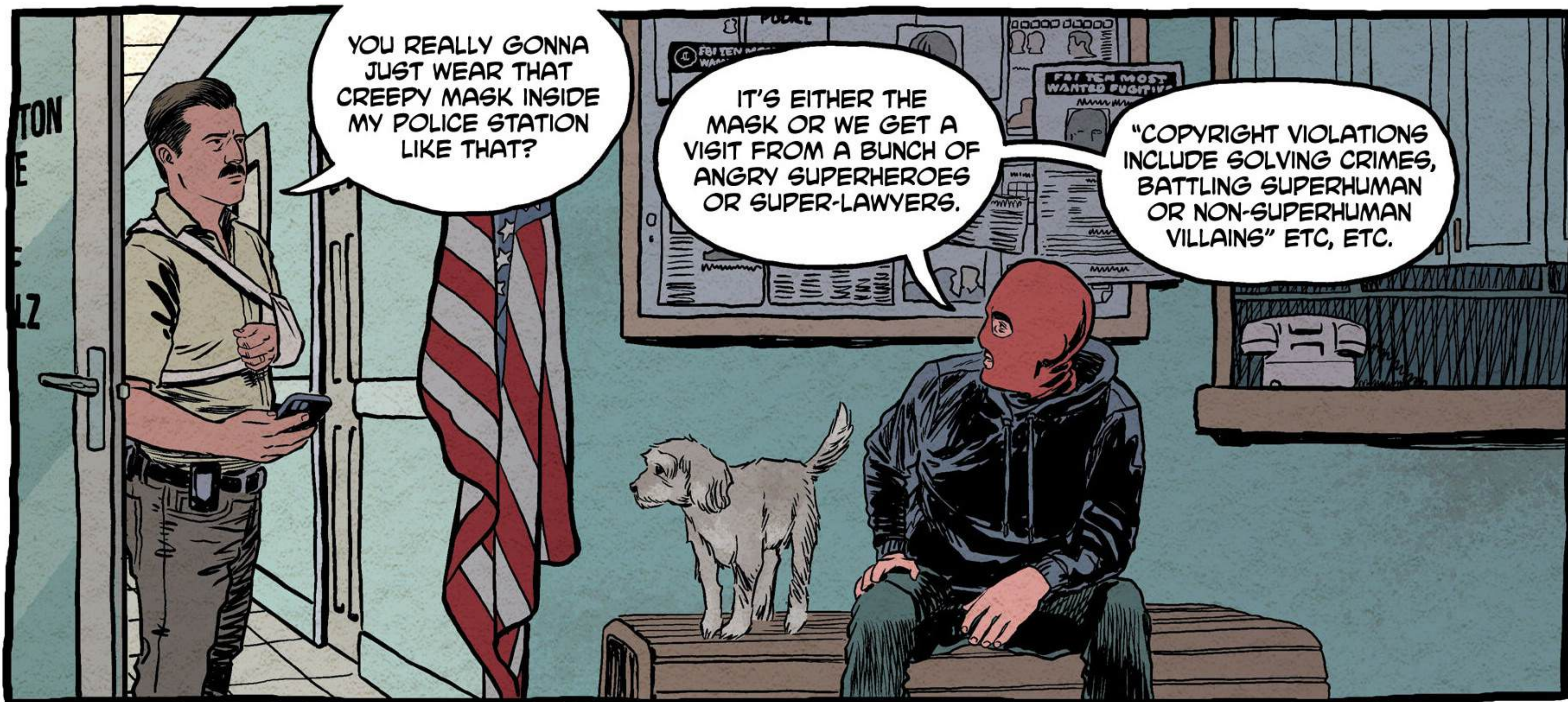
YOU CAN GIVE THE CREDIT TO THIS "*DELIVER-ANCE*" KILLER ALL YOU WANT. BUT THIS PLACE, FARMINGTON, HAS GOT THE RIGHT IDEA ABOUT JUSTICE! I SAY LEAVE 'EM TO IT!

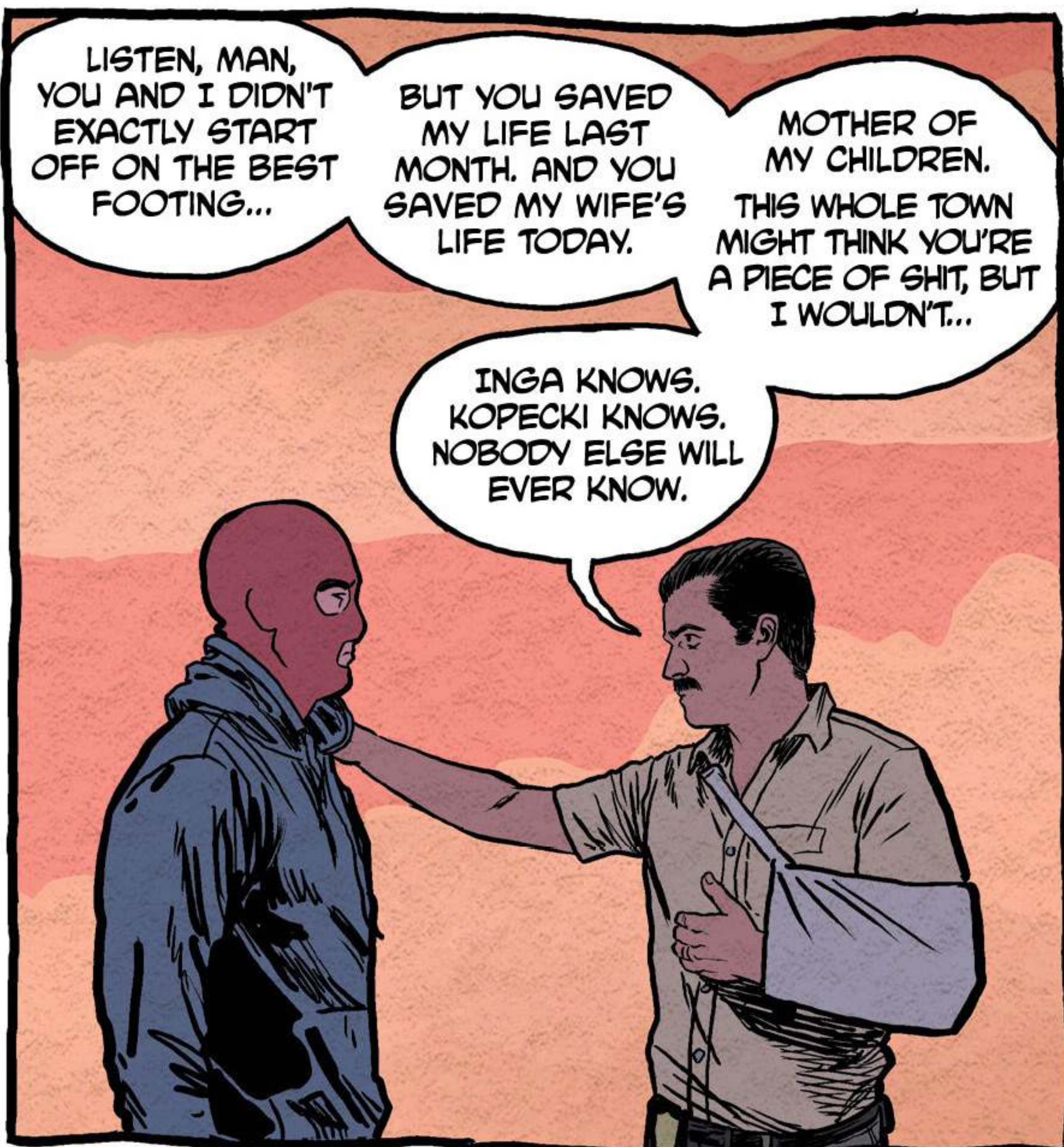
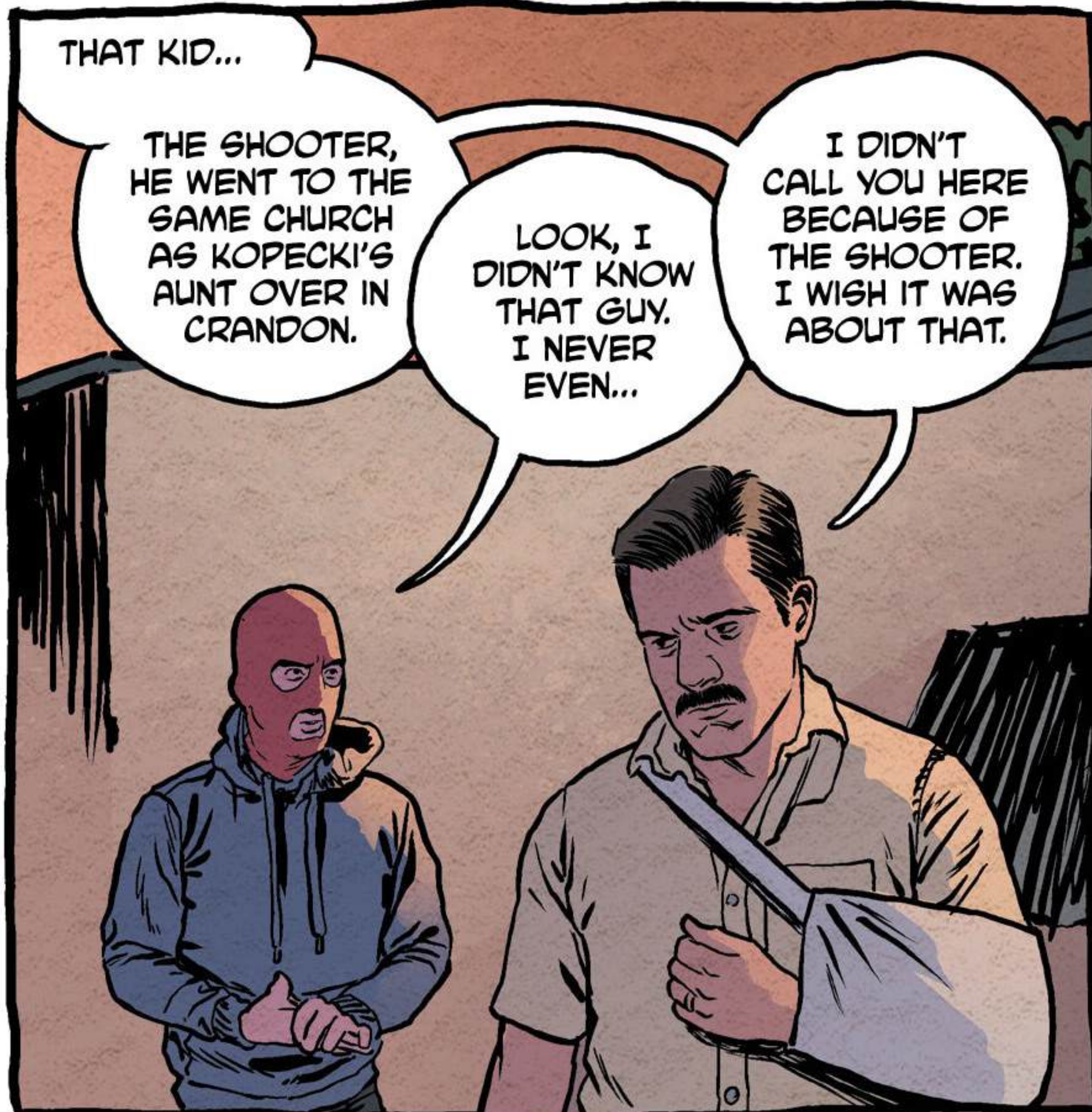


WOHL, AKA *FRIGHTSIDE*, WAS MURDERED BY 'SUPERVILLAIN-OBSESSED' FAN, *CARL BULL-OCH*. THE FILM IS TARGETED FOR AN OCTOBER RELEASE WITH THE NEW TITLE "*SPECIAL DELIVERY*."

CAMERAS ARE SET TO ROLL IN *VANCOUVER*, EARLY NEXT MONTH.





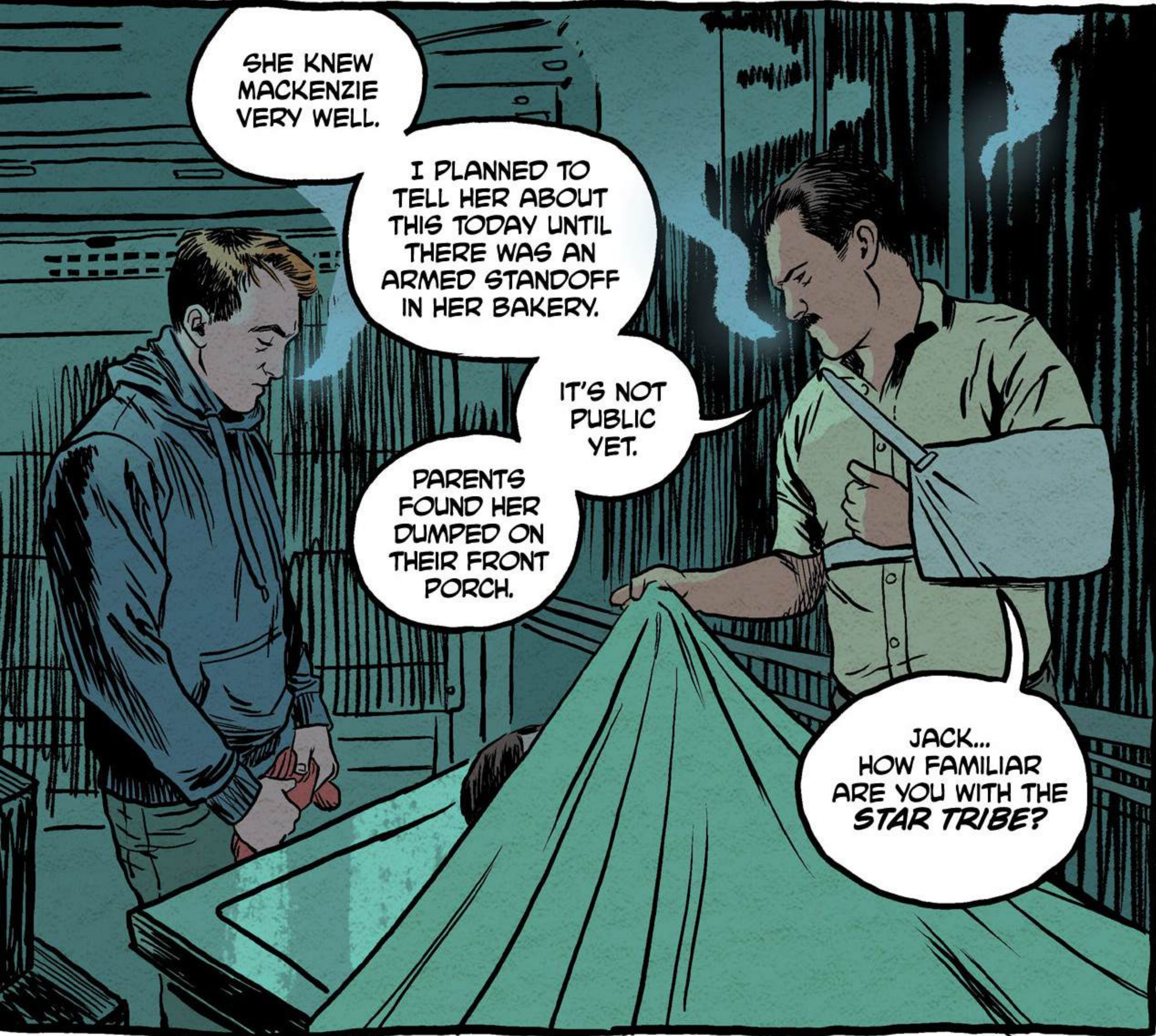






DID INGA
KNOW THIS
GIRL?

DOES
SHE
KNOW?



SHE KNEW
MACKENZIE
VERY WELL.

I PLANNED TO
TELL HER ABOUT
THIS TODAY UNTIL
THERE WAS AN
ARMED STANDOFF
IN HER BAKERY.

IT'S NOT
PUBLIC
YET.

PARENTS
FOUND HER
DUMPED ON
THEIR FRONT
PORCH.

JACK...
HOW FAMILIAR
ARE YOU WITH THE
STAR TRIBE?



THE HIPPIES?
THEY CAMP AROUND
THE COUNTRY, SMOKE
WEED, AND PRAY FOR
PEACE IN THE USA.

THEY'RE NEAR
HERE, RIGHT?
THE STATE PARK?
I HEARD PEOPLE
COMPLAINING
ABOUT--

YOU
DON'T
THINK...?



YEAH, BLACK
RIVER STATE PARK.
RIGHT BY THE ONLY
BODY OF WATER
ANYWHERE NEAR THE
CHENG HOUSE...

*THE
RIVER,*
JACK.

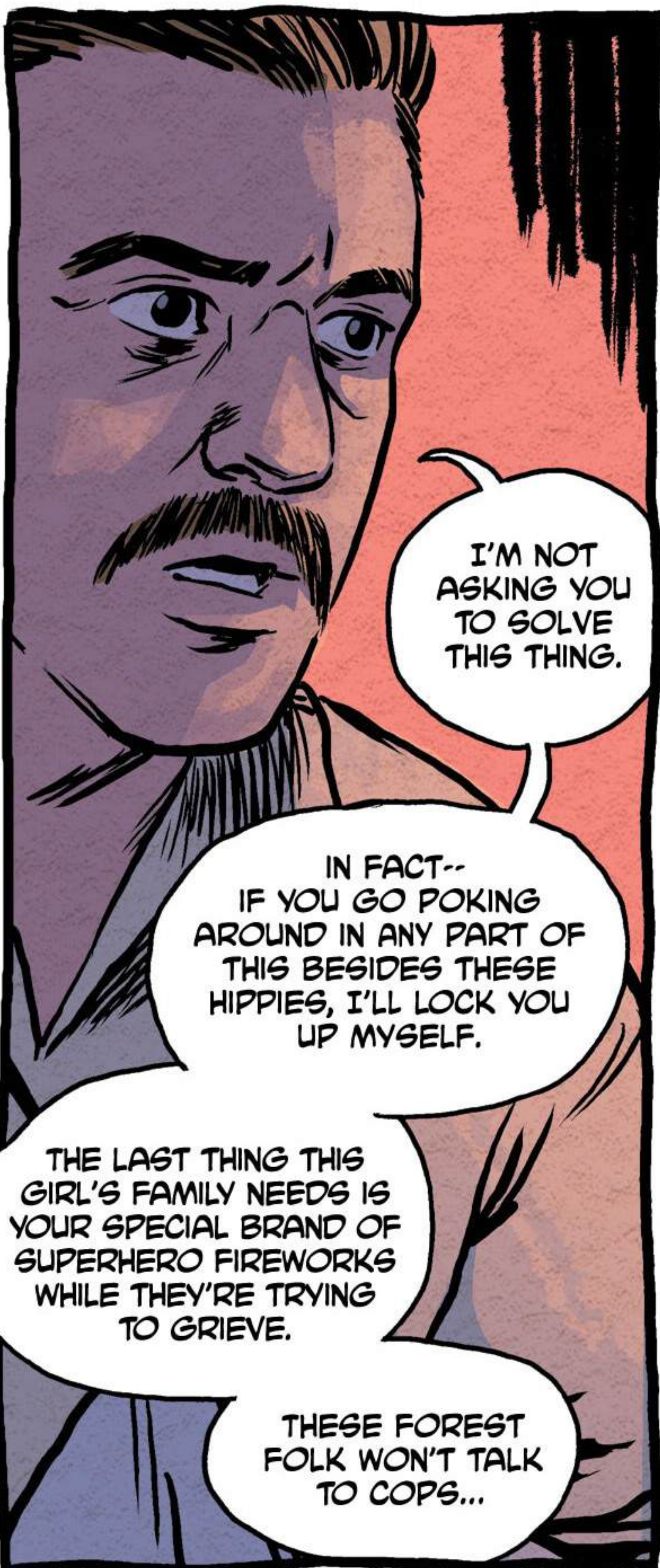
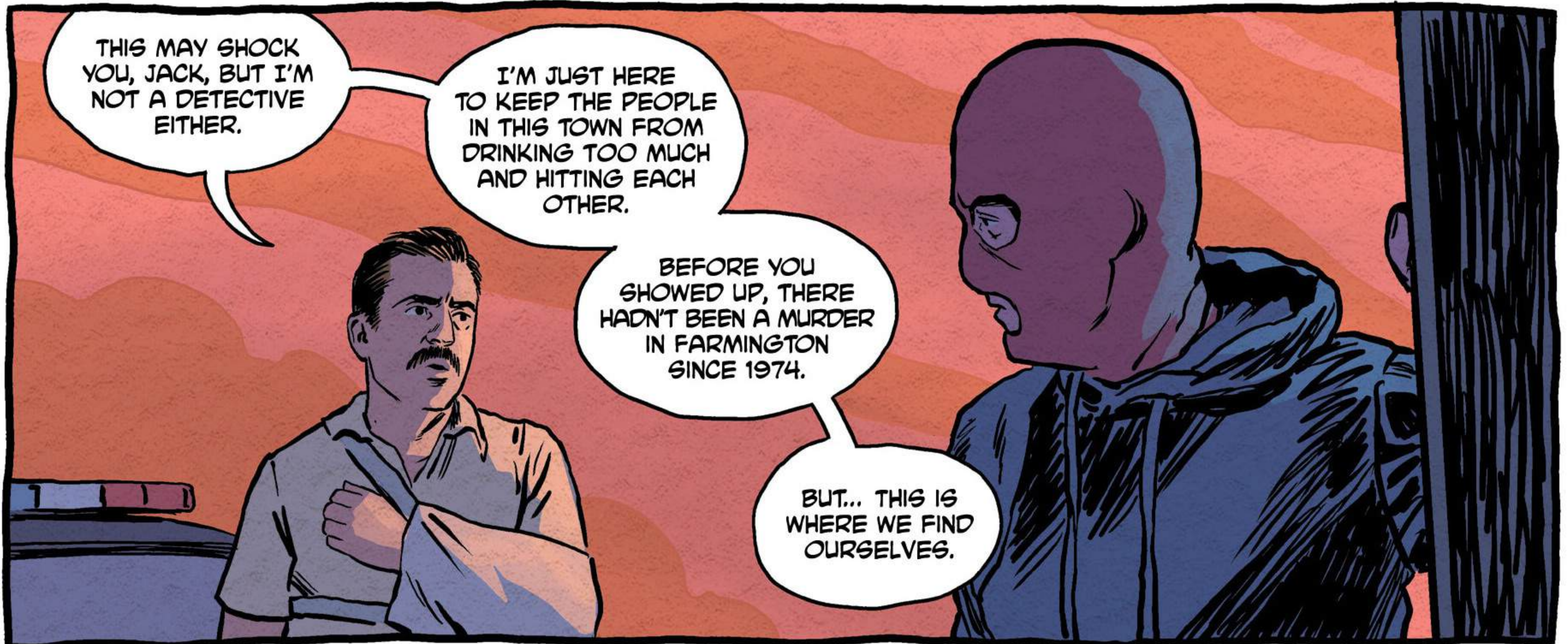


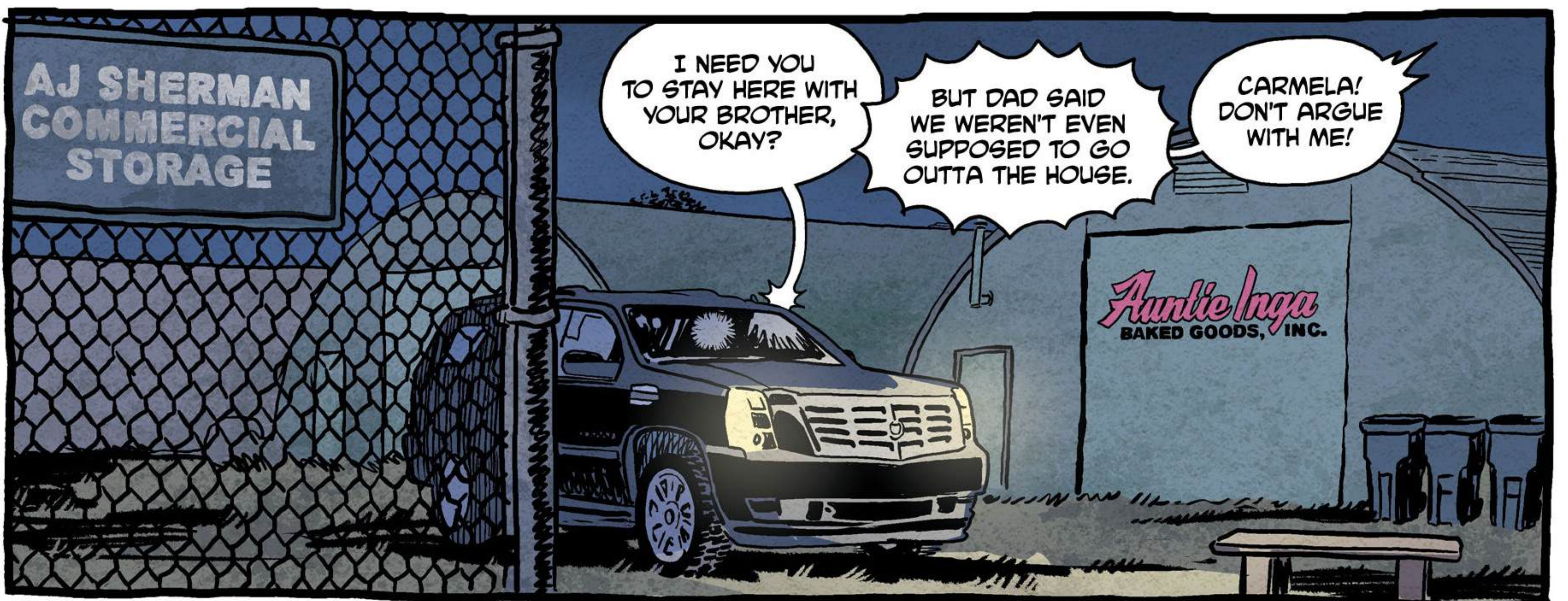
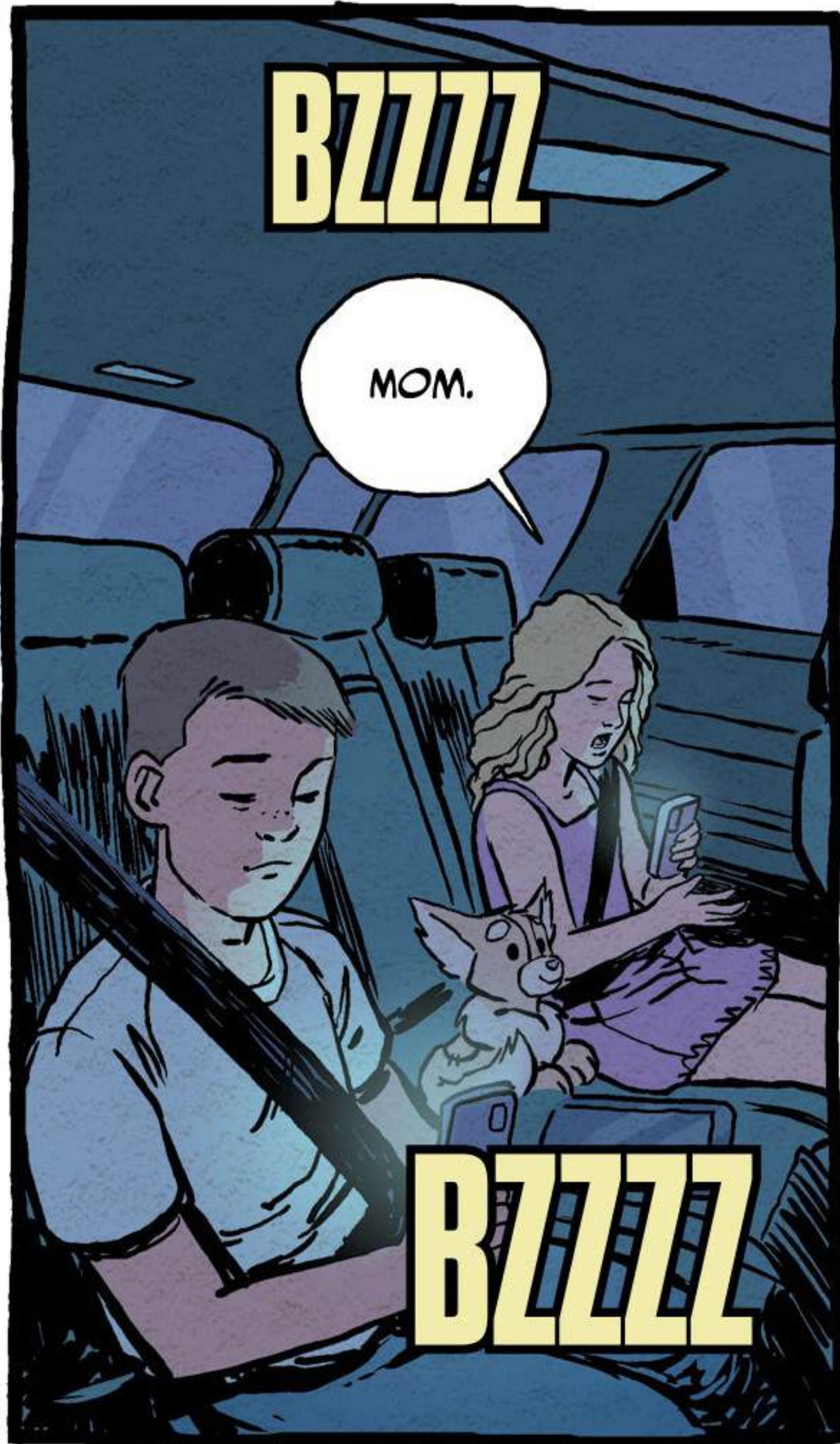
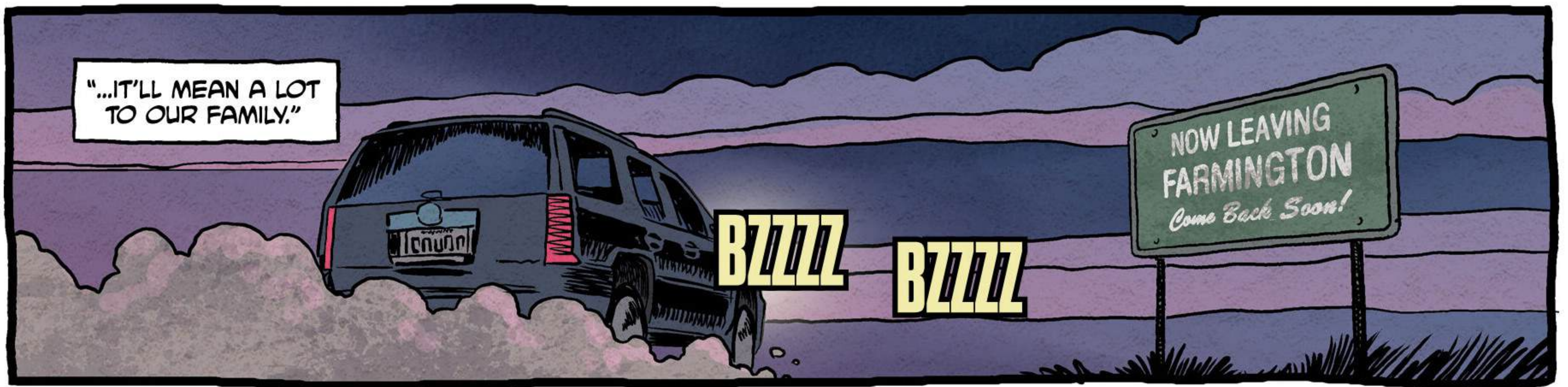
THEY'VE BEEN
KNOWN TO HOST
A FUGITIVE
OR TWO.

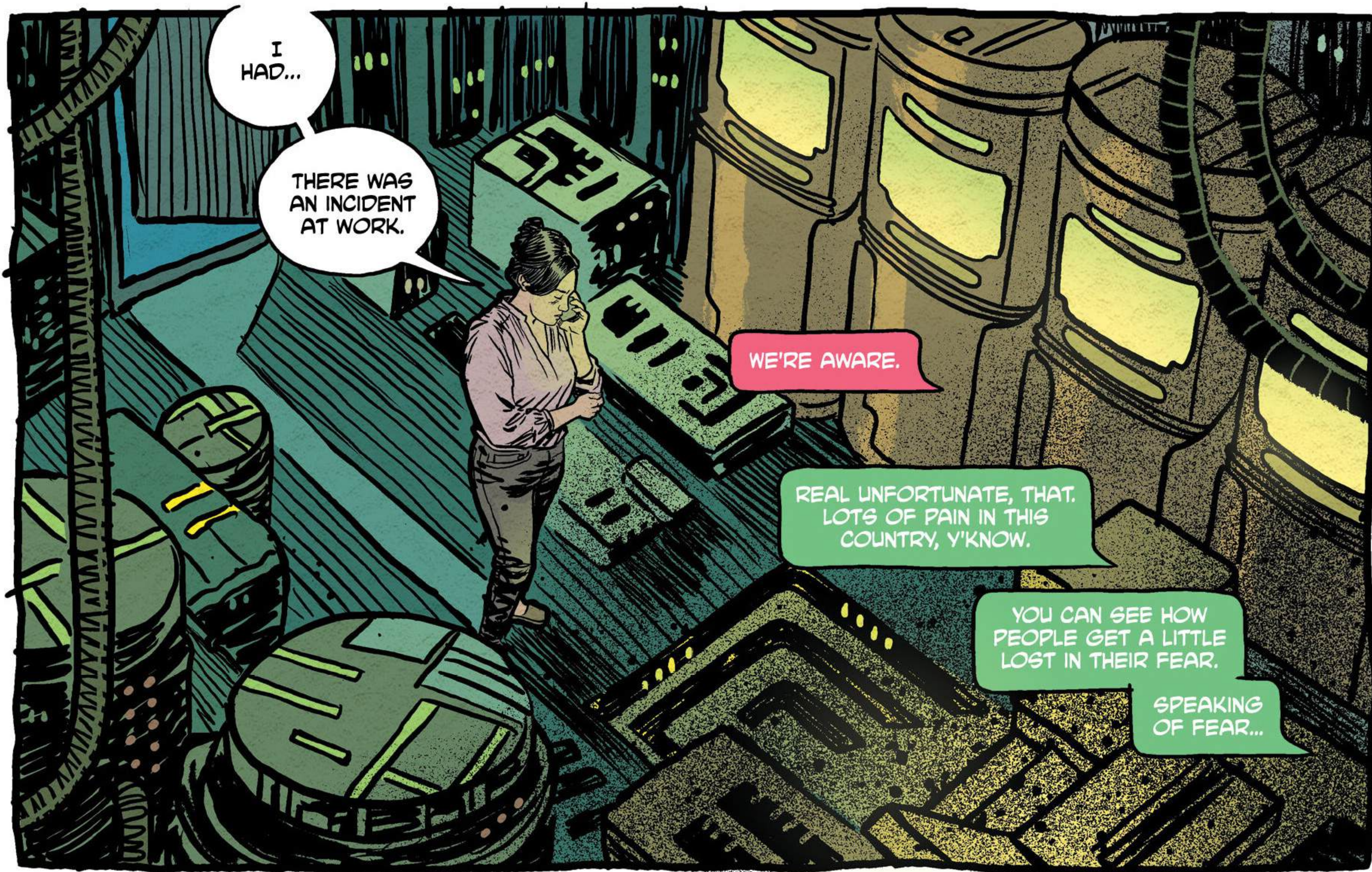
KNOWN
CRIMINALS.

BUT WHETHER
THE *STAR TRIBE*
BELIEVES IN PEACE ON
EARTH OR JUST DIGS
HANGING THEIR BALLS
OUT OF THEIR JEAN
SHORTS...

... THEY
DEFINITELY
DON'T BELIEVE
IN TALKING TO
POLICE.



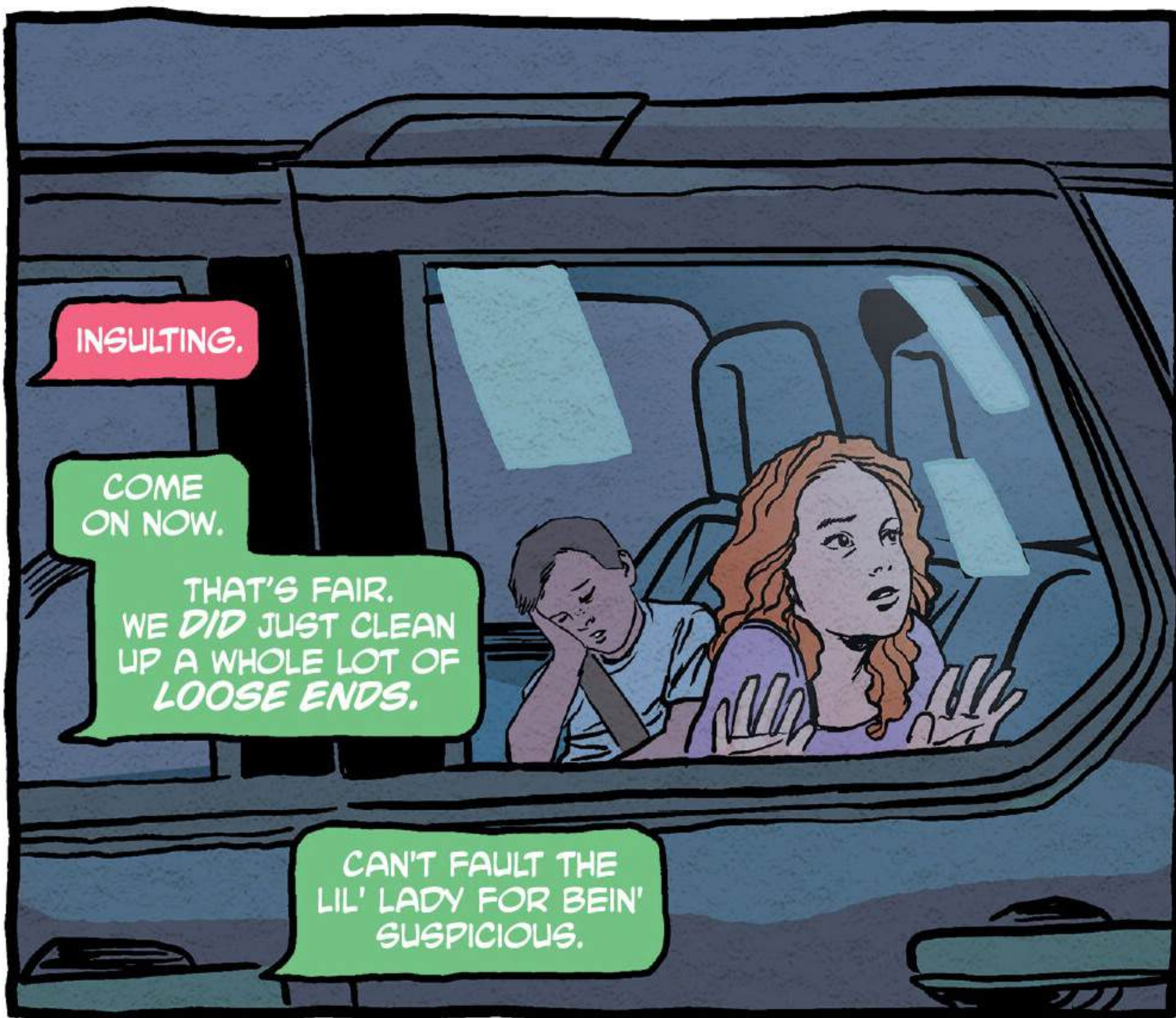






YOU WERE THINKIN' THAT FELLA IN THE DONUT SHOP WAS ONE OF OURS, WEREN'T YA?

HE WASN'T?

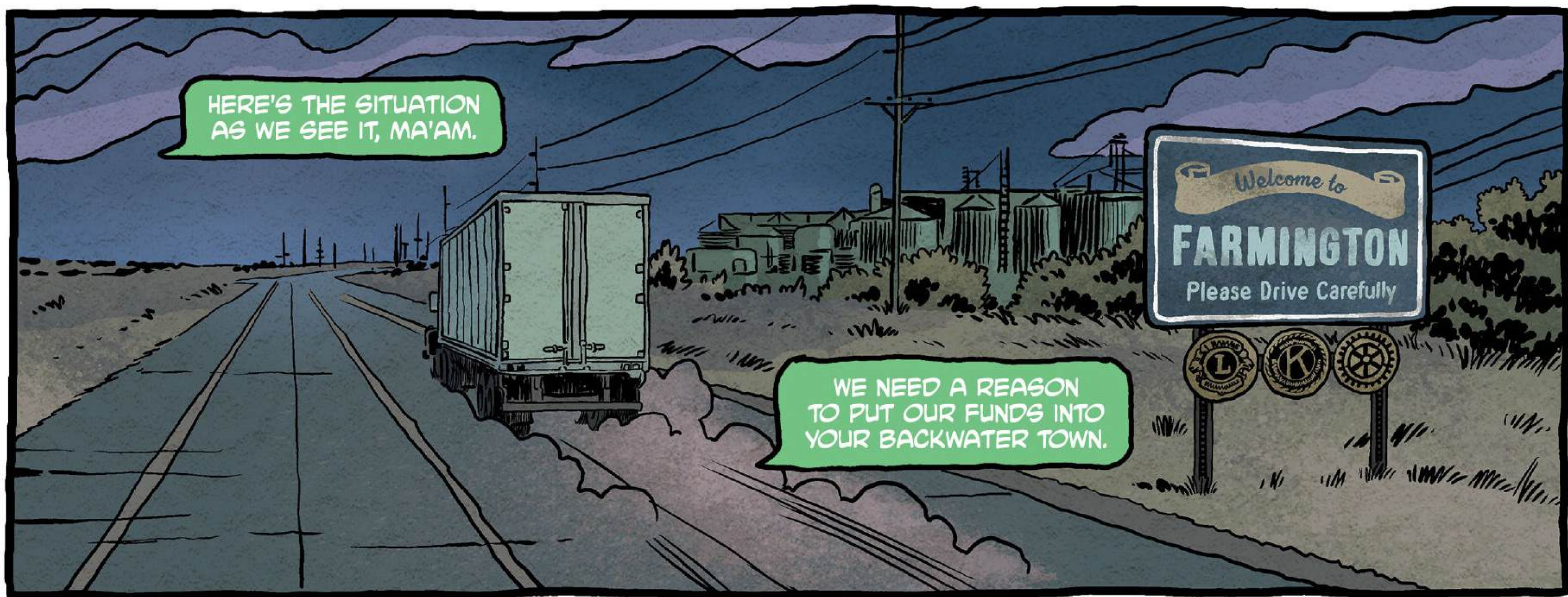


INSULTING.

COME ON NOW.

THAT'S FAIR. WE *DID* JUST CLEAN UP A WHOLE LOT OF LOOSE ENDS.

CAN'T FAULT THE LIL' LADY FOR BEIN' SUSPICIOUS.



HERE'S THE SITUATION AS WE SEE IT, MA'AM.

WE NEED A REASON TO PUT OUR FUNDS INTO YOUR BACKWATER TOWN.



WE NEED AN EXCUSE TO HOUSE A BUNCH'A INTERNATIONAL CUSTOMERS.

WE NEED A PLACE FOR ALL THAT MONEY OUR SUPER-LABORERS WILL BRING IN TO GO.

THAT MEANS WE NEED THE FUTURE FORUM.



AND WE NEED YOU.

AND MY FAMILY?
MY HUSBAND?

I NEED GUARANTEES THAT NOTHING--



I THINK I SPEAK FOR ALL
THE INVESTORS WHEN I SAY
WE JUST WANT THINGS TO
RUN NICE AND ORDERLY.



AW
LORDY...

...LORDY.

AS LONG AS THERE
AIN'T NO UNEXPECTED
PERSONAL DETOURS.



NO UNNECESSARY
COLLATERAL DAMAGE.



AND MOST
IMPORTANTLY,
NO LOOKIE-LOOS.



behiiiiind...

WELL, PERSONALLY, I'M
HAPPY TO GUARANTEE,
IN THAT CASE...

...WON'T BE NO
REASON AT ALL
TO UNLEASH HELL.

Left behind...







Sci-Spy.

That's who my
boyfriend left
me for.

The news says he used to be a
member of Third Gen, but back
when they were Second Gen.

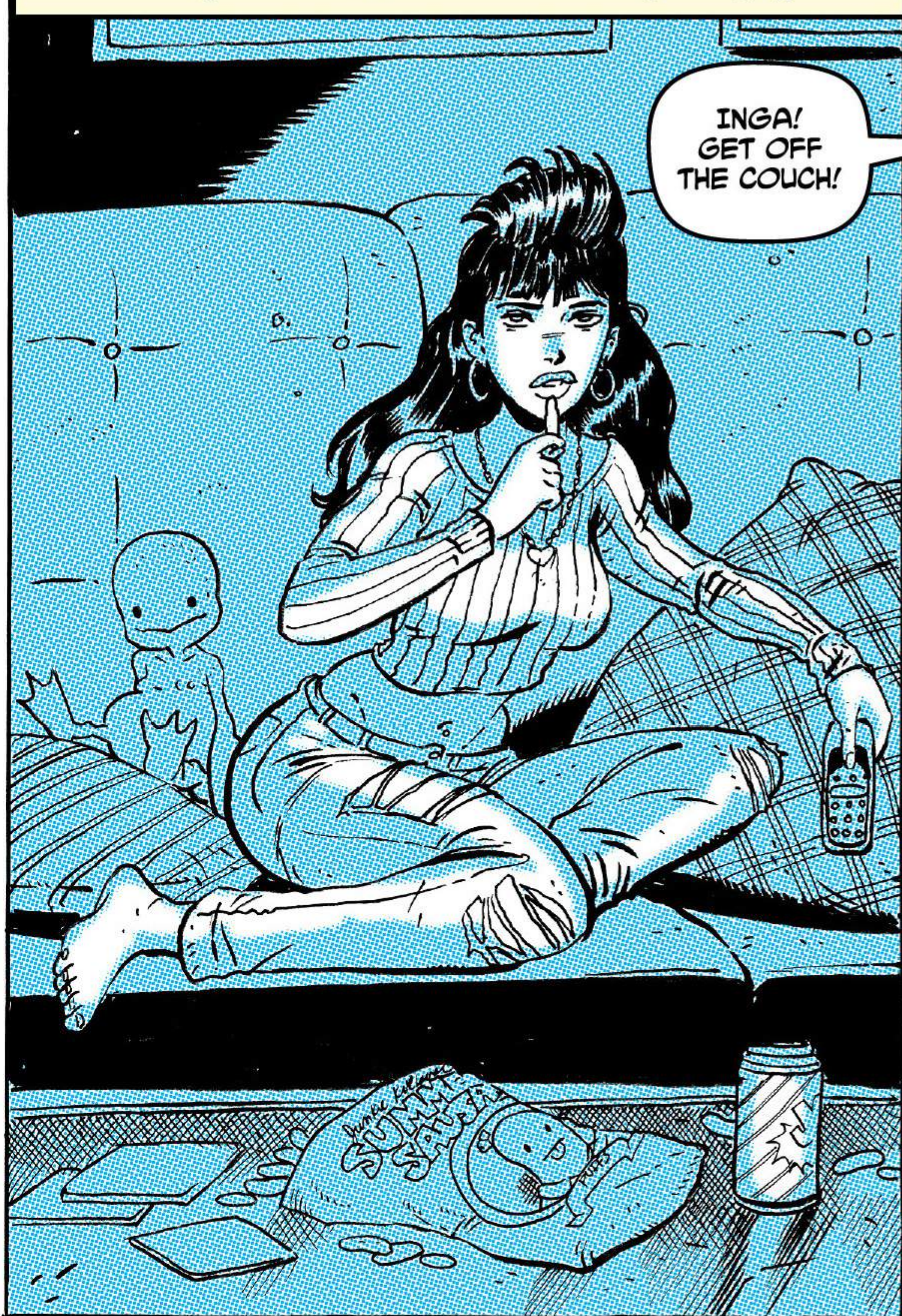
And anyway, he went bad,
and that's what they needed
Jack... Crossjack for.

To replace the guy
who went bad.

It seems to happen to these guys a lot.

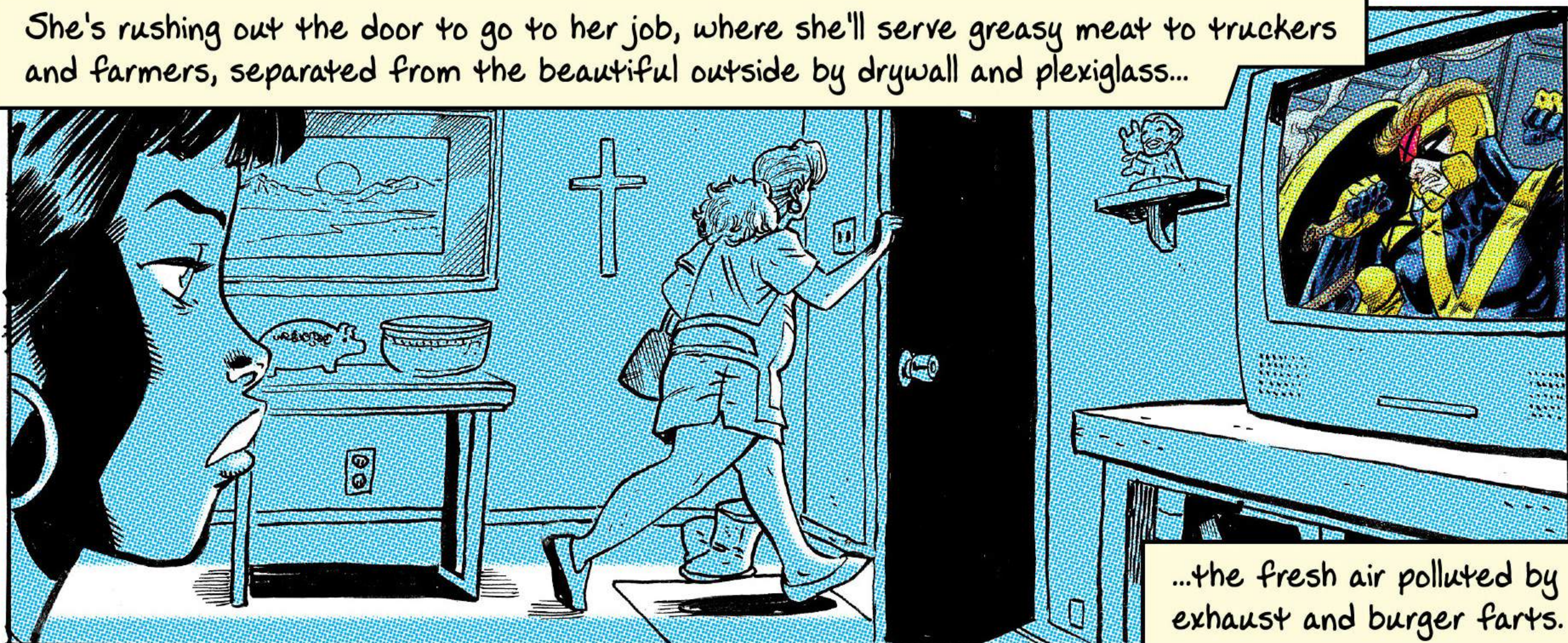


Sometimes, I don't think anyone agrees on how you're supposed to be a good guy.



It's kinda funny, my mom saying that.

She's rushing out the door to go to her job, where she'll serve greasy meat to truckers and farmers, separated from the beautiful outside by drywall and plexiglass...



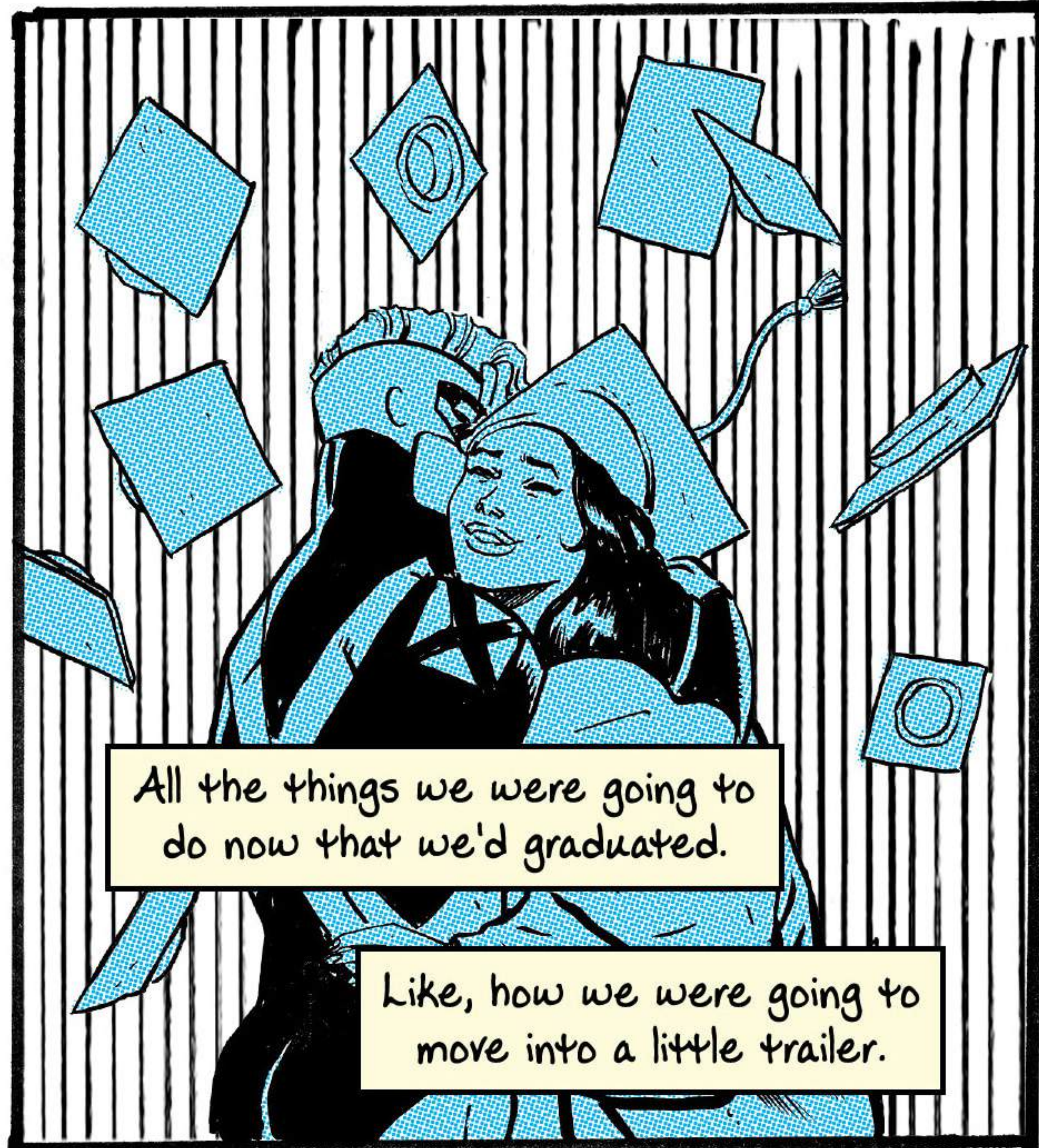


Kinda funny.

BURGER
FARTS.

BOOF

I should do something. But what?
All my plans revolved around Jack.



All the things we were going to
do now that we'd graduated.

Like, how we were going to
move into a little trailer.



UNNGH!

AHH!
YES!

FUCK!

Nothing fancy, as long
as we had privacy.

As long as I could
finally make some noise.



JACK!
HODAG IS
ATTACKING
THE FEEDMILL!

NOT
ON OUR
WATCH!

And how that little place would double as
a secret headquarters for our dynamic duo;
me the mastermind, him the muscle.



It was so simple and
small. We were going
to save Farmington.

From villains and criminals
and politicians and racists
and dumb hicks who tried
to grab my butt when I
walked by and and and...



And that wasn't good
enough for Jack.

And now, I have so many choices in front of me,
and no one to make them with.

I'm drowning
in the unknown.

Now I don't know
where I should go and
what I should do,
or if I should get rid
of my bangs because
they don't wear them
like this in Chicago or
LA anymore and...

ARRRRRGH!

Luga
Jhanning
IS THE
GOOD
GUY

Chapter 7



BLACK RIVER STATE FOREST.

Yooooooww

PEPPER!
STOP!

DON'T
YOU HEAR
THAT?

LIKE
A REALLY
PRETTY...

SONG.



GAHK--

SPLASH!



GLURK

GAKK

BLUBB

GAGG



MM MM MM
MM MM MM
MM MM

MM MM MM
MM MM

MM MM



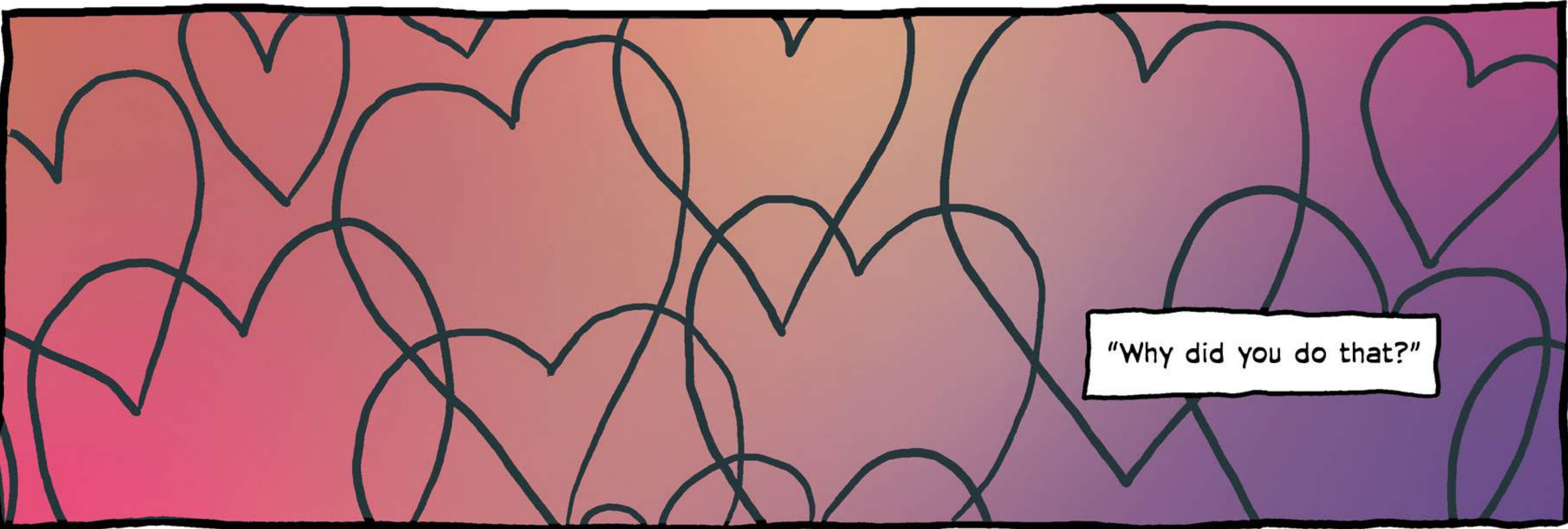
POK

POK!!



AGH!

OWW!



"Why did you do that?"





That's
your name,
isn't it?

My friends
saw in the paper
that you--



I'M
NOT--

WHAT...

WHAT IS
THIS?

WHERE'S
MY MASK?

WHO
ARE YOU
PEOPLE?!

WHICH ONE
OF YOU PUSHED
ME IN THE
RIVER?!



Here.

Drink.

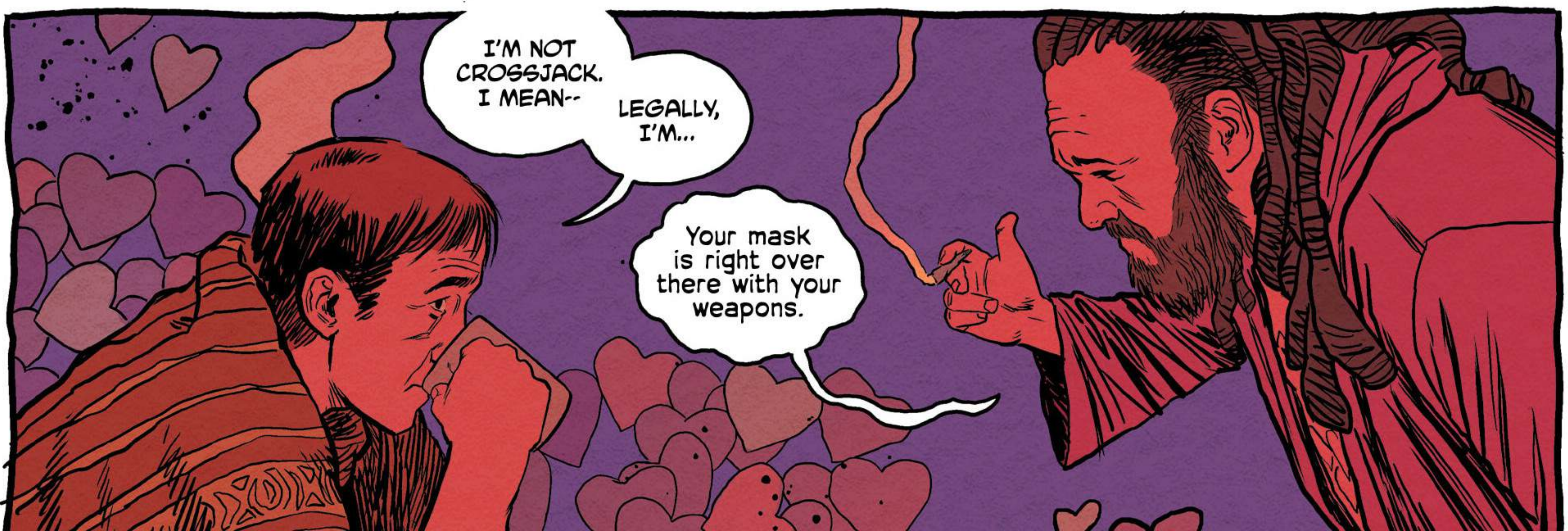
You'll feel
better.



You're in the
warm embrace of
the *Star Tribe*.

Here in the
people's woods to
pray for the soul
of America.

None of us pushed
you down in the river,
we only tried to help
you up, Crossjack.



I'M NOT
CROSSJACK.
I MEAN--

LEGALLY,
I'M...

Your mask
is right over
there with your
weapons.



Would you like us to call you Local Man?

NO, THAT'S STUPID...



JACK XAVER: DEFENDER OF FARMINGTON...

THAT'S STUPID TOO, RIGHT?

I GUESS JUST JACK? WHAT ABOUT YOU?



Call me Coochie Poo.



"COOCHIE..."

You *are* a sooper though, right?

You're one of them?

SIP



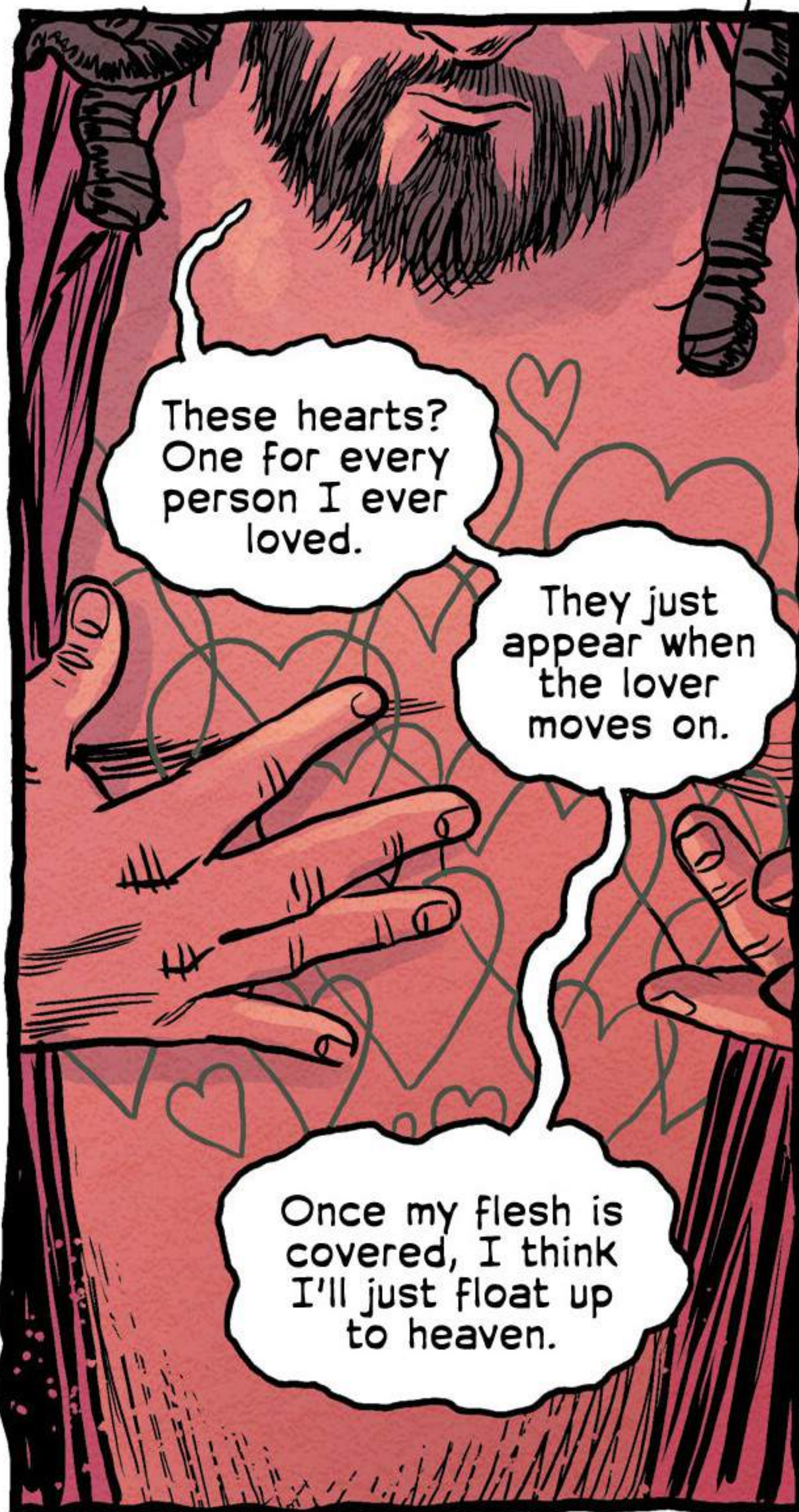
I USED TO BE, COOCHIE POO.

I USED TO BE.



The Star Tribe is here to help. In the House of Hearts there's only love, and well-wishes for the world. Everyone is welcome.

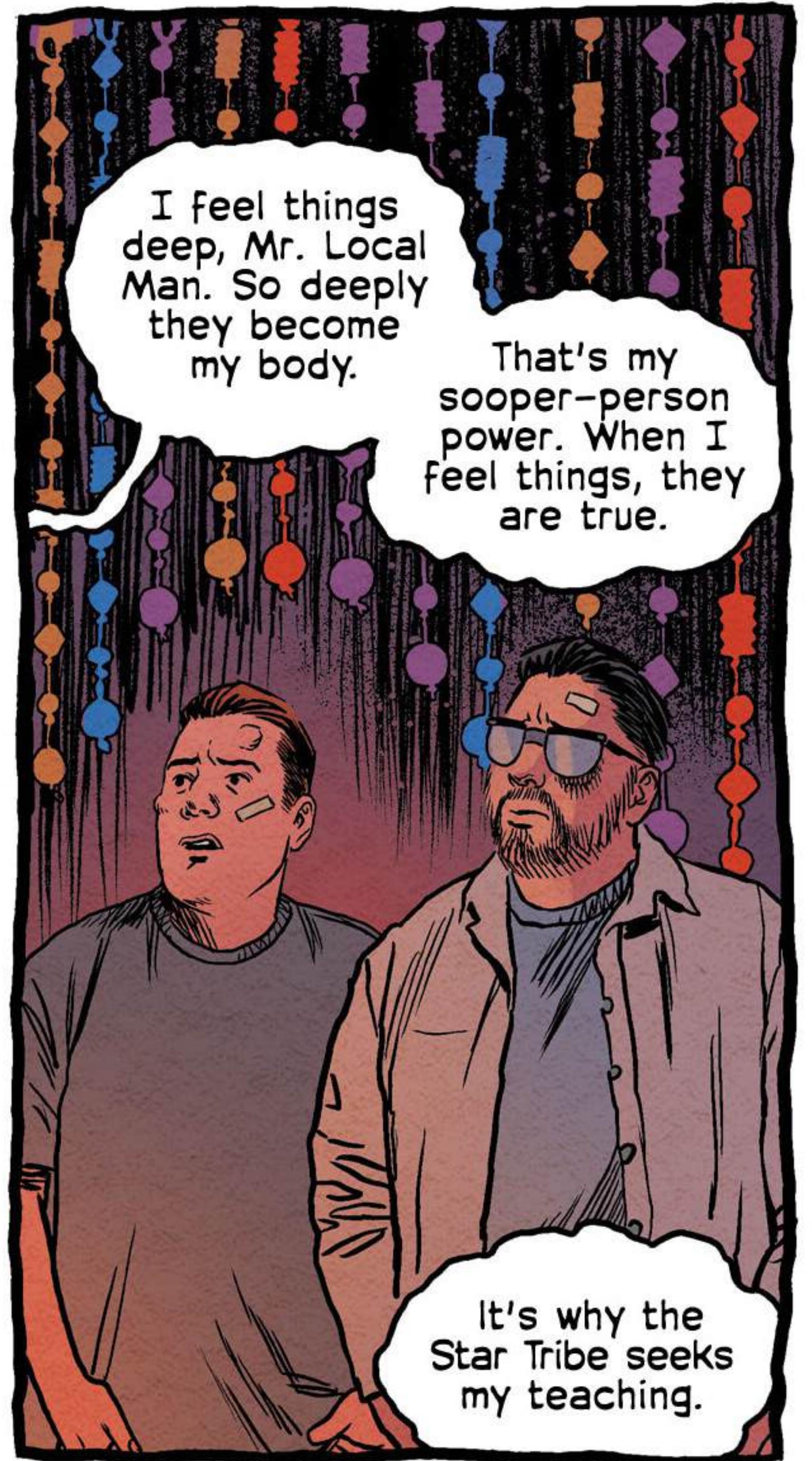
HOUSE OF HEARTS?
IS THAT WHAT'S ALL
OVER YOUR CHEST?



These hearts?
One for every
person I ever
loved.

They just
appear when
the lover
moves on.

Once my flesh is
covered, I think
I'll just float up
to heaven.



I feel things
deep, Mr. Local
Man. So deeply
they become
my body.

That's my
sooper-person
power. When I
feel things, they
are true.

It's why the
Star Tribe seeks
my teaching.



HERE'S
WHAT'S
TRUE:

I'M HERE
DOING A FAVOR
FOR **CHIEF
BUCHOLZ**.

THEY FOUND A
SIXTEEN-YEAR-
OLD GIRL.

A REALLY
GOOD
SWIMMER.

FOUND HER
DROWNED ON
DRY LAND.



YOU WELCOME
EVERYBODY,
RIGHT?

I WANT TO KNOW
IF YOU WELCOMED
A CHILD MURDERER
TO YOUR CAMP.



Your power tells
you things like mine.
It tells you when
something's right.

You heard a voice
out there at the
river, didn't you?

I think that voice
is your power. It's not
just for cue balls and
croquet mallets.

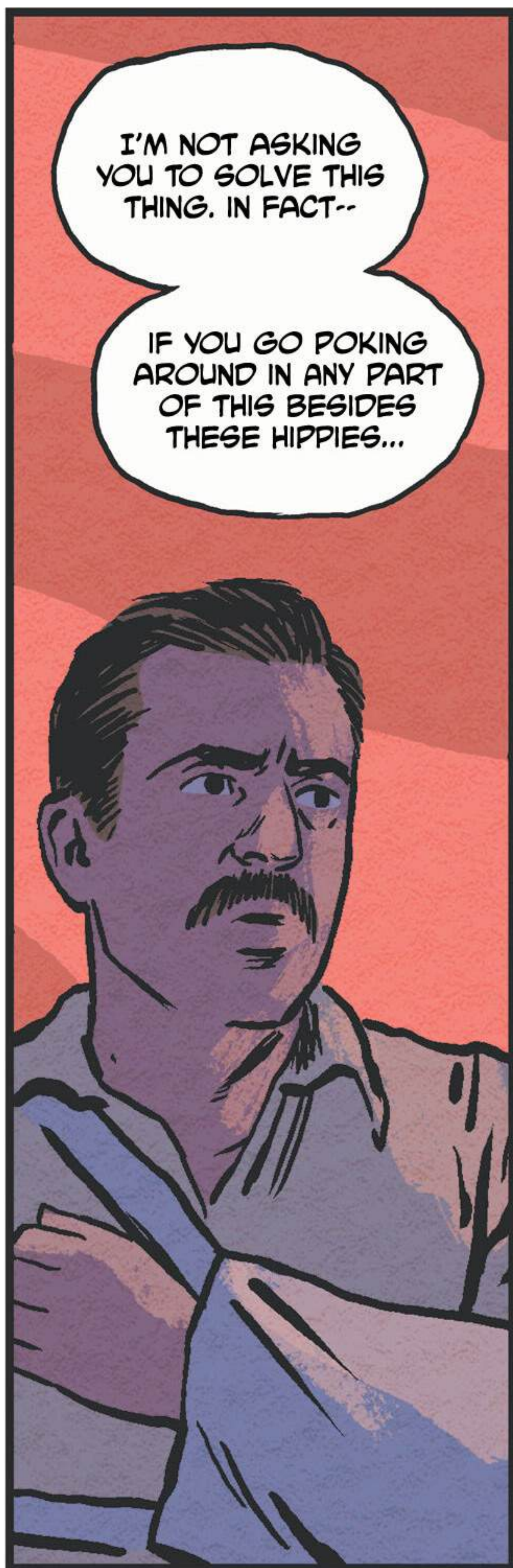
It tells you
what's right.



You know
the **Star Tribe**
didn't hurt
that girl.



And you know
there's something not
quite right about
Chief Bucholz.





COOCHIE.
SHIT, MAN.

THAT WAS
BEAUTIFUL.
THAT'S WHERE
THOSE HEARTS
CAME FROM?

I DIDN'T KNOW
YOU WERE A,
WHATEVER YOU
CALL IT, A
SOOPER--

A... A
YOUNG-
BLOOD.



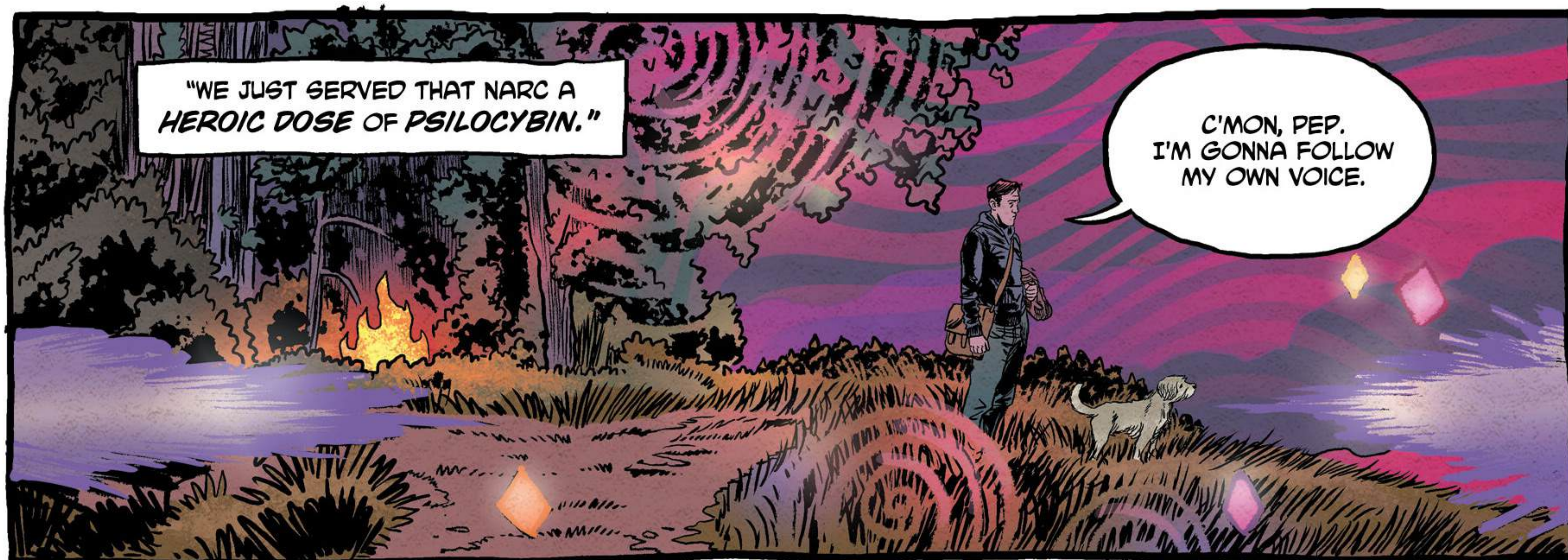
I'M NOT.

THERE'S ONE OF
THESE FOR EVERY-
BODY WHOSE ASS I
ATE AT COACHELLA
2012.

I WAS GOING
FOR A WORLD
RECORD.



GO UP TO THE
KITCHEN AND
GRAB ME SOME
MORE TEA.



"WE JUST SERVED THAT NARC A
HEROIC DOSE OF PSILOCYBIN."

C'MON, PEP.
I'M GONNA FOLLOW
MY OWN VOICE.



WHAT THE
FUCK...

C'MON, PEP.
I'M GONNA FOLLOW
MY OWN VOICE.



Inga Johanning Cell

What R U doing?

Jack Xaver

Working. CrossJ@<K stuff.

More superheroing already?

Boy, when it rains it pours.

Inga Johanning Cell

Well, if you can wrap it up quickly...

Brian is still at the station and the kids are sound asleep.

I've got something here for you...

...



Inga Johanning Cell

I've got something here for you...

HOLY SHIT.



INGA SAYS YOU'RE TRYING TO GET YOUR SHIT TOGETHER.

TRYING TO BE A GOOD GUY.

WOOF!!

YES, OF COURSE I'M STILL FOLLOWING MY OWN VOICE, PEP.

CH-CLICK



I JUST GOTTA TAKE CARE OF ONE...

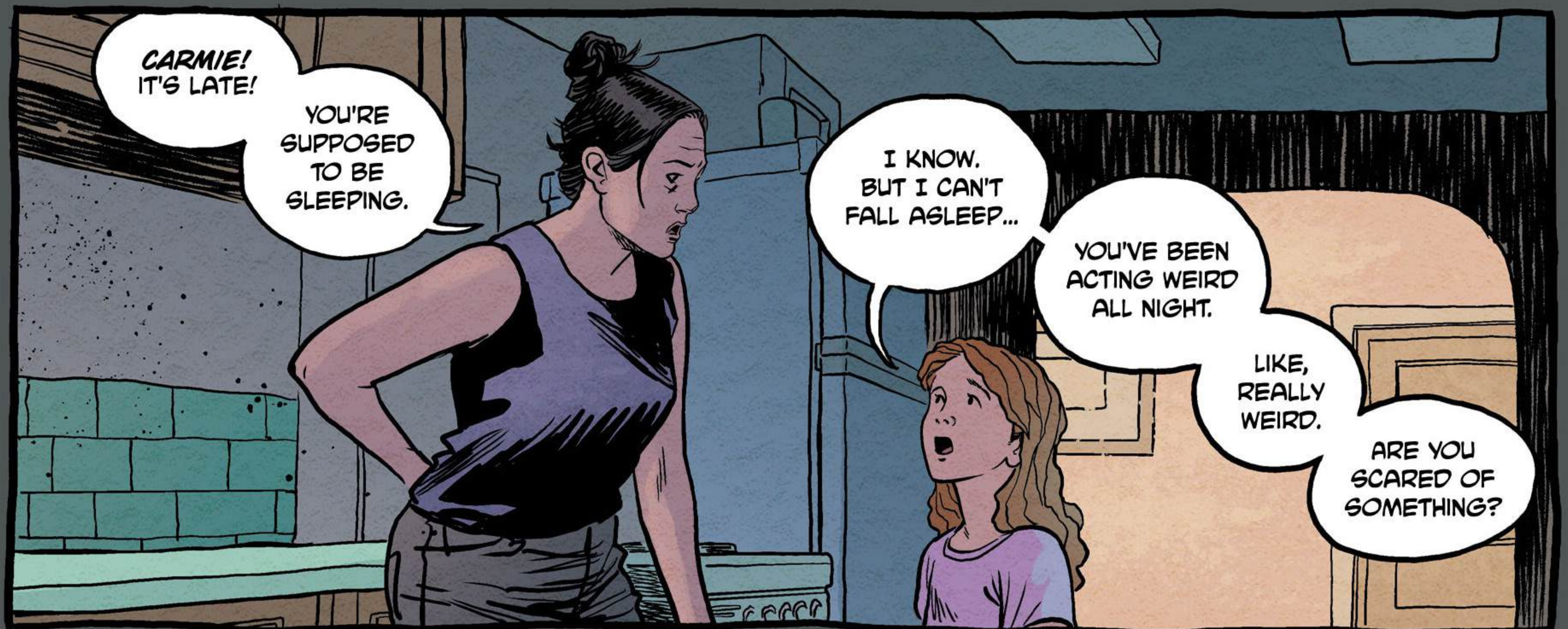
THING...

FIRST...





BA-DING!



CARMIE!
IT'S LATE!

YOU'RE
SUPPOSED
TO BE
SLEEPING.

I KNOW.
BUT I CAN'T
FALL ASLEEP...

YOU'VE BEEN
ACTING WEIRD
ALL NIGHT.

LIKE,
REALLY
WEIRD.

ARE YOU
SCARED OF
SOMETHING?

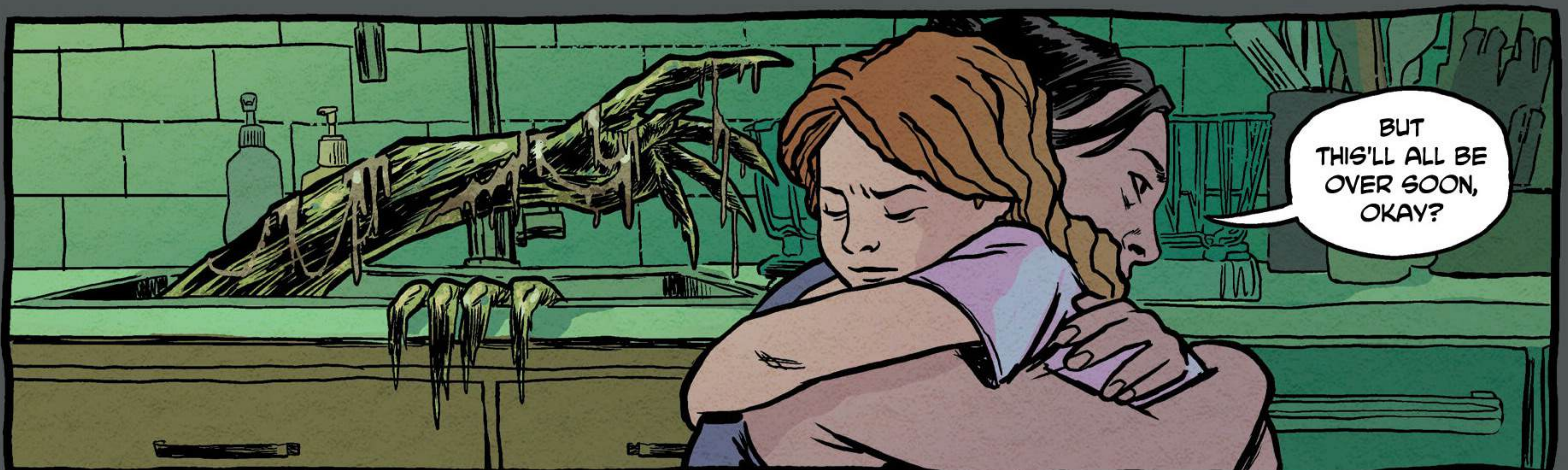


WHAT?

NO, NO
HONEY. I'M
JUST BUSY.

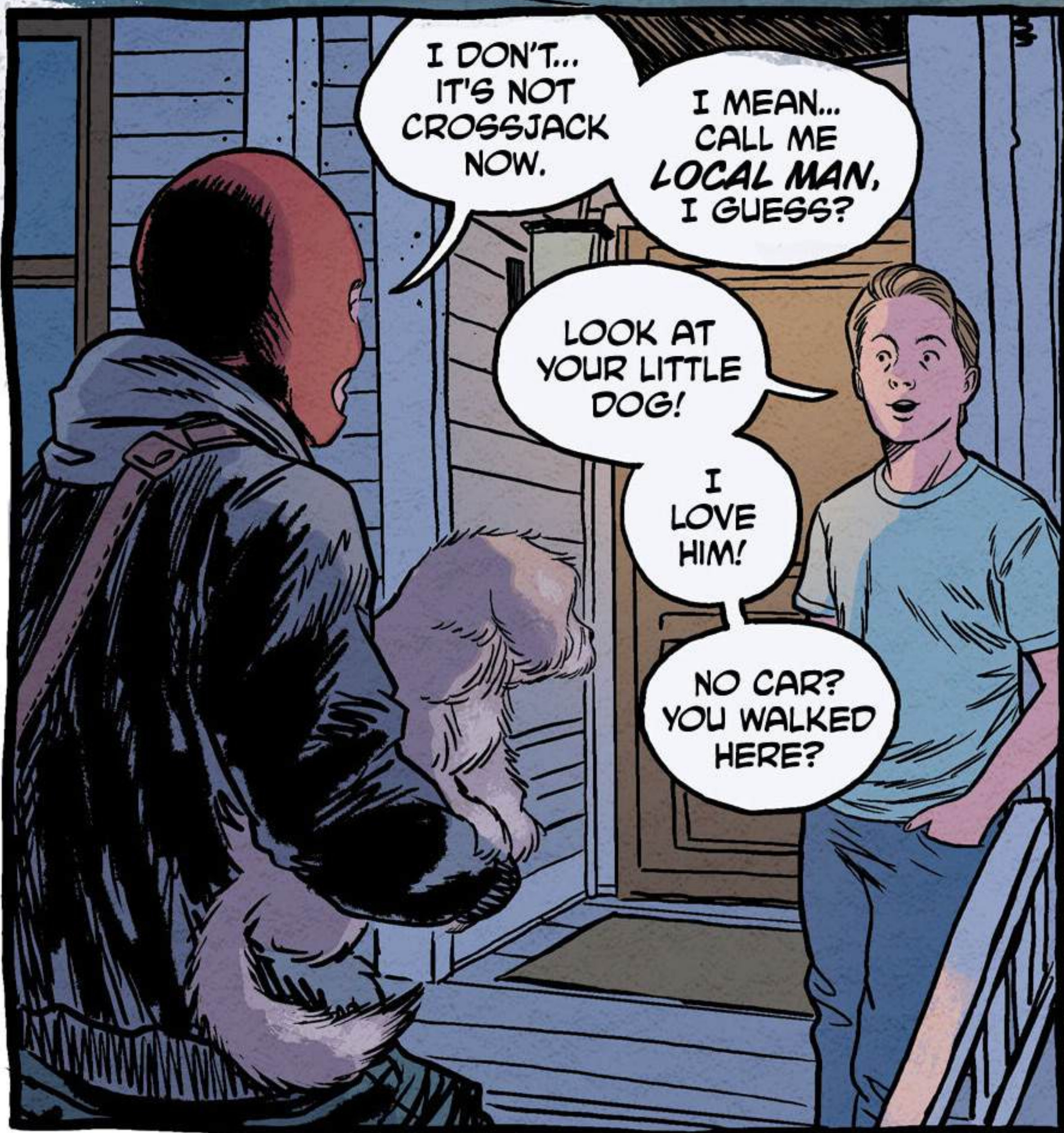
THE BAKERY AND
THE *FUTURE FORUM*,
AND ALL THOSE
YOUNG BUSINESS
LEADERS AND
Y'KNOW...

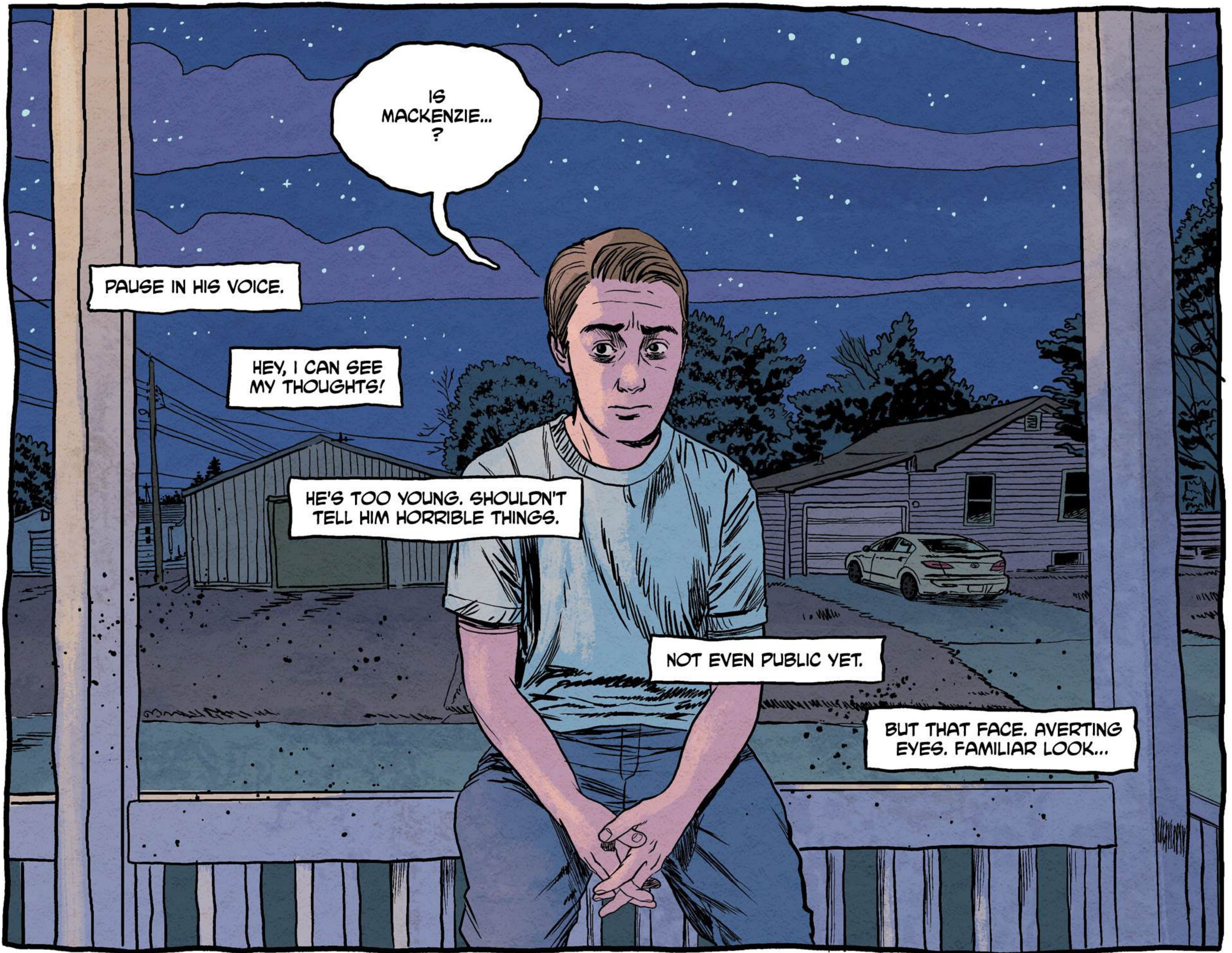
I'M JUST
DEALING WITH
A LOT OF ADULT
PRESSURE
IS ALL.



BUT
THIS'LL ALL BE
OVER SOON,
OKAY?







IS
MACKENZIE...
?

PAUSE IN HIS VOICE.

HEY, I CAN SEE
MY THOUGHTS!

HE'S TOO YOUNG. SHOULDN'T
TELL HIM HORRIBLE THINGS.

NOT EVEN PUBLIC YET.

BUT THAT FACE. AVERTING
EYES. FAMILIAR LOOK...



HE FEELS *GUILTY*.

SHE'S
DEAD, CRAIG.
SOMEONE...

SOMEONE
KILLED
HER.

OH MY
GOD.



GET SERIOUS. FIRM VOICE.
SOUND LIKE *CAMO CRUSADER*.

CRAIG.
WHAT
HAPPENED?



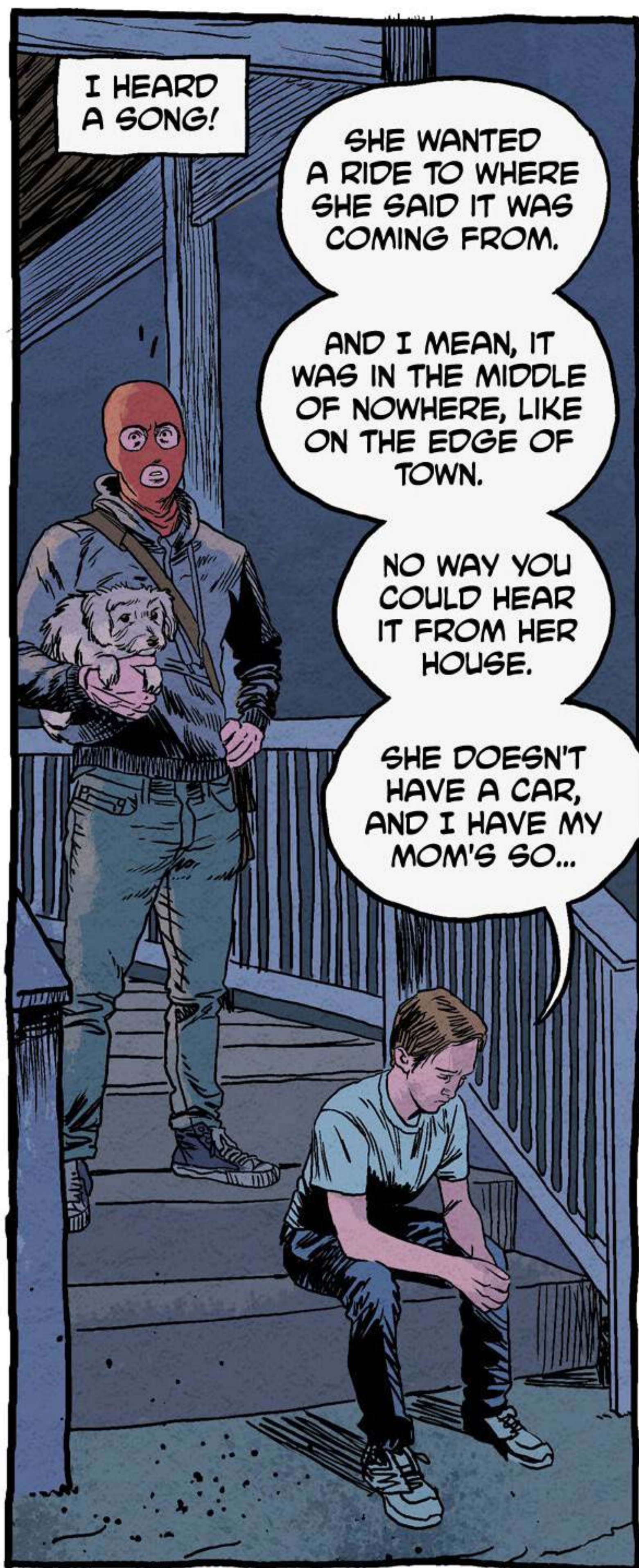
SHE...
SHE CAME
TO ME.

SHE WAS
STRESSED
OUT.

AND NOT
JUST ABOUT
THE FUTURE
FORUM.

SHE'S
BEEN HEARING
VOICES. LIKE...

...LIKE A
SONG.



I HEARD
A SONG!

SHE WANTED
A RIDE TO WHERE
SHE SAID IT WAS
COMING FROM.

AND I MEAN, IT
WAS IN THE MIDDLE
OF NOWHERE, LIKE
ON THE EDGE OF
TOWN.

NO WAY YOU
COULD HEAR
IT FROM HER
HOUSE.

SHE DOESN'T
HAVE A CAR,
AND I HAVE MY
MOM'S SO...



SHE HEARD
VOICES BEFORE,
Y'KNOW.

REALLY
FREAKED HER
PARENTS
OUT.

BUT
SHE WAS ON
MEDICINE.

SO THIS,
IT WAS WEIRD.
AND I SHOULDN'T
HAVE GONE
ALONG WITH IT,
BUT...



SHE WAS
**MRS. JOHANNING-
BUCHOLZ'S** FAVORITE.
ALWAYS GOT TO GO
EVERYWHERE
WITH HER.

INGA TOLD
HER SHE'D HAVE
OPPORTUNITIES
FOR HER.

SHE'S LIKE,
**THE FACE OF
THE FUTURE
FORUM.**



AND I
THOUGHT...

I THOUGHT MAYBE
IF EVERYONE WAS
WORRIED ABOUT HER
MENTAL HEALTH AGAIN,
I COULD, Y'KNOW...

GET HER
SPOT.

OH
GOD.



IT'S HARD, OKAY?
I GOT A MOM IN
REHAB, AND A DAD
WHO SPENDS ALL
OUR MONEY ON
BOOZE.

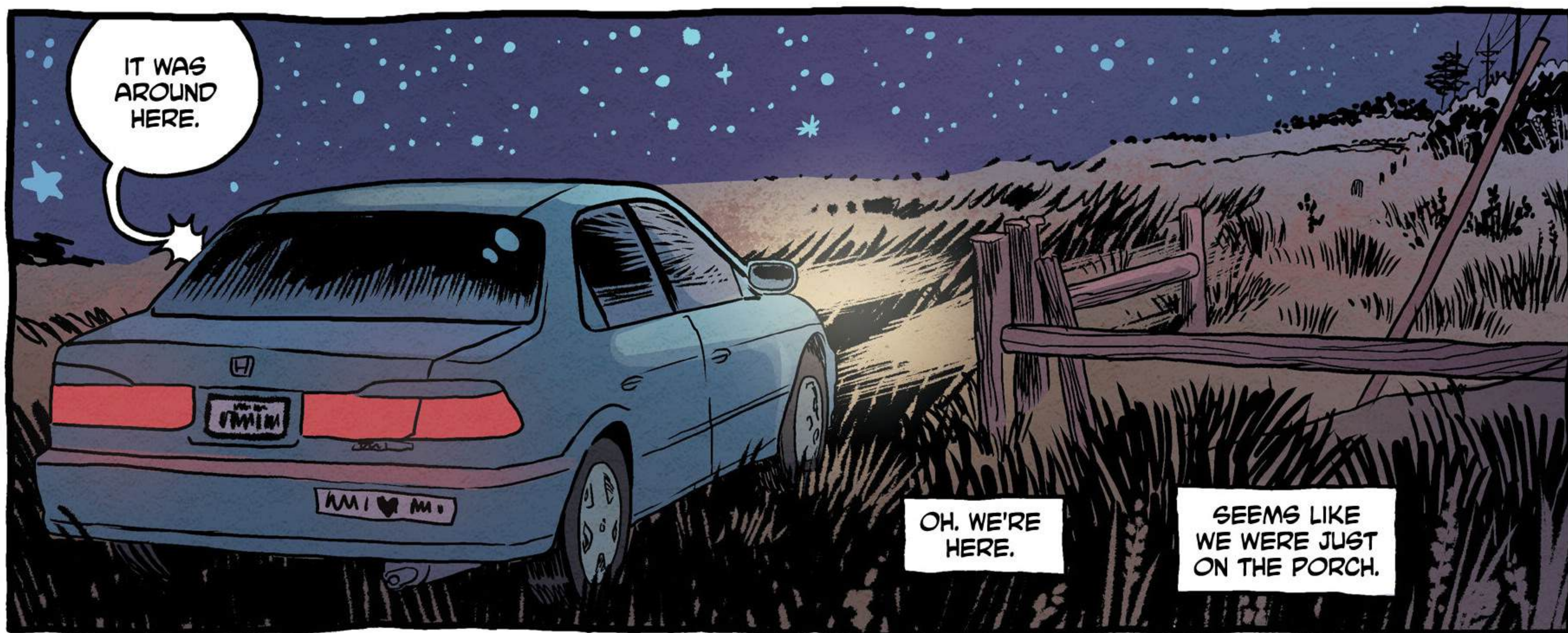
IT'S NOT
LIKE THERE'S A
LOT OF OPPOR-
TUNITIES AROUND
HERE!

YOU'RE
GOING TO
TAKE ME TO
WHERE YOU
TOOK HER,
CRAIG.



BUT,
FIRST...

YOU CAN
HOLD MY
DOG.



OH. WE'RE
HERE.

SEEMS LIKE
WE WERE JUST
ON THE PORCH.



SHE...

SHE WALKED
STRAIGHT OUT
INTO THAT
FIELD.

...

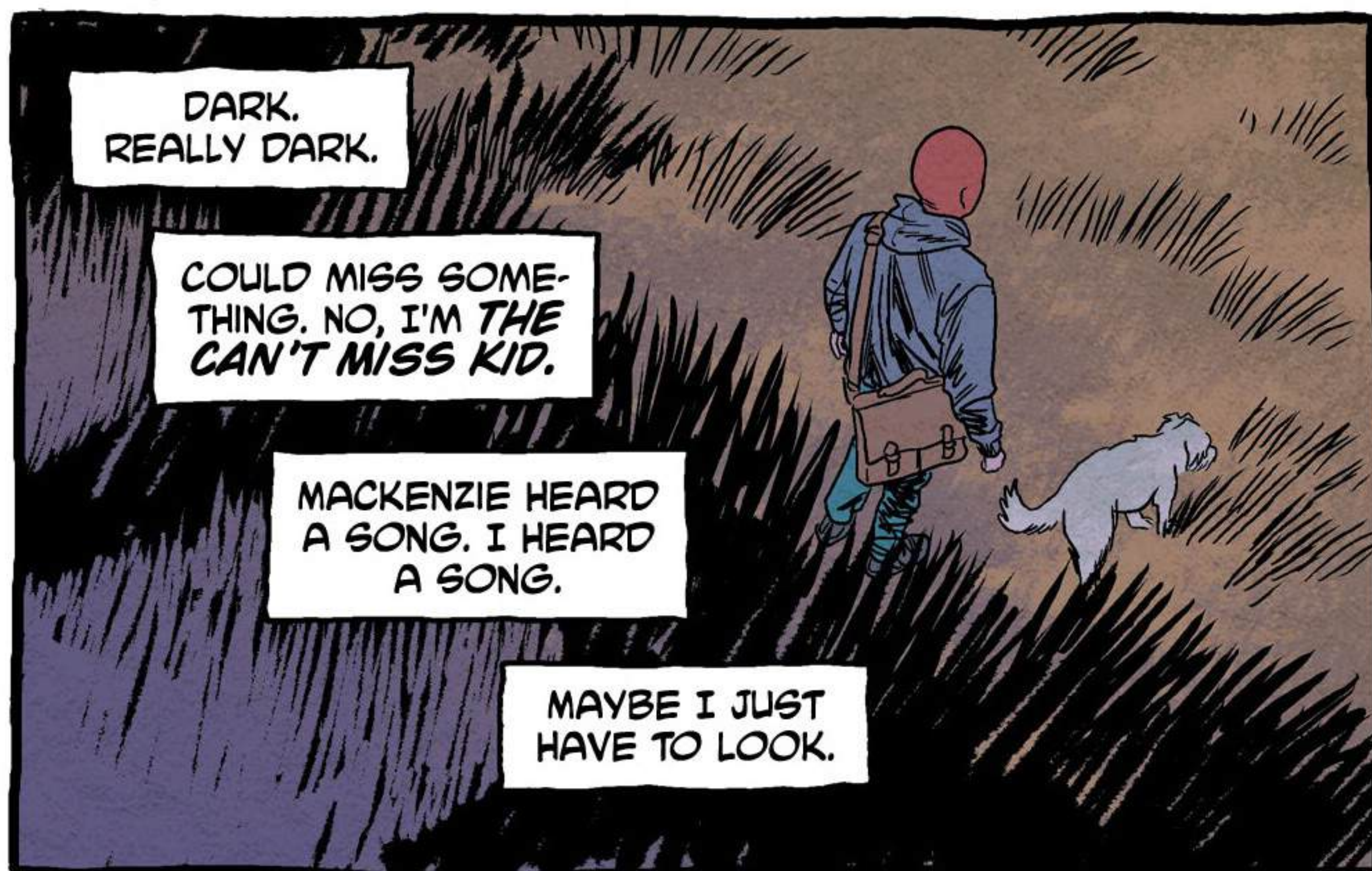
ARE YOU
OKAY?



YEAH.

YEAH,
CRAIG, I'M
GREAT!

WAS THAT WEIRD?
KIND OF LOUD.



DARK.
REALLY DARK.

COULD MISS SOME-
THING. NO, I'M *THE*
CAN'T MISS KID.

MACKENZIE HEARD
A SONG. I HEARD
A SONG.

MAYBE I JUST
HAVE TO LOOK.

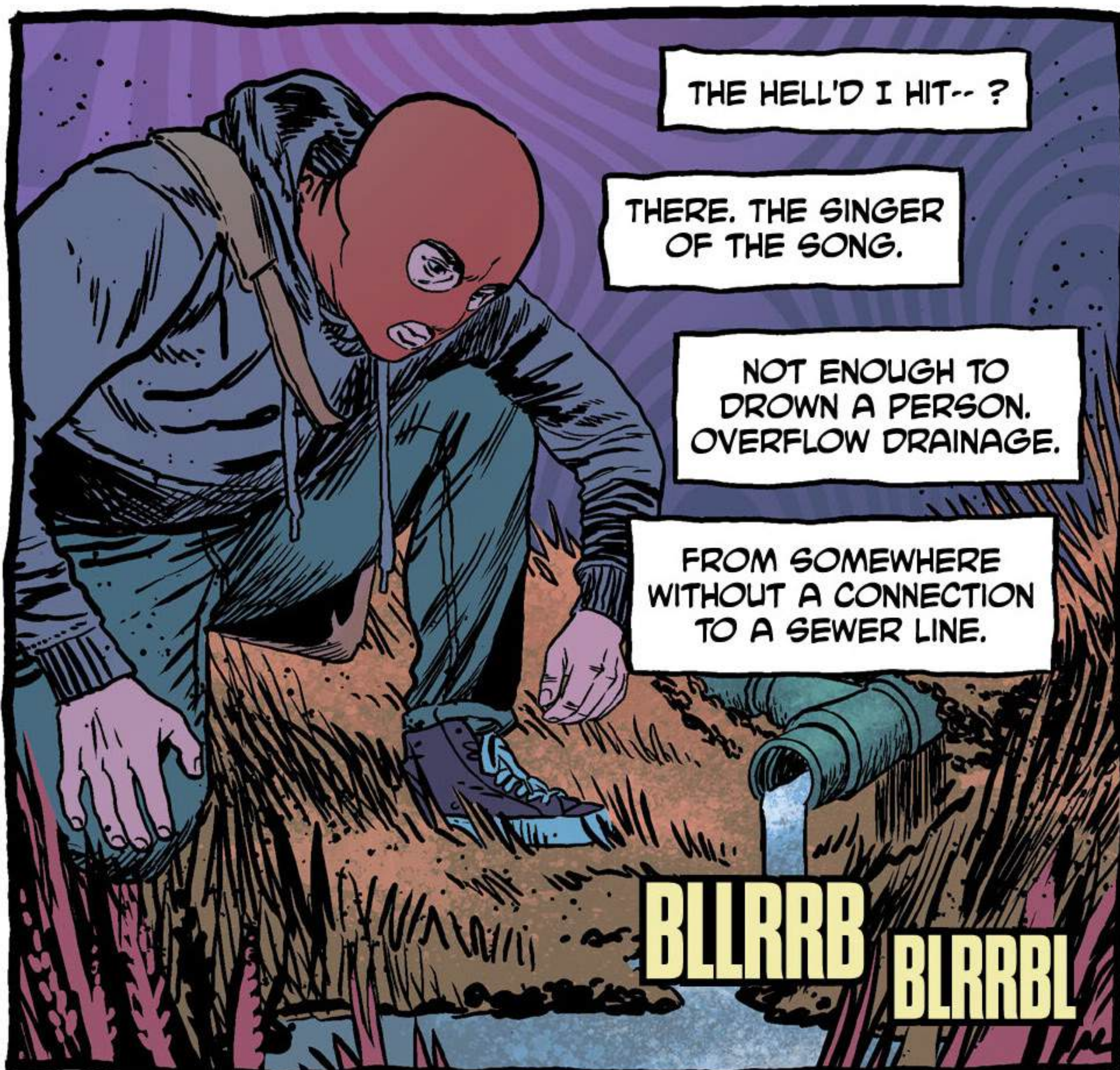
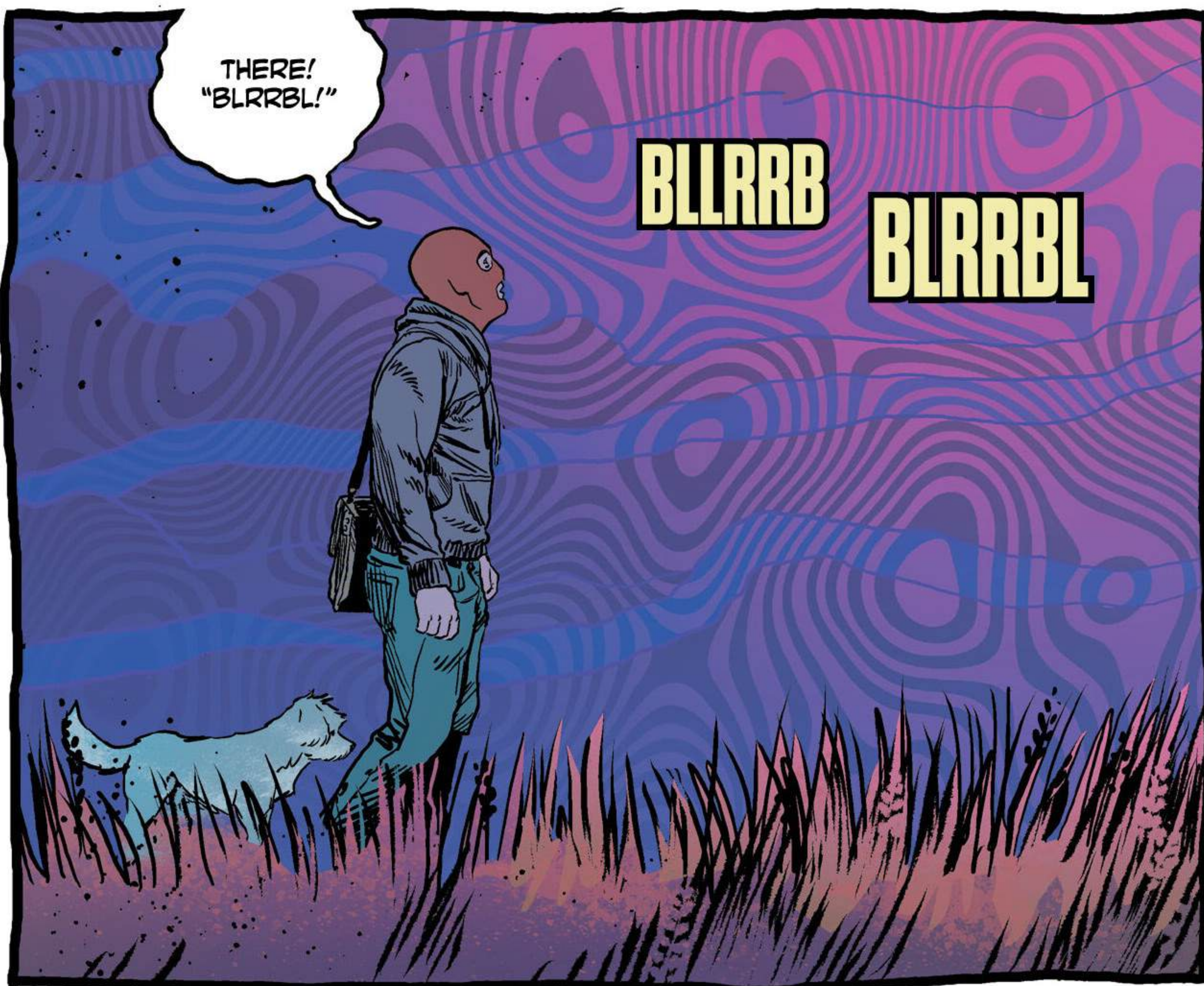


MAYBE I JUST
HAVE TO LOOK.

BUT NOT AT THAT.

LOOK FOR THE
SONG OF WATER.

A SOUND LIKE SWWSH
OR FLLSSH OR...





"HOW DO I USE THIS WEAPON?"

"HOW DO I MAKE IT HIT WHERE I NEED IT TO HIT? HOW HARD, WHICH DIRECTION?"

"WHY CAN'T I TAKE MY ARM OFF WHEN I SLEEP ON MY SIDE SO IT'S ACTUALLY COMFORTABLE?"



"DOES THE VOICE IN MY HEAD SOUND LIKE THE ONE THAT COMES OUT OF MY MOUTH?"



MY POWER.

(HOW HARD, WHICH DIRECTION?)

IT'S NOT JUST FOR CUE BALLS AND CROQUET MALLETS.



TOK



THERE
WE GO.

"TOK."

I LOVE
A "TOK."

FOLLOW
MY VOICE...

MY
POWER...

AJ SHERMAN
COMMERCIAL
STORAGE

BUT...

TO
WHERE?

THIS PLACE
IS SINGING
BUT...

THERE'S
NO SIGN...

WHAT
IS THIS
PLACE?

CREEEK

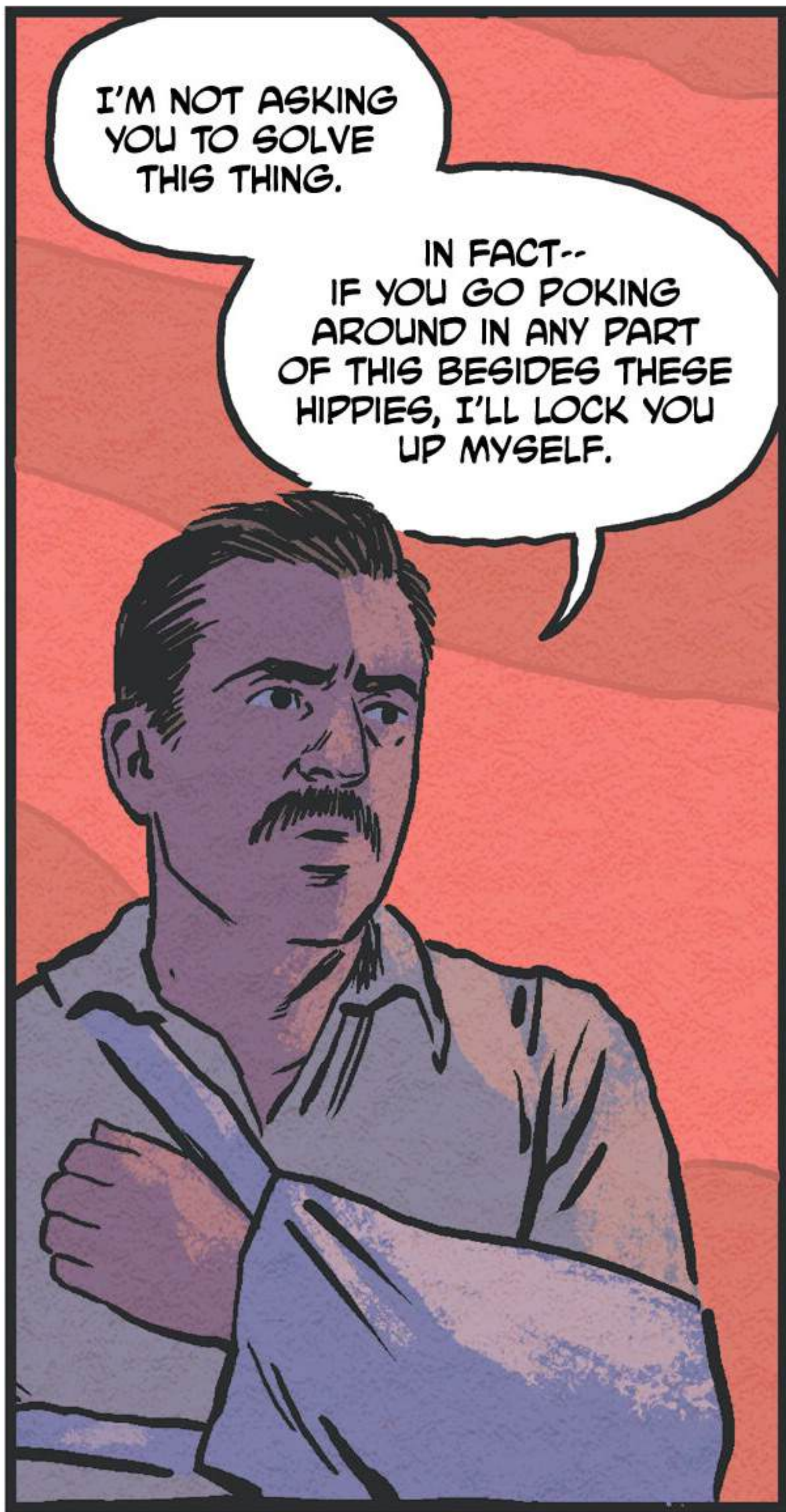


WATER.

THE CAN'T MISS KID.

I'M A DETECTIVE.
CRIMEFIGHTER.

SPLISH



I'M NOT ASKING
YOU TO SOLVE
THIS THING.

IN FACT--
IF YOU GO POKING
AROUND IN ANY PART
OF THIS BESIDES THESE
HIPPIES, I'LL LOCK YOU
UP MYSELF.



NO. NOT WATER.

GHEK.

HEAVY.
GREASY.



WHAT'S THE
WORD?

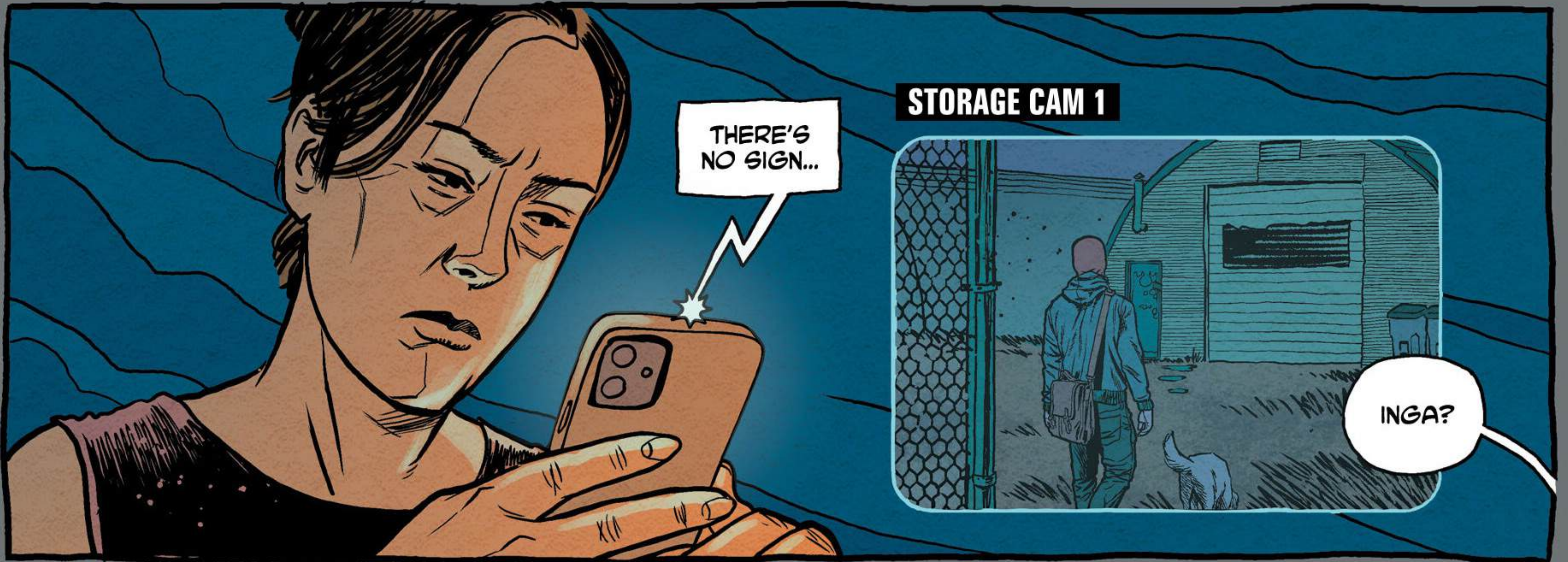
MEAT CANDLE?
BEEF WAX?

TALLOW.



CAN'T MISS KID.

I USED TO BE
A SUPERHERO...



YOU USED TO BE
SUPERHEROES TOO...

FOURTH GEN.

KING BEE.

MELTDOWN.

SEASCAPE.

PEEKABOO.

THE SLICK.

I WAS
SUPPOSED
TO BE ONE
OF YOU.

UNTIL I GOT SENT UP
TO THE BIG LEAGUES.

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU.
I NEVER GOT A CHANCE TO...

BUT NOW I KNOW ME. I'M A DETECTIVE ON THE
HUNT FOR A MURDERER, AND MY POWERS WILL
LEAD ME TO THE KILLER. THEY ALWAYS DO.

I'M GONNA GET JUSTICE
FOR MACKENZIE CHENG.

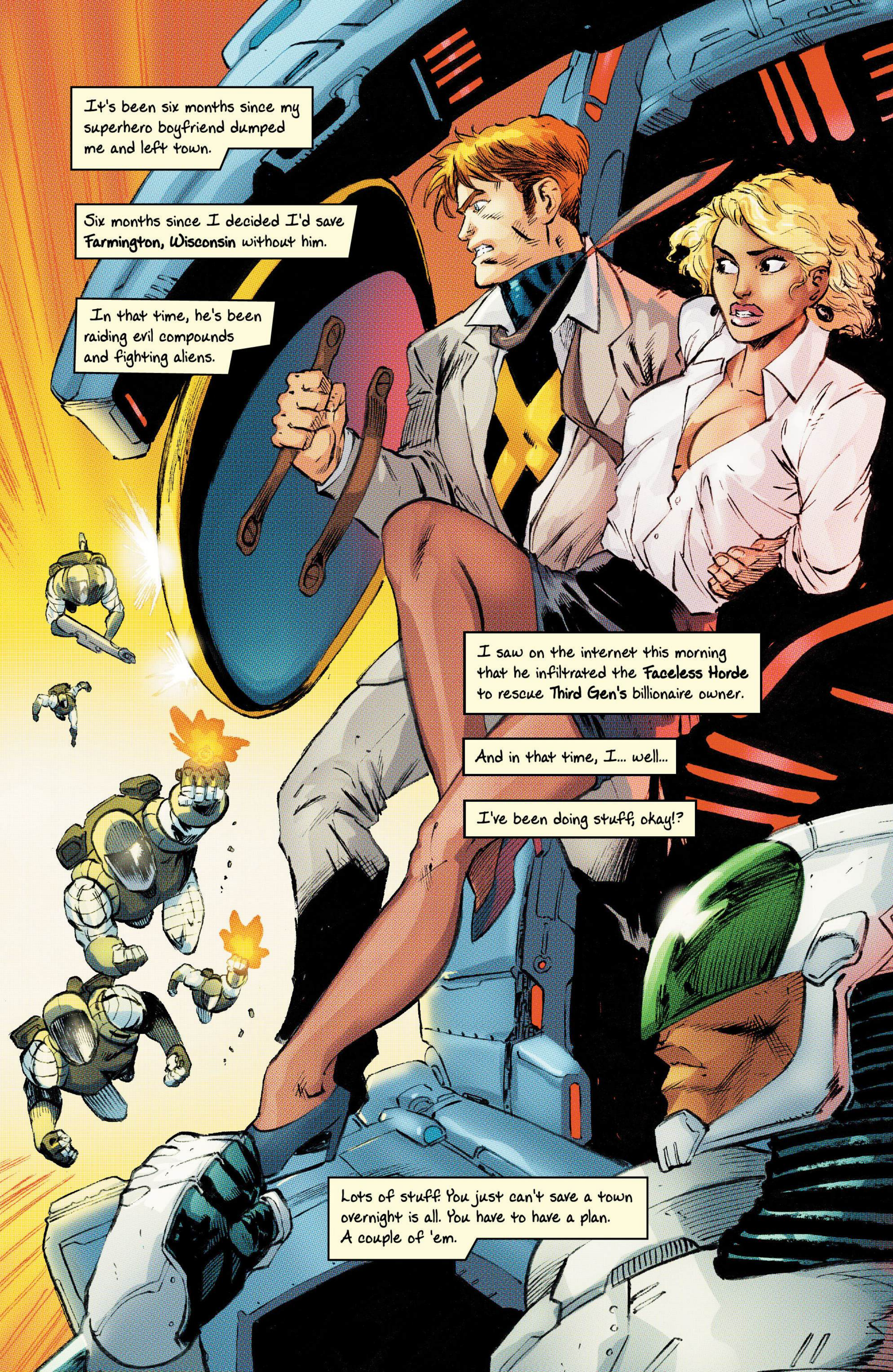
AND I'M GOING TO GET
JUSTICE FOR YOU T--

FOR YOU T--

JUSTICE
FOR--

BLLRGHE.





It's been six months since my superhero boyfriend dumped me and left town.

Six months since I decided I'd save Farmington, Wisconsin without him.

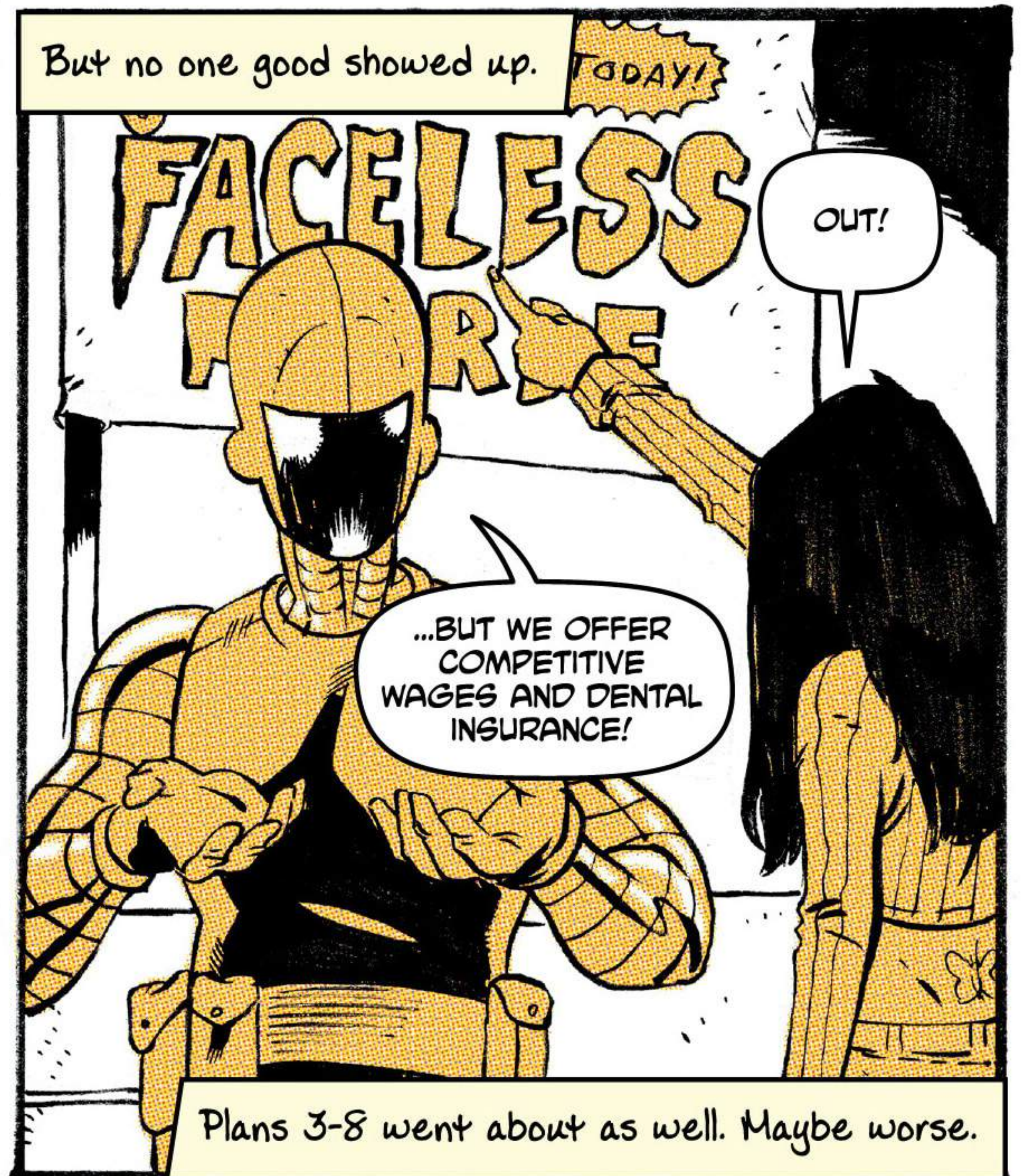
In that time, he's been raiding evil compounds and fighting aliens.

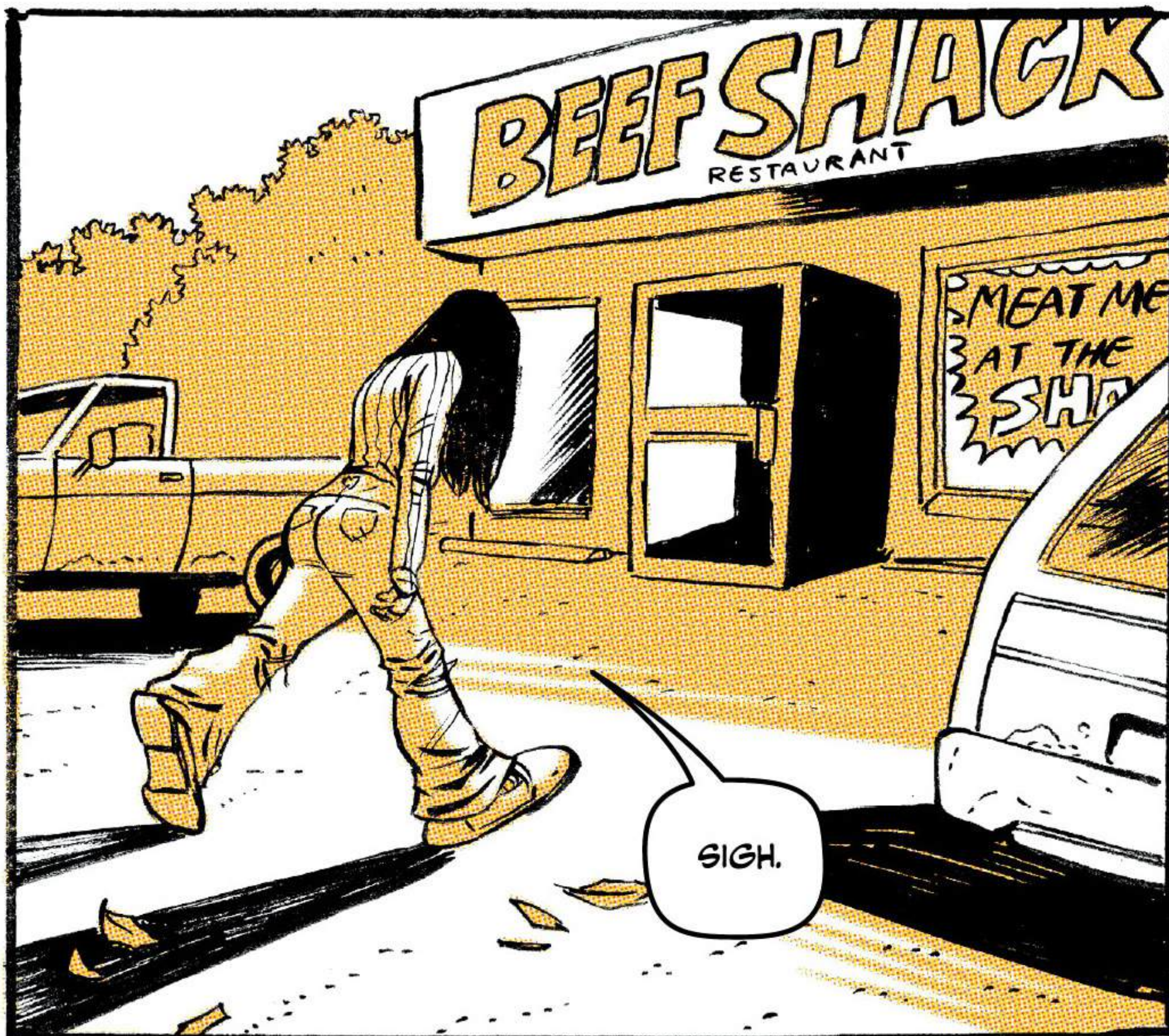
I saw on the internet this morning that he infiltrated the Faceless Horde to rescue Third Gen's billionaire owner.

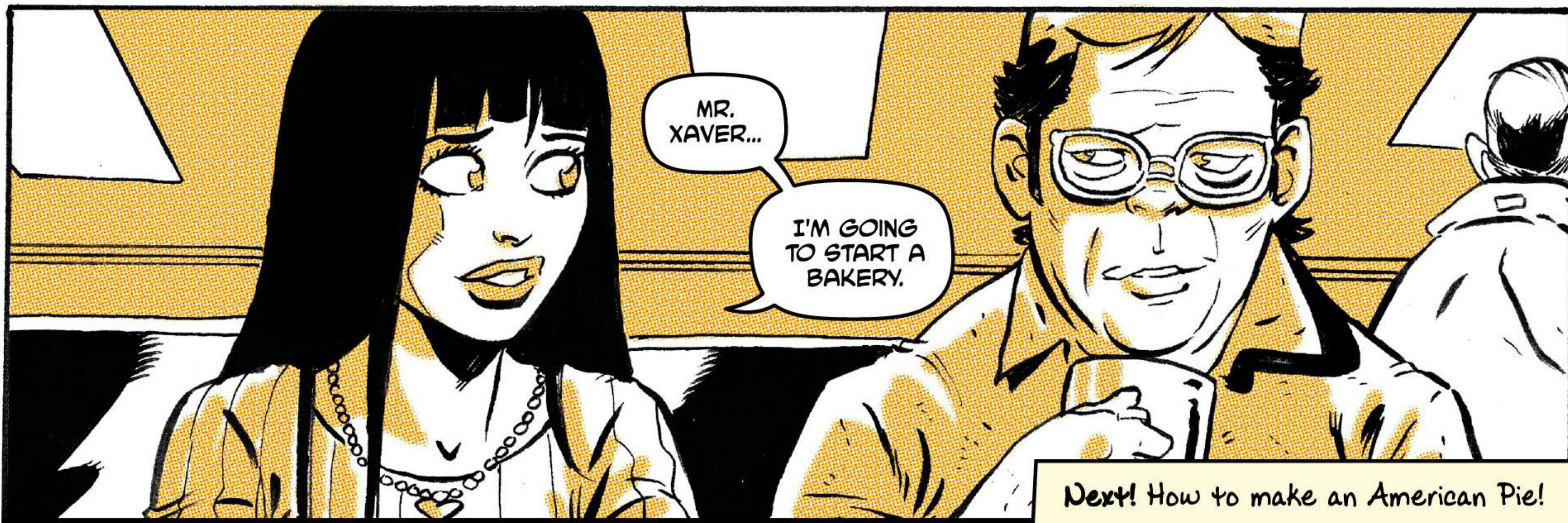
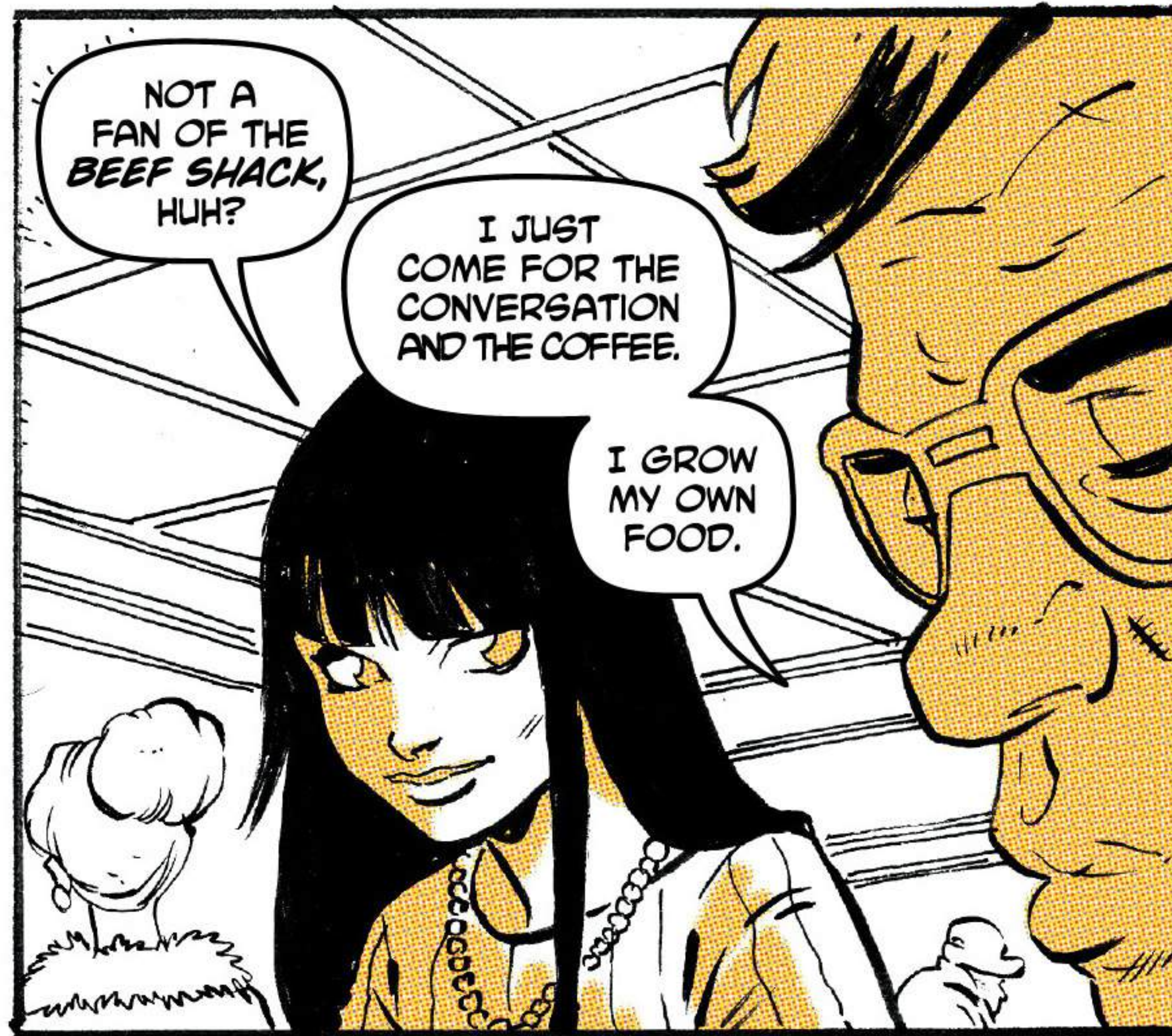
And in that time, I... well...

I've been doing stuff, okay!?

Lots of stuff. You just can't save a town overnight is all. You have to have a plan. A couple of 'em.







Chapter 8



THEN.

HNE.

JEEZ,
INGA.

THEM
CRATES
ARE HEAVY
AS HELL.

WHAT DO
YOU GOT IN
THERE?

JUST SOME
STUFF THEY WERE
CLEARING OUT OF
THE 4TH GEN
CENTER.

GOT A
GOOD
DEAL.

ONE DAY LATER.

ONE WEEK LATER.

DRIP

DRIP

DRIP

DRIP

DRIP

ONE MONTH LATER.

DRIP

DRIP

DRIP

DRIP

DRIP

DRIP

ONE YEAR LATER.

DRIP

DRIP

DRIP

DRIP

DRIP

DRIP

DRIP... DRIP

ONE DECADE LATER.

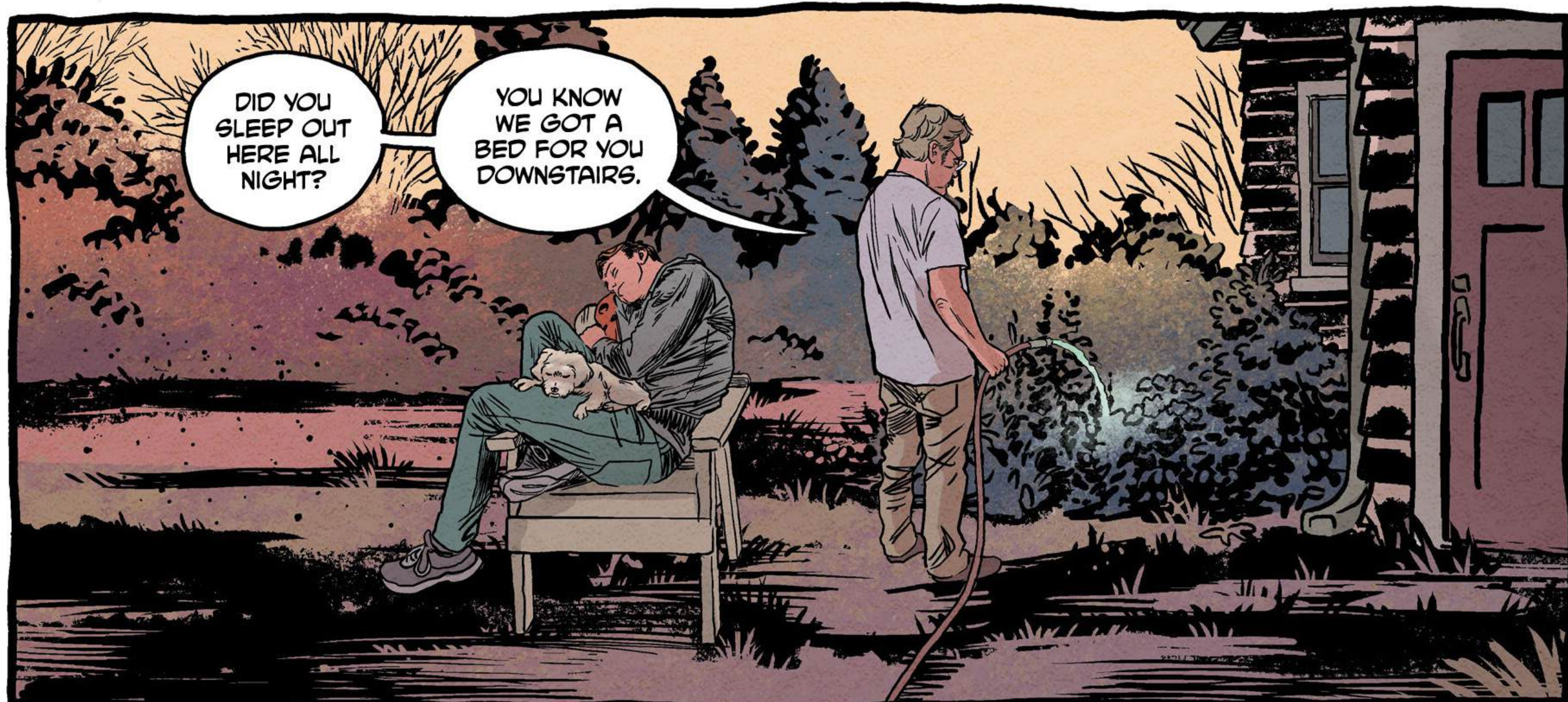
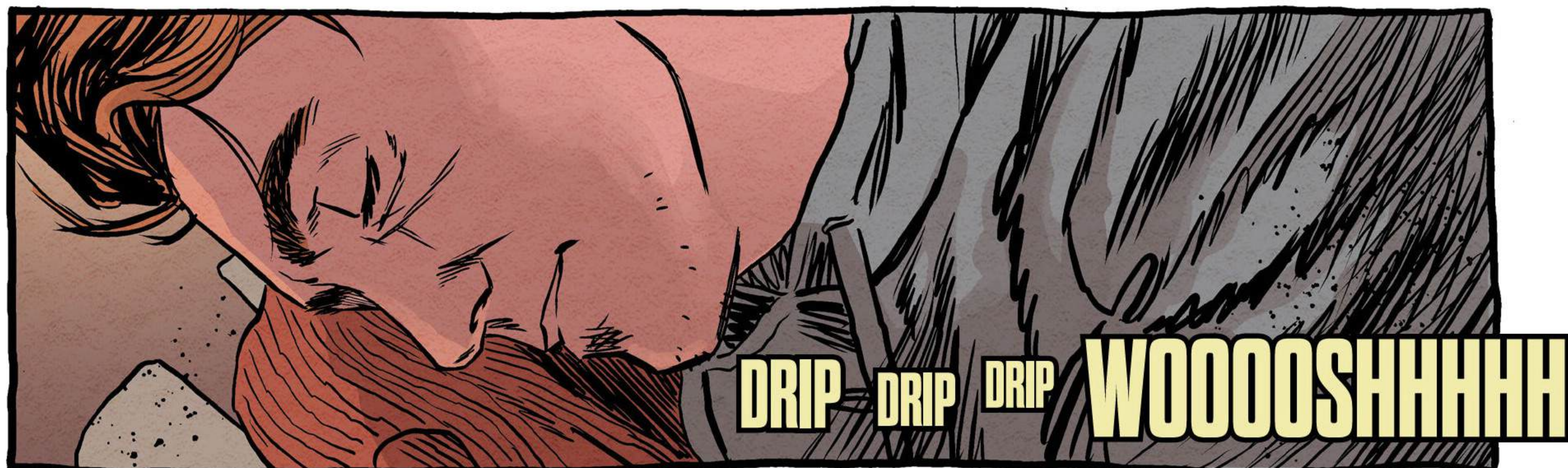
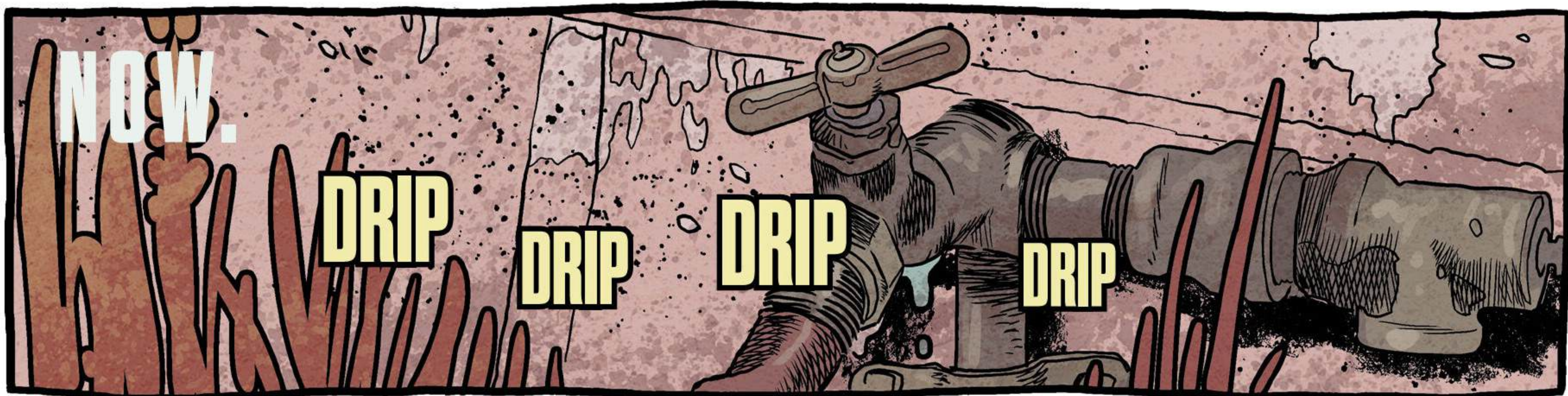
DRIP

DRIP

DRIP

TWO WEEKS AGO.

Left behind
to fend off
the
hordes.



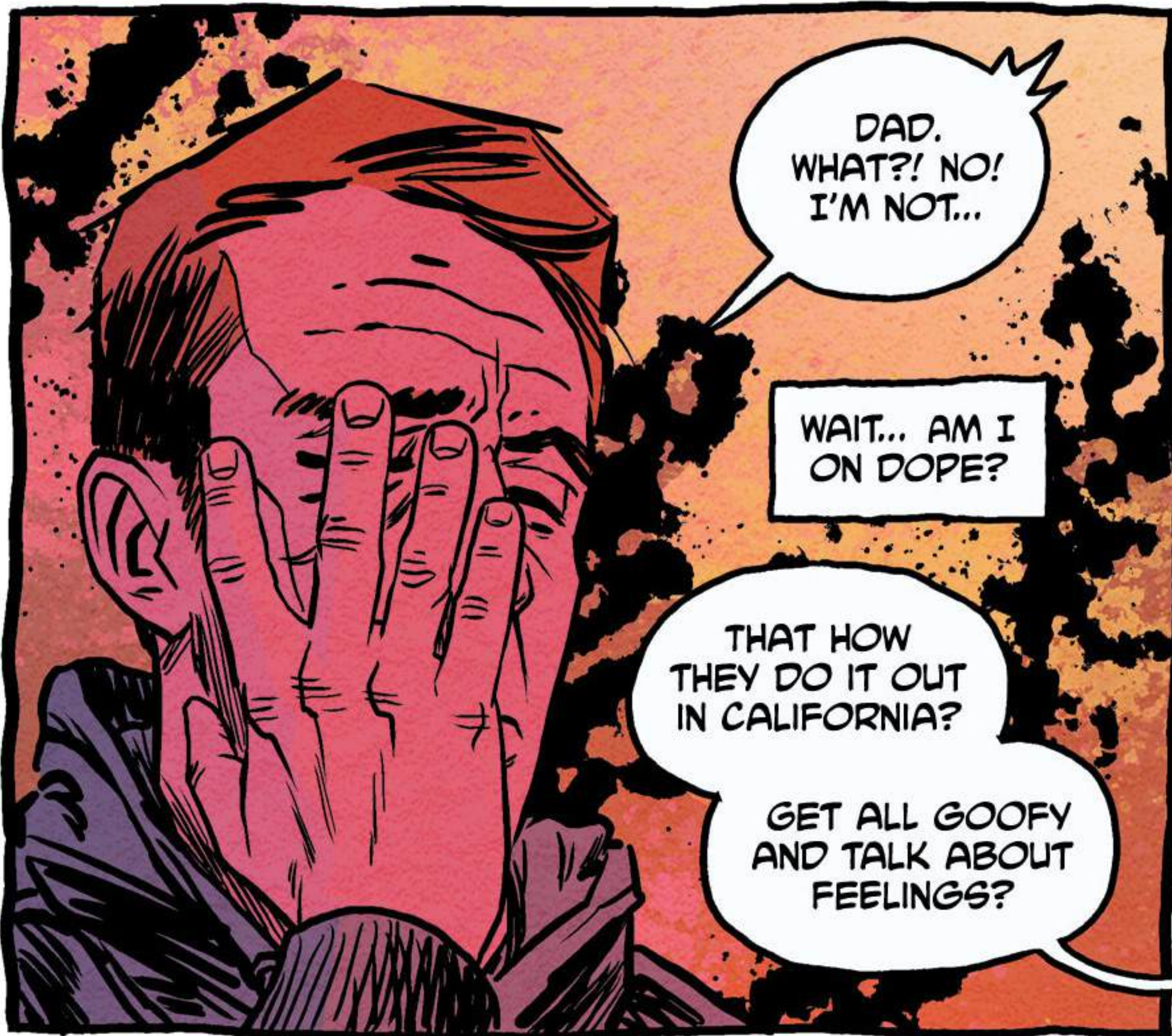




...

WHAT'S WITH YOUR EYES?

ARE YOU ON DOPE?

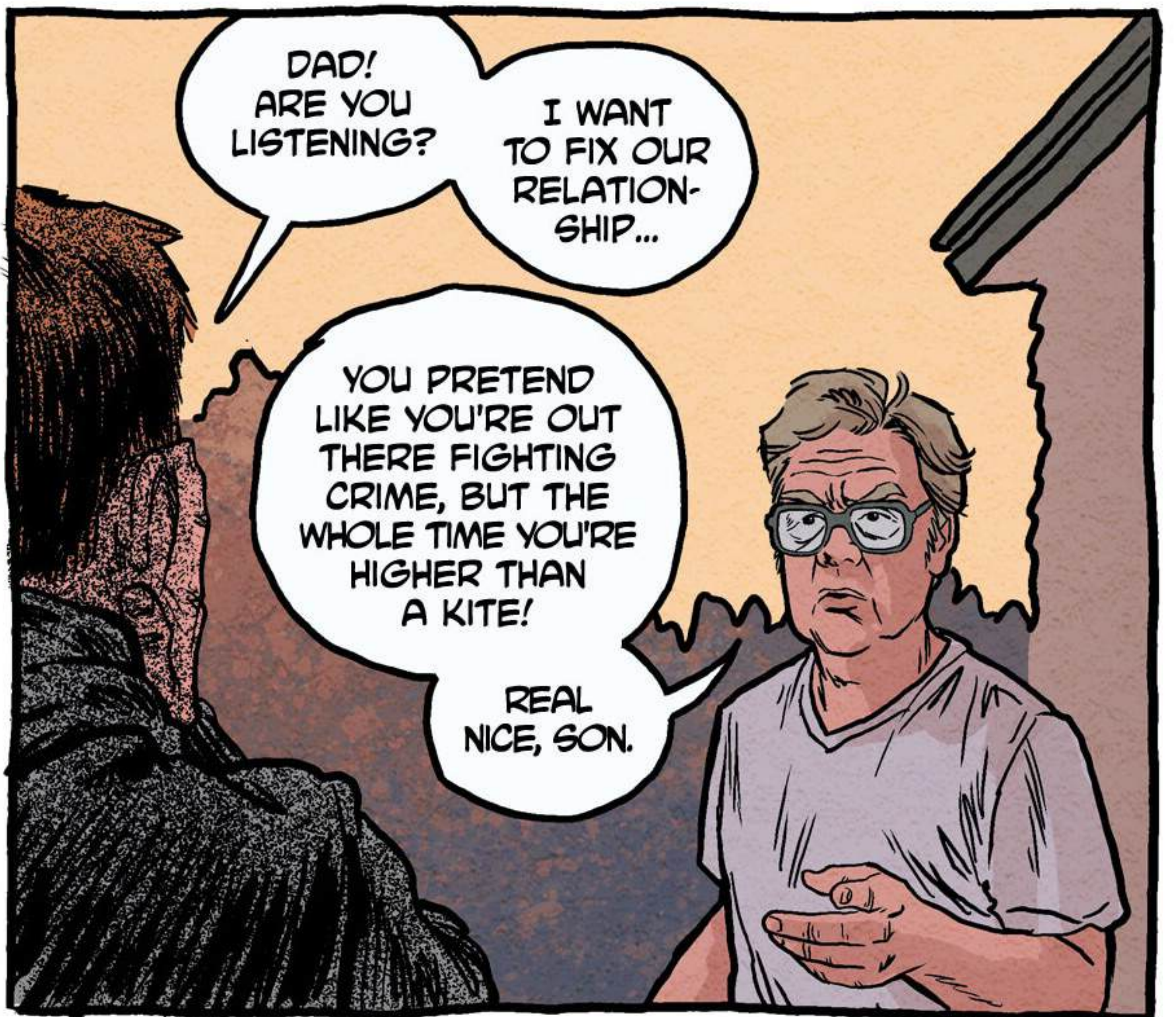


DAD. WHAT?! NO! I'M NOT...

WAIT... AM I ON DOPE?

THAT HOW THEY DO IT OUT IN CALIFORNIA?

GET ALL GOOFY AND TALK ABOUT FEELINGS?

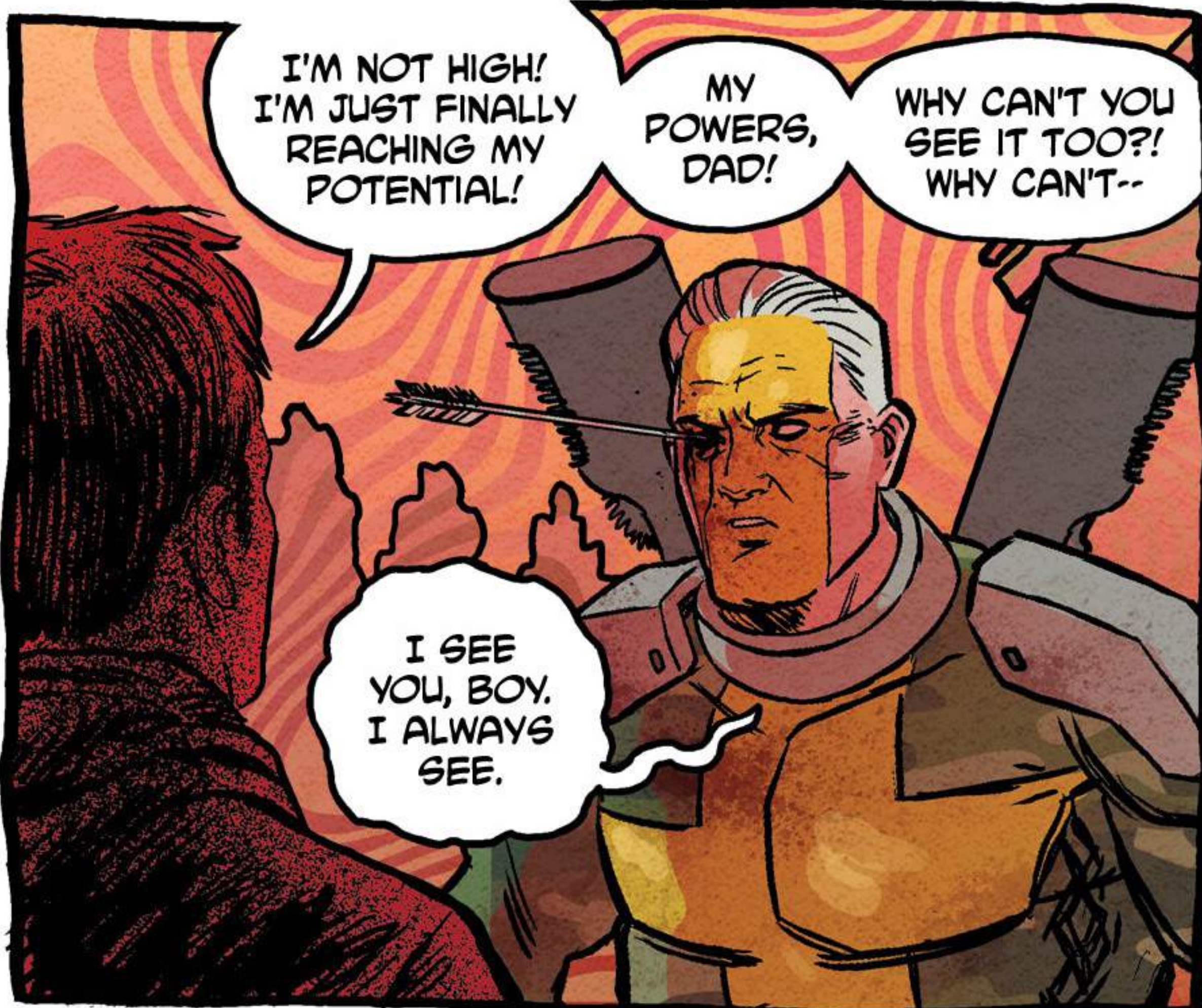


DAD! ARE YOU LISTENING?

I WANT TO FIX OUR RELATIONSHIP...

YOU PRETEND LIKE YOU'RE OUT THERE FIGHTING CRIME, BUT THE WHOLE TIME YOU'RE HIGHER THAN A KITE!

REAL NICE, SON.

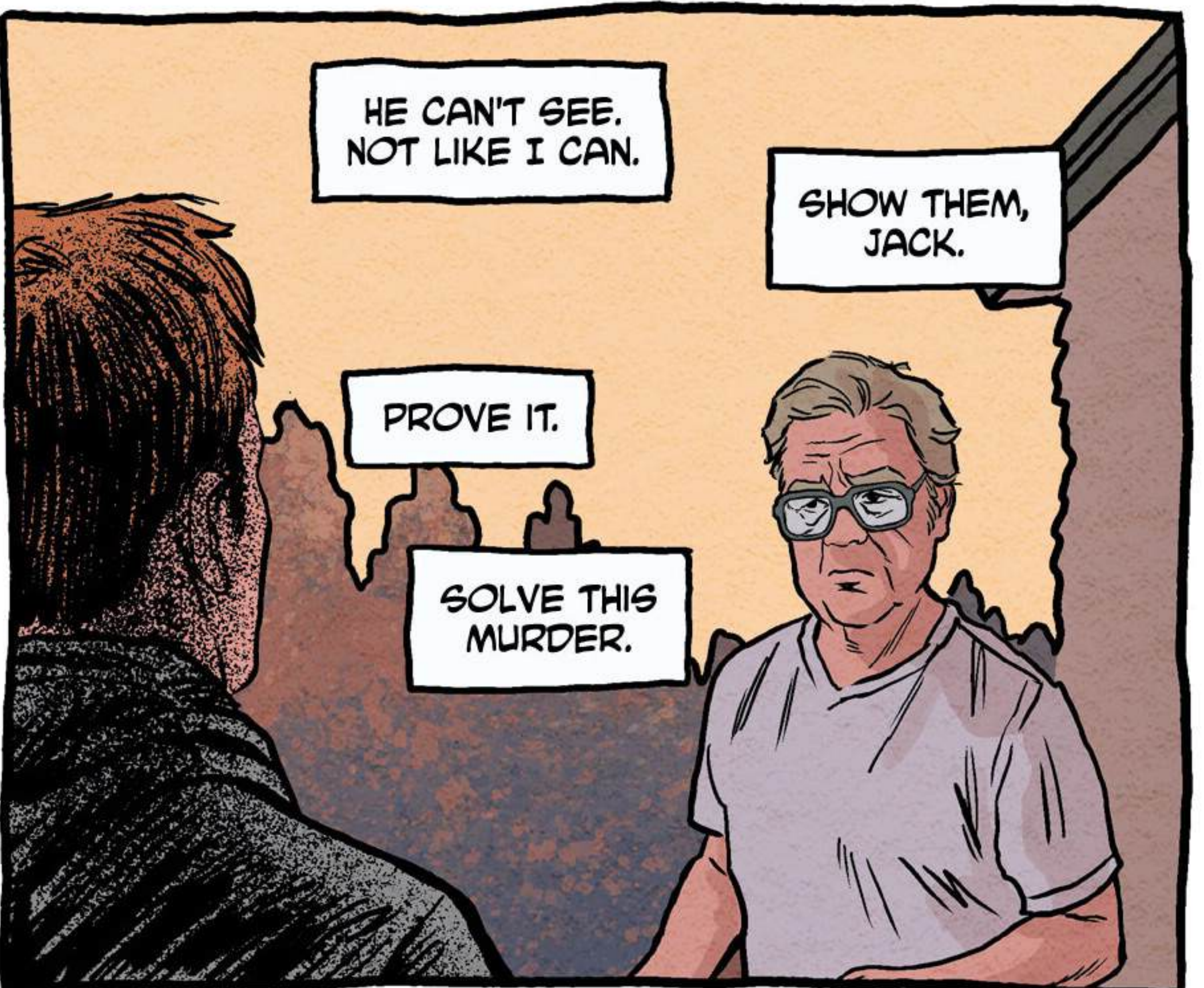


I'M NOT HIGH! I'M JUST FINALLY REACHING MY POTENTIAL!

MY POWERS, DAD!

WHY CAN'T YOU SEE IT TOO?! WHY CAN'T--

I SEE YOU, BOY. I ALWAYS SEE.



HE CAN'T SEE. NOT LIKE I CAN.

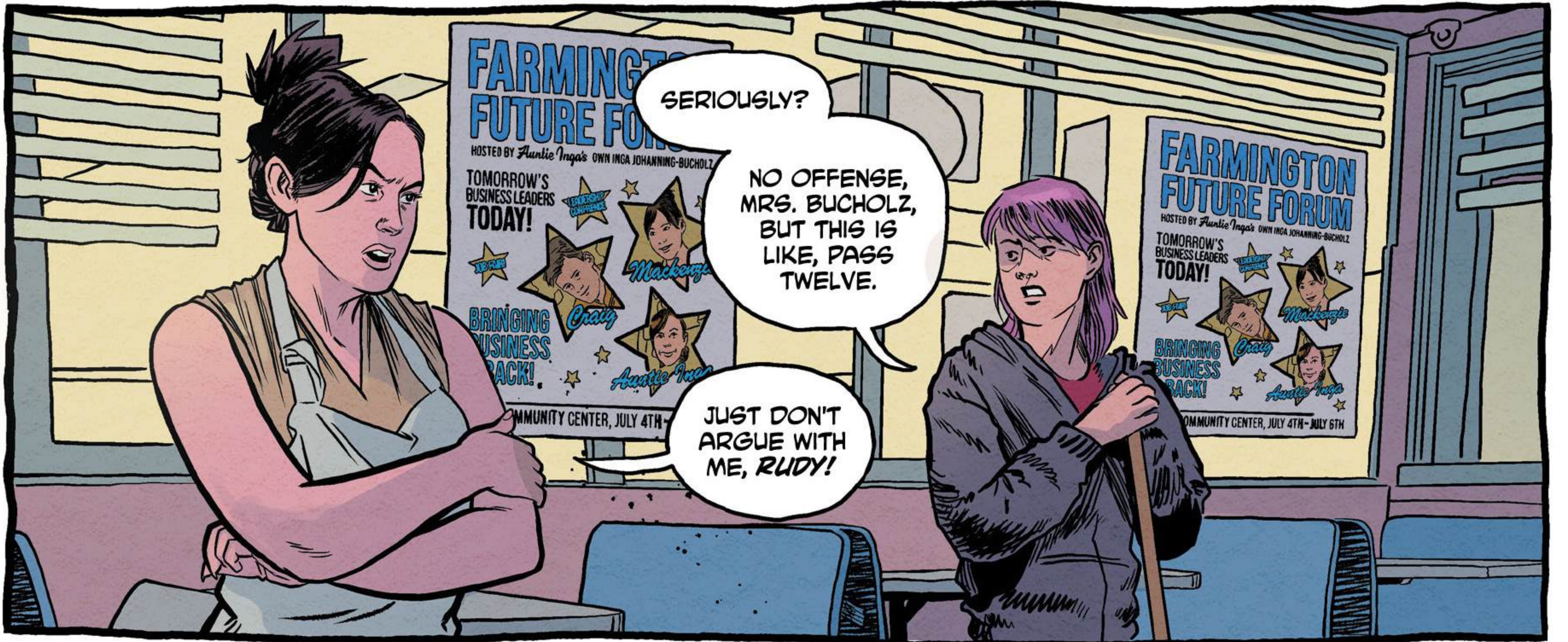
SHOW THEM, JACK.

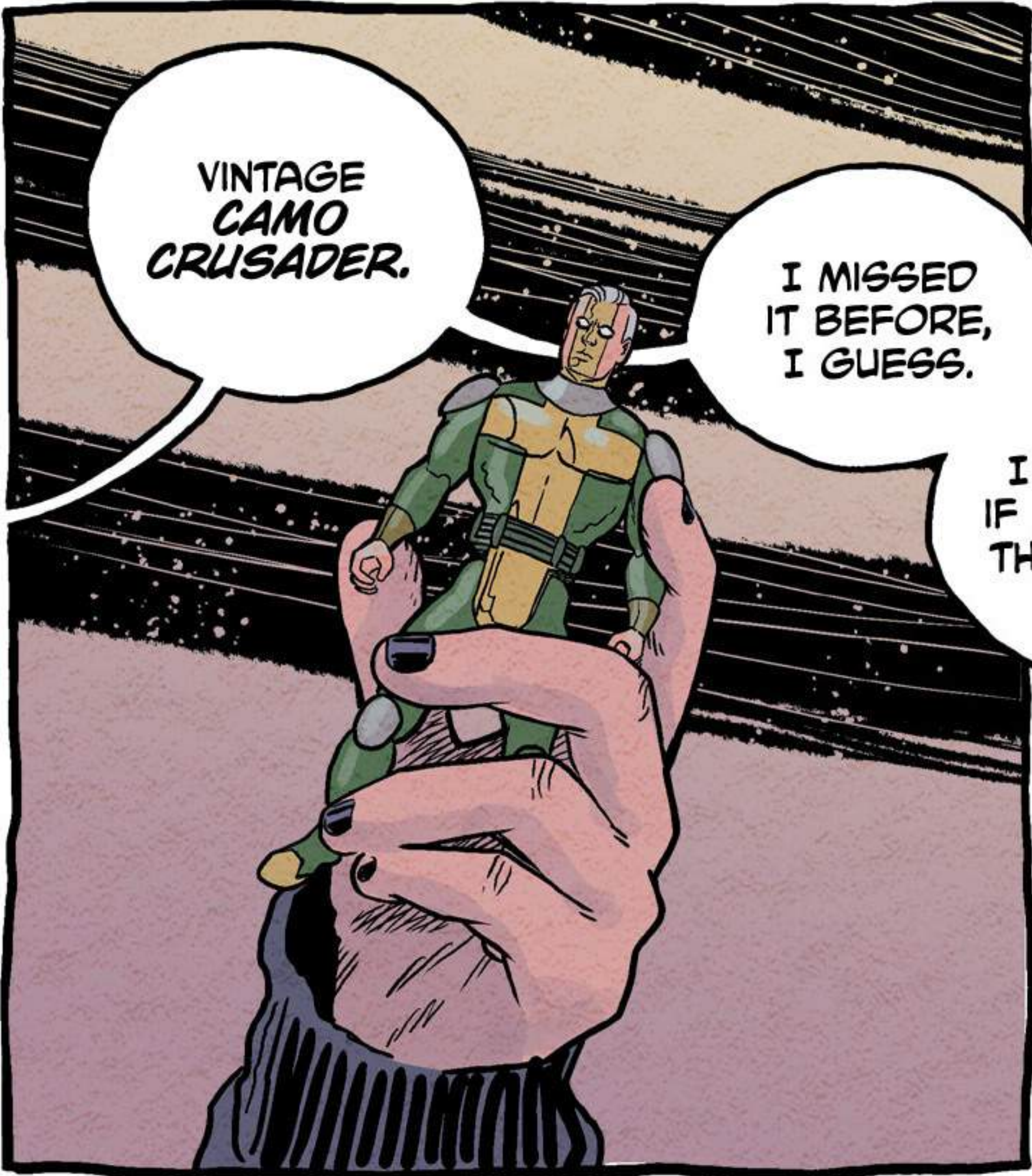
PROVE IT.

SOLVE THIS MURDER.



SHOW THEM WHAT'S IN YOUR MIND.





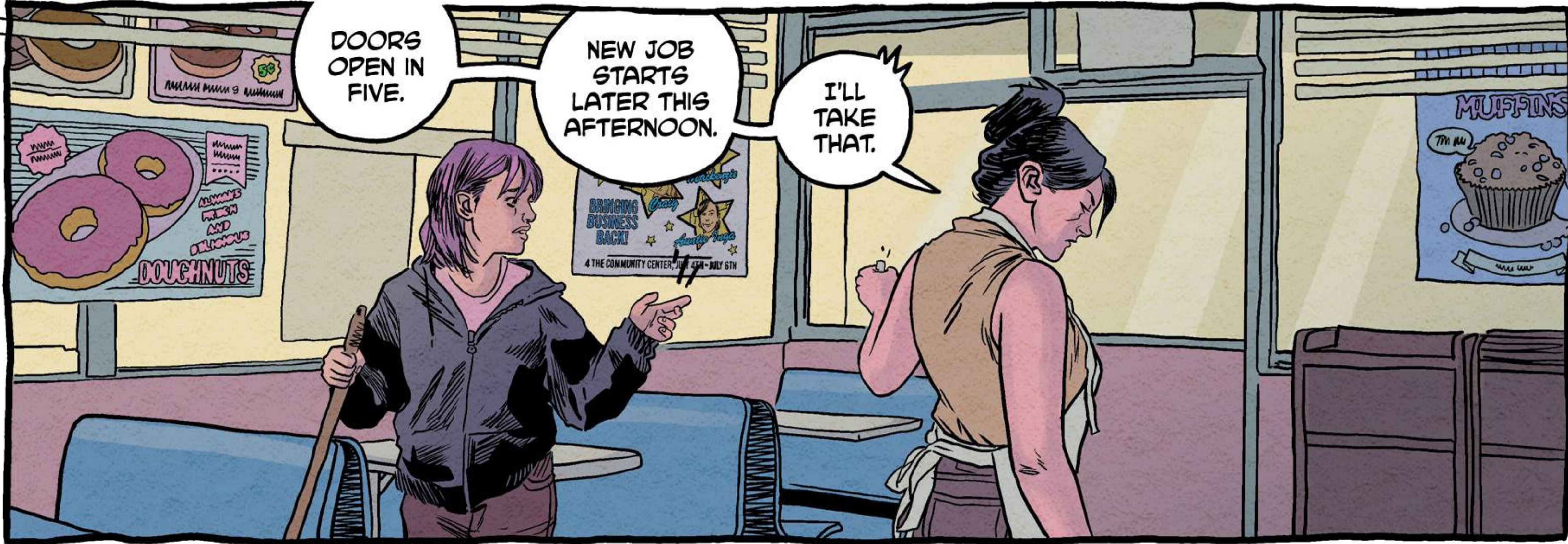
VINTAGE
CAMO
CRUSADER.

I MISSED
IT BEFORE,
I GUESS.

I WONDER
IF IT'S FROM
THE SHOOT-
ER?



HE WAS A
CAMO-STALKER,
RIGHT?



DOORS
OPEN IN
FIVE.

NEW JOB
STARTS
LATER THIS
AFTERNOON.

I'LL
TAKE
THAT.



CAMO
CRUSADER.

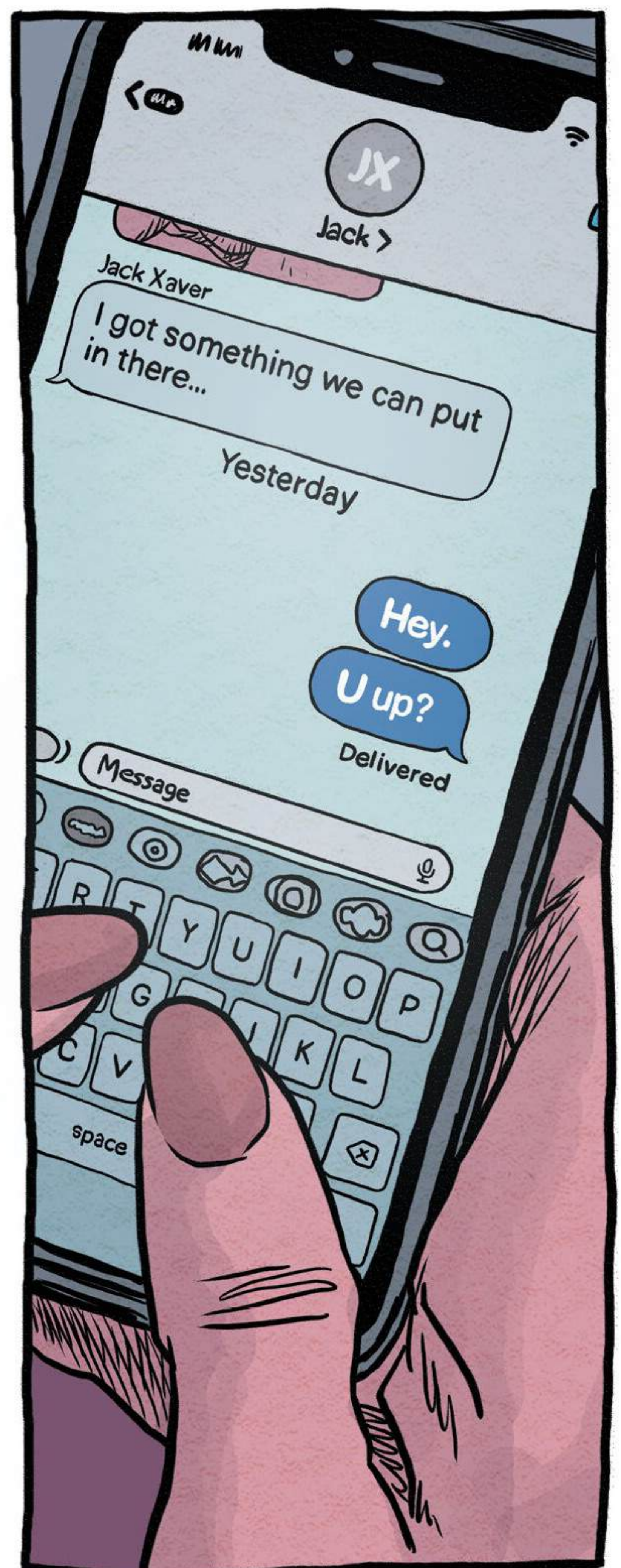
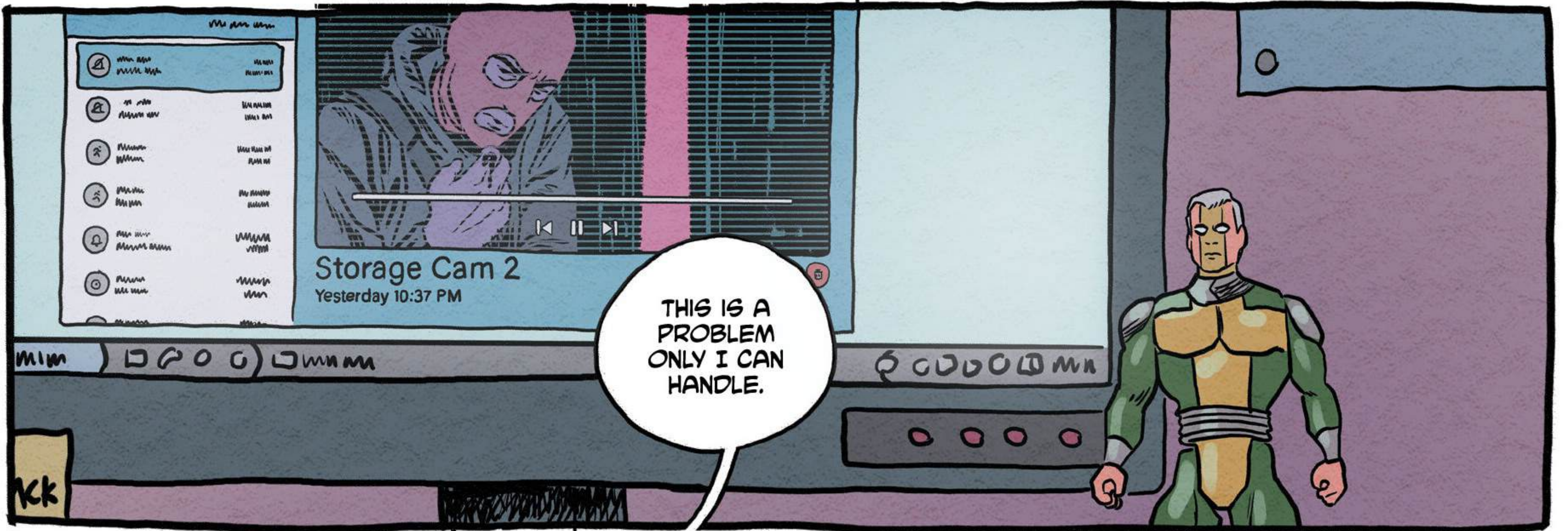
FUCKING
PRICK.



YOU NEVER
THOUGHT I
COULD DO IT.

ALWAYS
WANTED TO
PUSH ME
OUT.

BUT
YOU SEE
THIS?



U up?

Jack Xaver

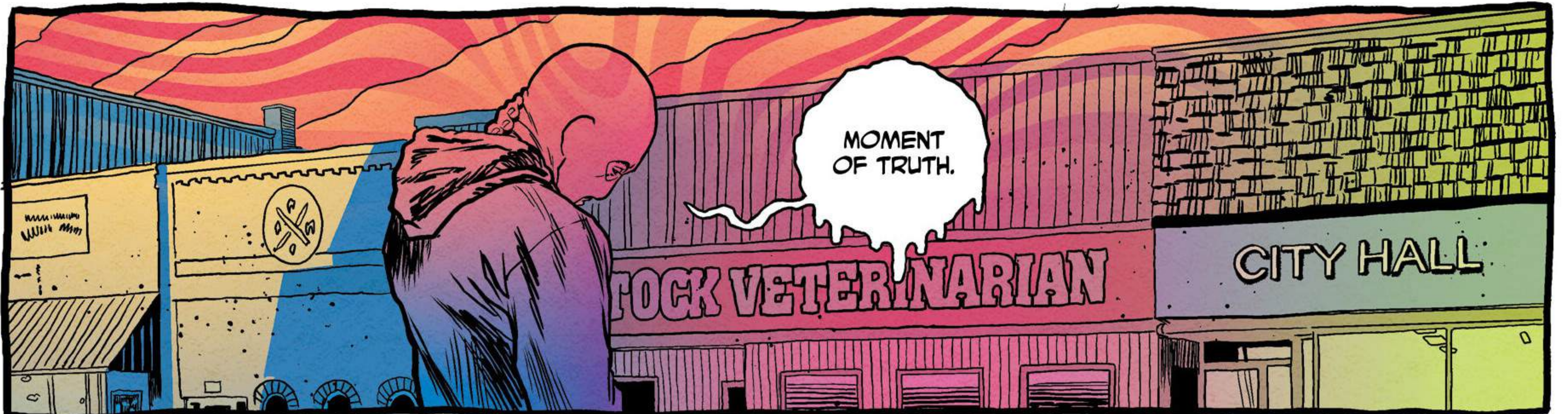
Yeah. meet up?

OKAY,
PEP...

I'll send you the place.



MOMENT
OF TRUTH.



HOW CAN
I HELP
YOU?

HI, I NEED
A PROPERTY
RECORD...



OH, HECK
NO.

OFFICER
KOPECKI?

I AIN'T DEALIN'
WITH ANY OF YER
CRAP TODAY,
XAVER!

IT'S BECAUSE
OF YOU, I'M ON
GODDARN DESK
DUTY!

YOU CAN
GO SCREW, YOU
SONOVABITCH!



THE GUY
YOU SHOT.

THAT
YOU HAD TO
SHOOT.

HE WAS
LIKE YOU.

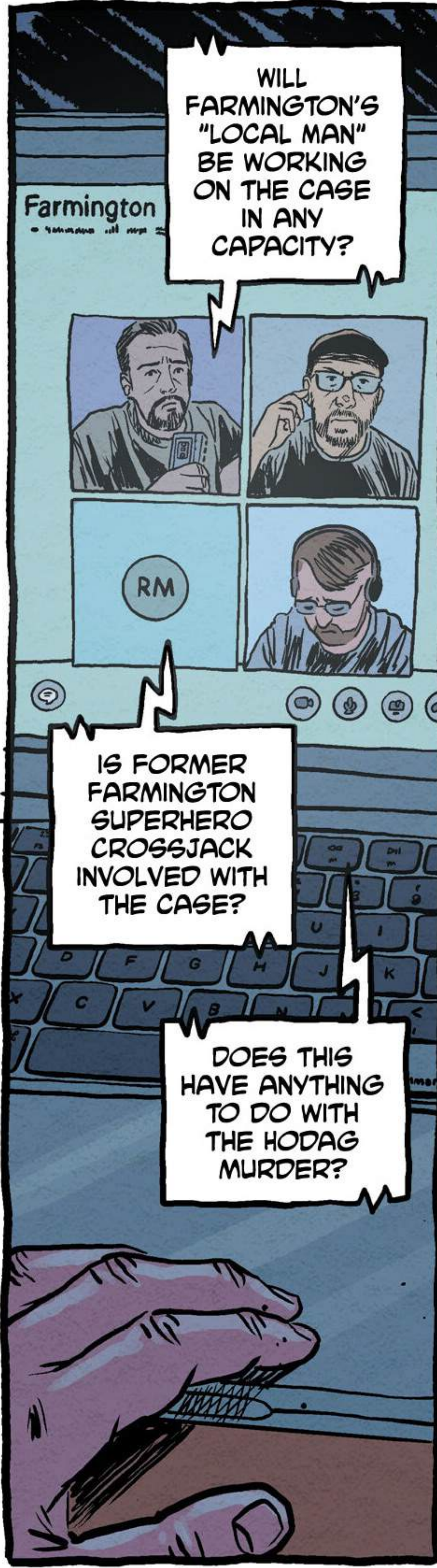
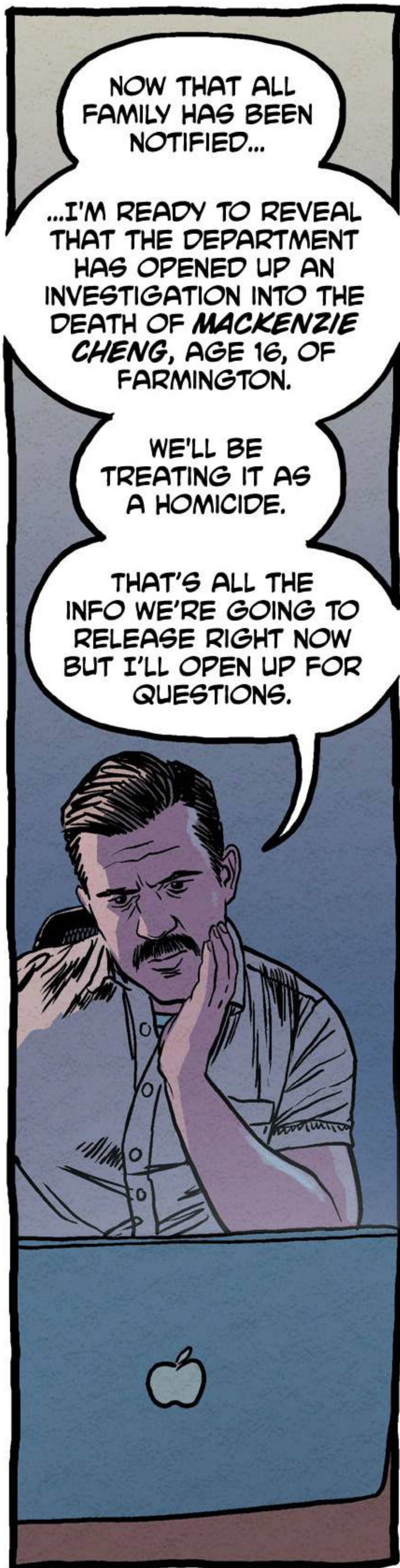
A
CHRISTIAN.

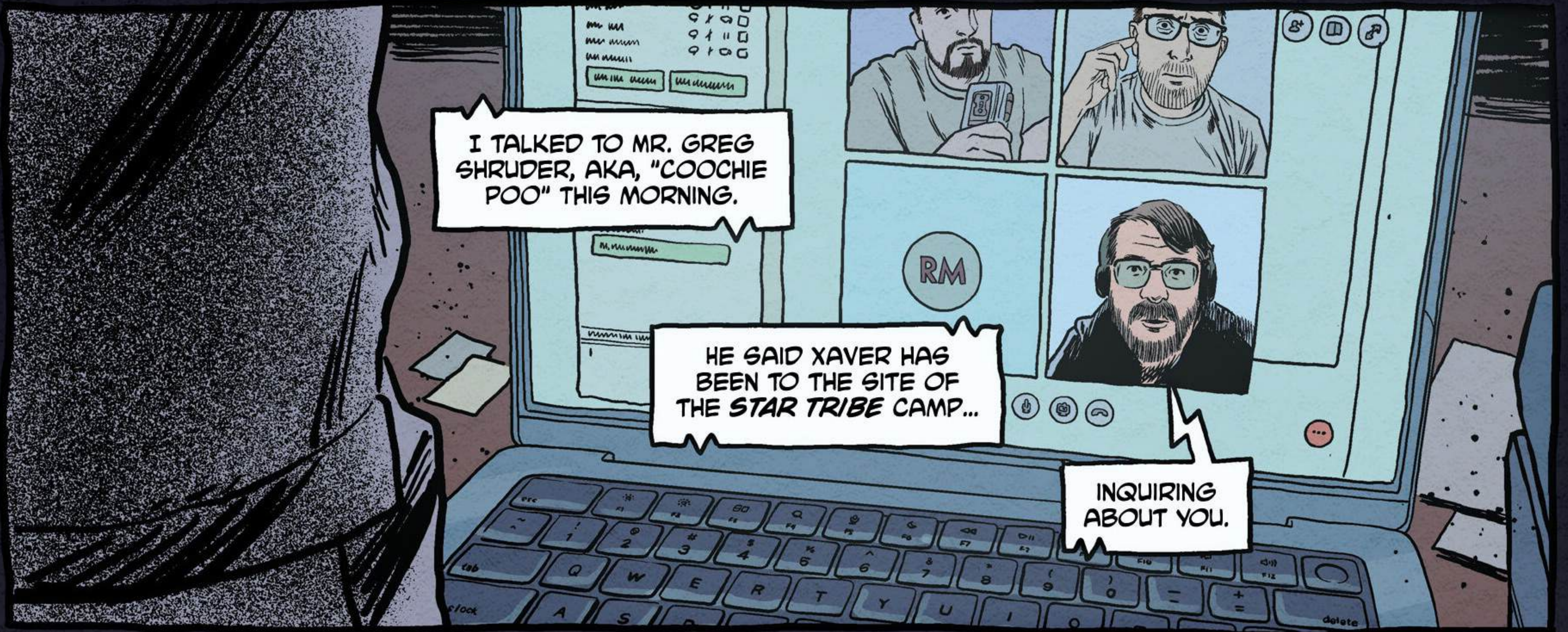
THE TRUTH.





I CAN'T MISS.





I TALKED TO MR. GREG SHRUDER, AKA, "COOCHIE POO" THIS MORNING.

HE SAID XAVER HAS BEEN TO THE SITE OF THE *STAR TRIBE* CAMP...

INQUIRING ABOUT YOU.



WHAT?
COME ON...

THOSE PEOPLE ARE NOTORIOUSLY ANTI-LAW ENFORCEMENT...

LOCAL MAN WAS ALSO SEEN THIS MORNING AT CITY HALL.

WHAT'S HIS INVOLVEMENT WITH LOCAL POLITICS?



IS IT TRUE THAT MACKENZIE WAS PART OF YOUR WIFE'S *FUTURE FORUM*?

AFTER THE EVENTS SURROUNDING *THE DESOLATORS* AND THE "*DELIVERANCE*" KILLER...

BEEP BEEP



...DO YOU THINK LOCAL MAN HAS LOST FAITH IN YOU AND THE DEPARTMENT?

BEEP BEEP

I'M SORRY. I HAVE TO TAKE THIS.



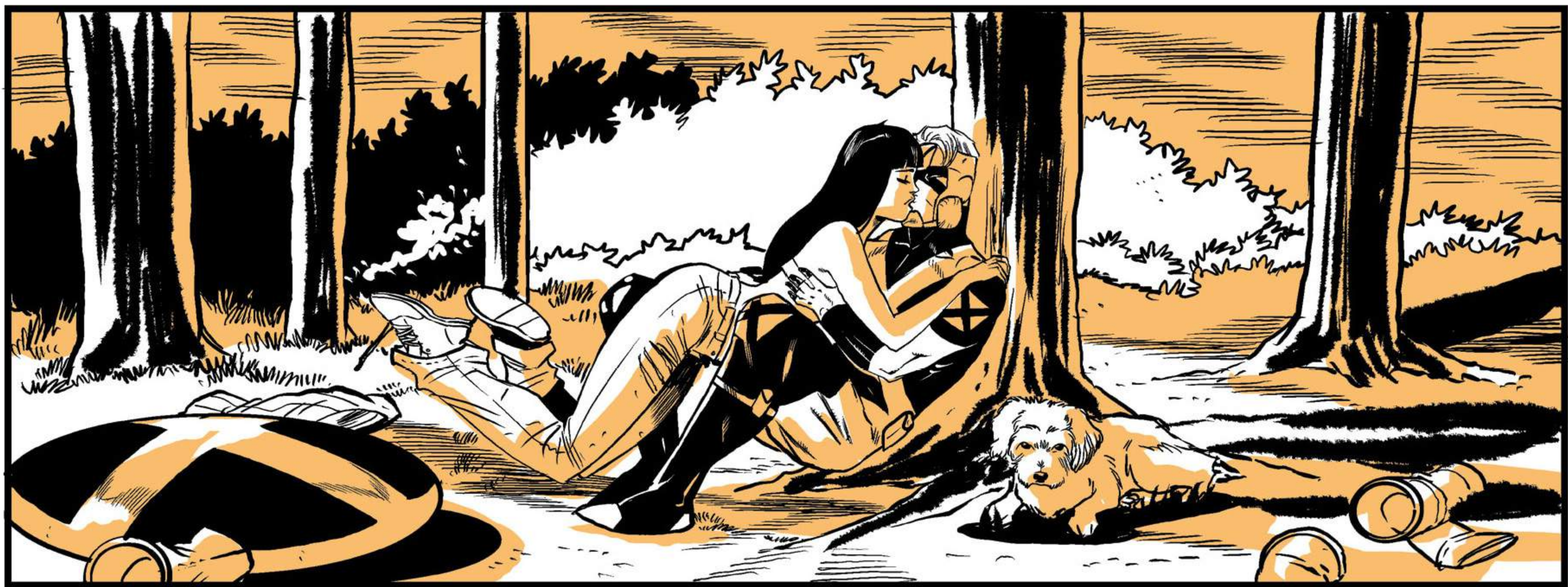
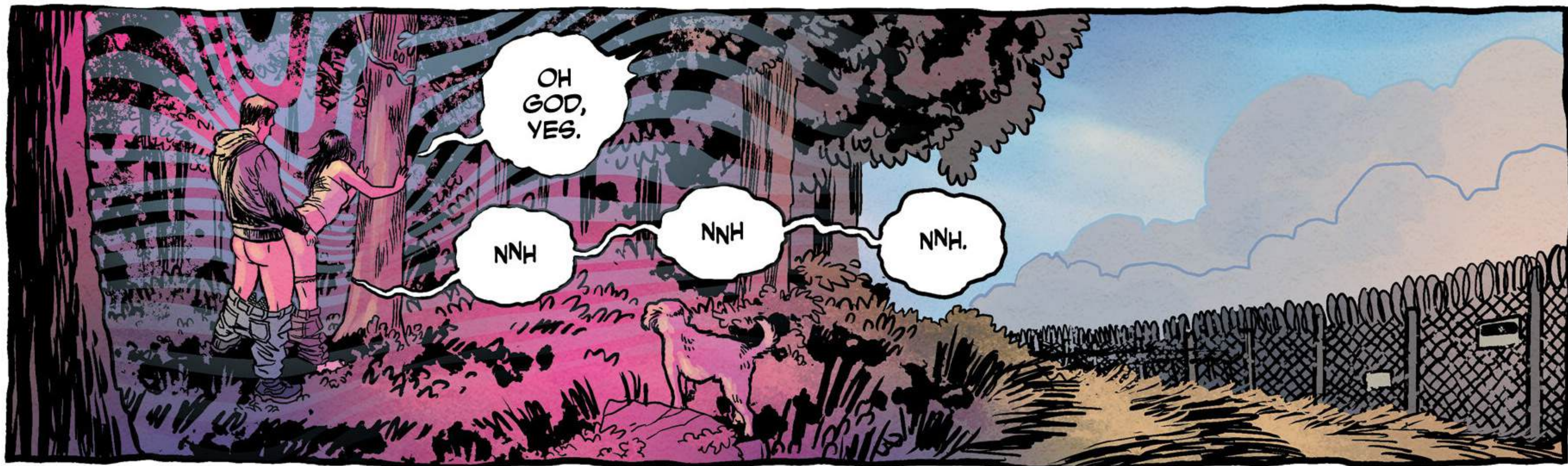
WILL YOU REACH OUT TO OTHER HEROES FOR ASSISTANCE IN THIS CASE?

HAVE YOU CONTACTED THE FREAK FORCE?

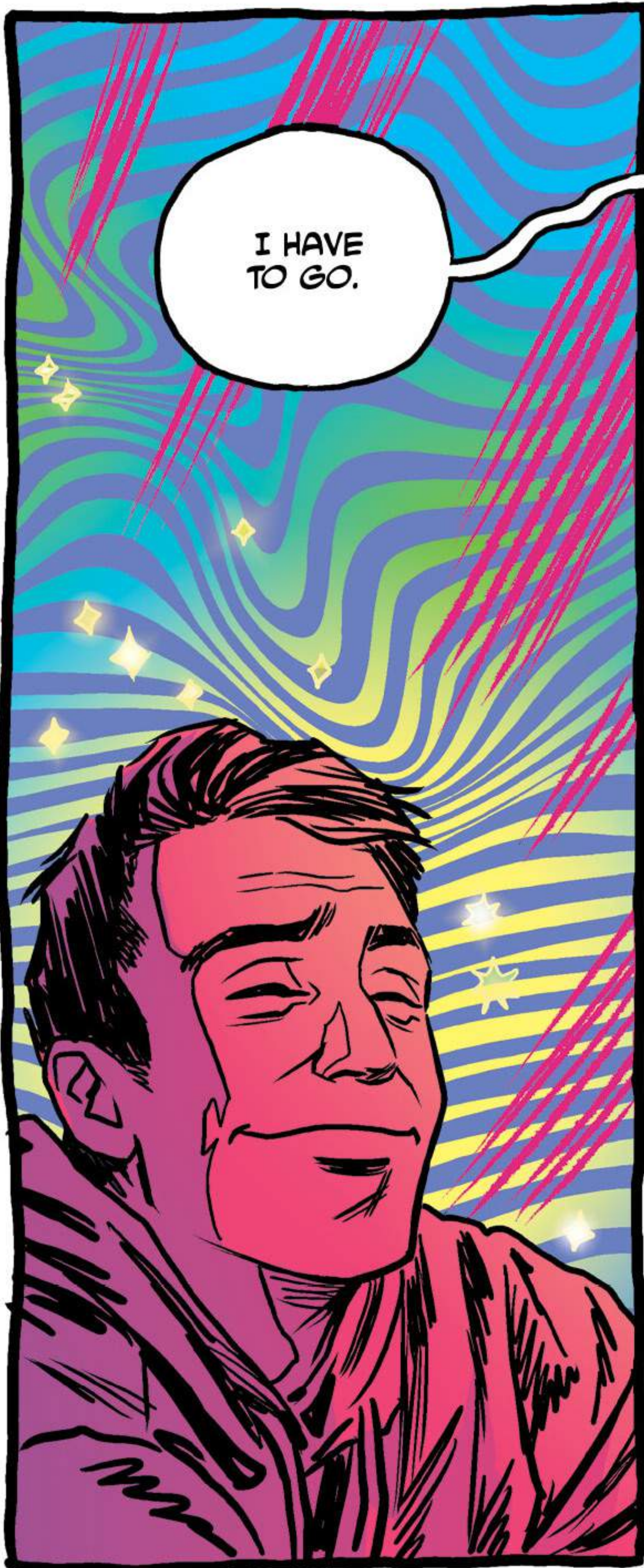
I HAVE TO TAKE THIS!

BEEP BEEP











OFFICER KOPECKI.

YOU DOING OK?

SHUT UP AND LISTEN.



I GOT THAT PROPERTY QUERY BACK.

THAT STORAGE SHED IS REGISTERED TO AN ANONYMOUS LLC.

VERY LITTLE INFORMATION.

BUT I GOT THE OWNER OF THE LLC'S ADDRESS.



CAN YOU TEXT IT TO ME?

WHAT... TEXT?

I DON'T HAVE YOUR NUMBER IN MY--

JUST TELL ME THE ADDRESS.



IT'S 1609 WEST J STREET IN FARMINGTON.



WAIT... I KNOW THIS HOUSE.

YOU'RE SURE THIS IS THE RIGHT ADDRESS?

1609 WEST J STREET?

THAT'S MY HOUSE.



WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?

BRIAN...



DOES INGA KNOW?

THAT MACKENZIE IS DEAD?

YEAH. SHE KNOWS. WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?



NO, DOES SHE KNOW ABOUT THE WAREHOUSE OUT PAST TOWN?

DOES SHE KNOW ABOUT THE DEAD SUPERHEROES INSIDE?



JESUS, MAN. YOU'RE HIGH AS FUCK.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

THIS WHOLE TIME, YOU'VE BEEN KEEPING ME BUSY...

...SENDING ME AFTER HIPPIES, WILD GOOSE CHASES!



MEANWHILE, THE WHOLE TIME YOU WERE DRAINING 4TH GEN DRY FOR THEIR BLOOD OR THEIR....

DID YOU KILL MACKENZIE FOR HER BLOOD TOO?

WHAT THE...



I WAS TRYING TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE, MAN.

I WANTED TO BELIEVE YOU COULD CHANGE.

BUT YOU'RE AS FUCKED UP AS I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE.

AND NOW YOU'RE ON GODDAMN DRUGS!?



PEPPER?

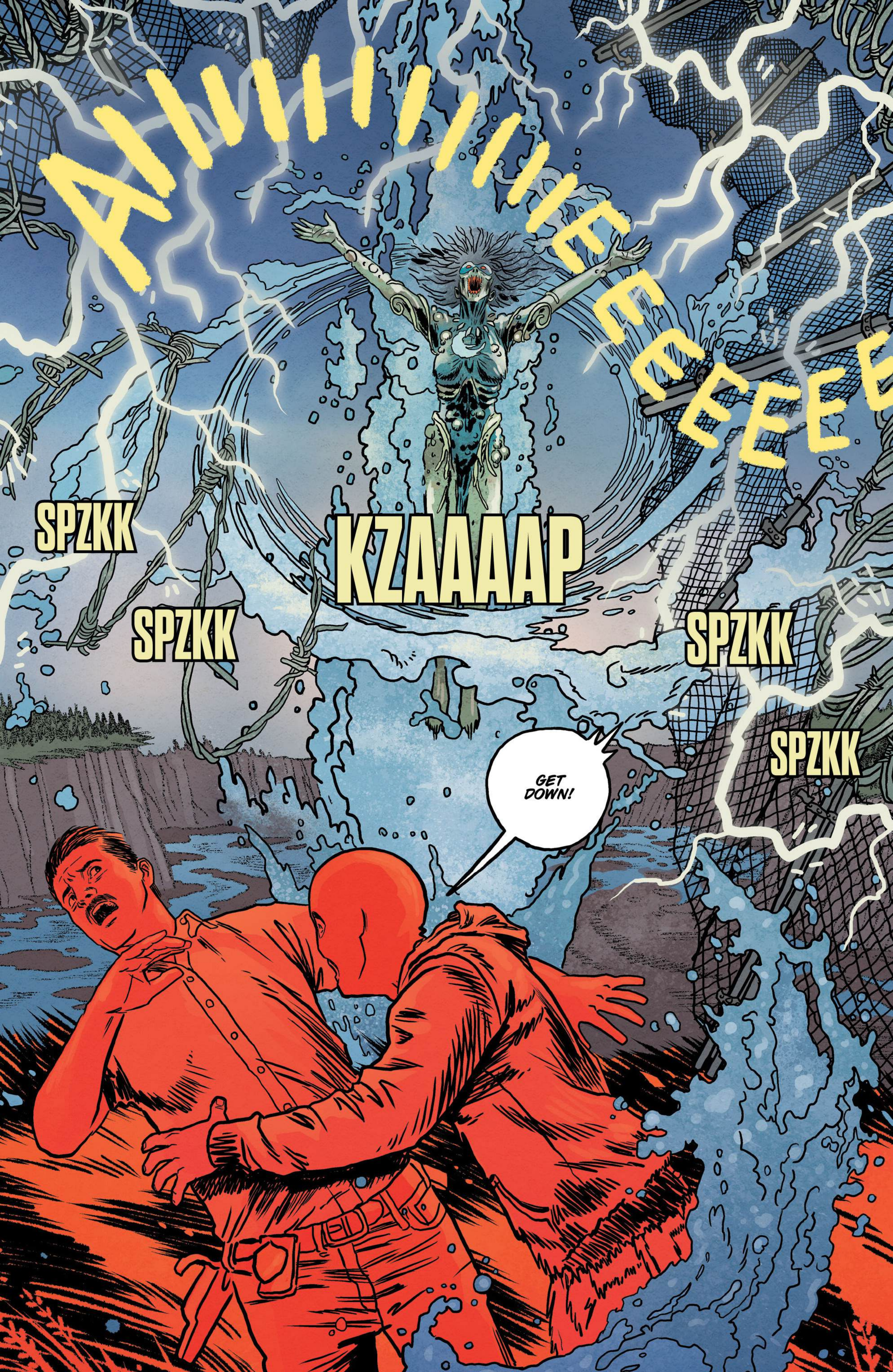
THE HELL--?

RRRF
RRRF
RRF!



JACK...

RMMMMMMBBBBLLLLL



SPZKK

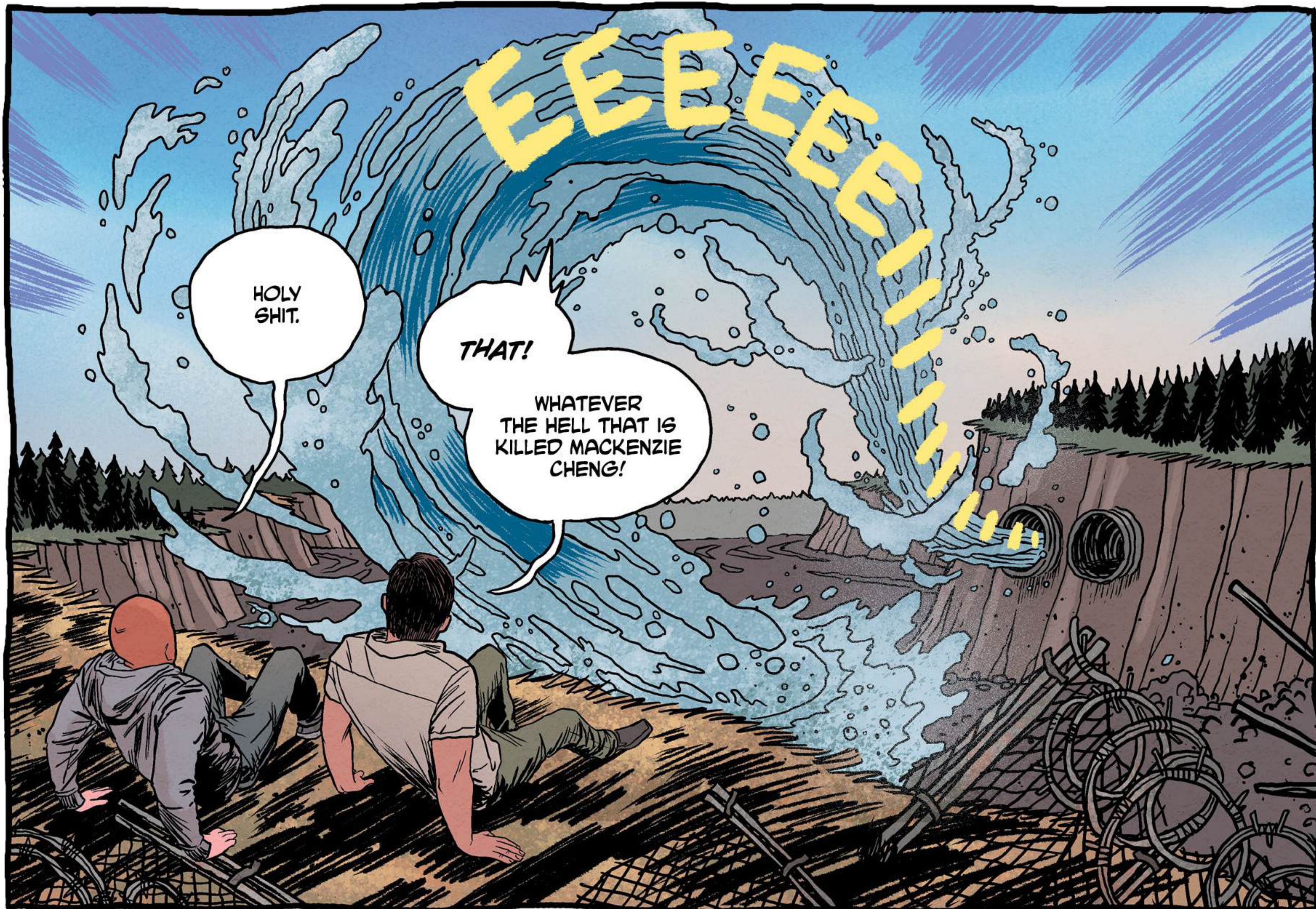
KZAAAAAP

SPZKK

SPZKK

SPZKK

GET
DOWN!



HOLY SHIT.

THAT!

WHATEVER THE HELL THAT IS KILLED MACKENZIE CHENG!



IT'S BEEN TRAVELING AROUND VIA PIPES AND STREAMS UNDERGROUND SOMEHOW...

...GETTING STRONGER AND HELL BENT ON GETTING "REVENGE" FOR SOME GODDAMN THING!

SEASCAPE.



NO. IT HAS TO BE YOU.

IT HAS TO BE.

IT HAS TO BE?

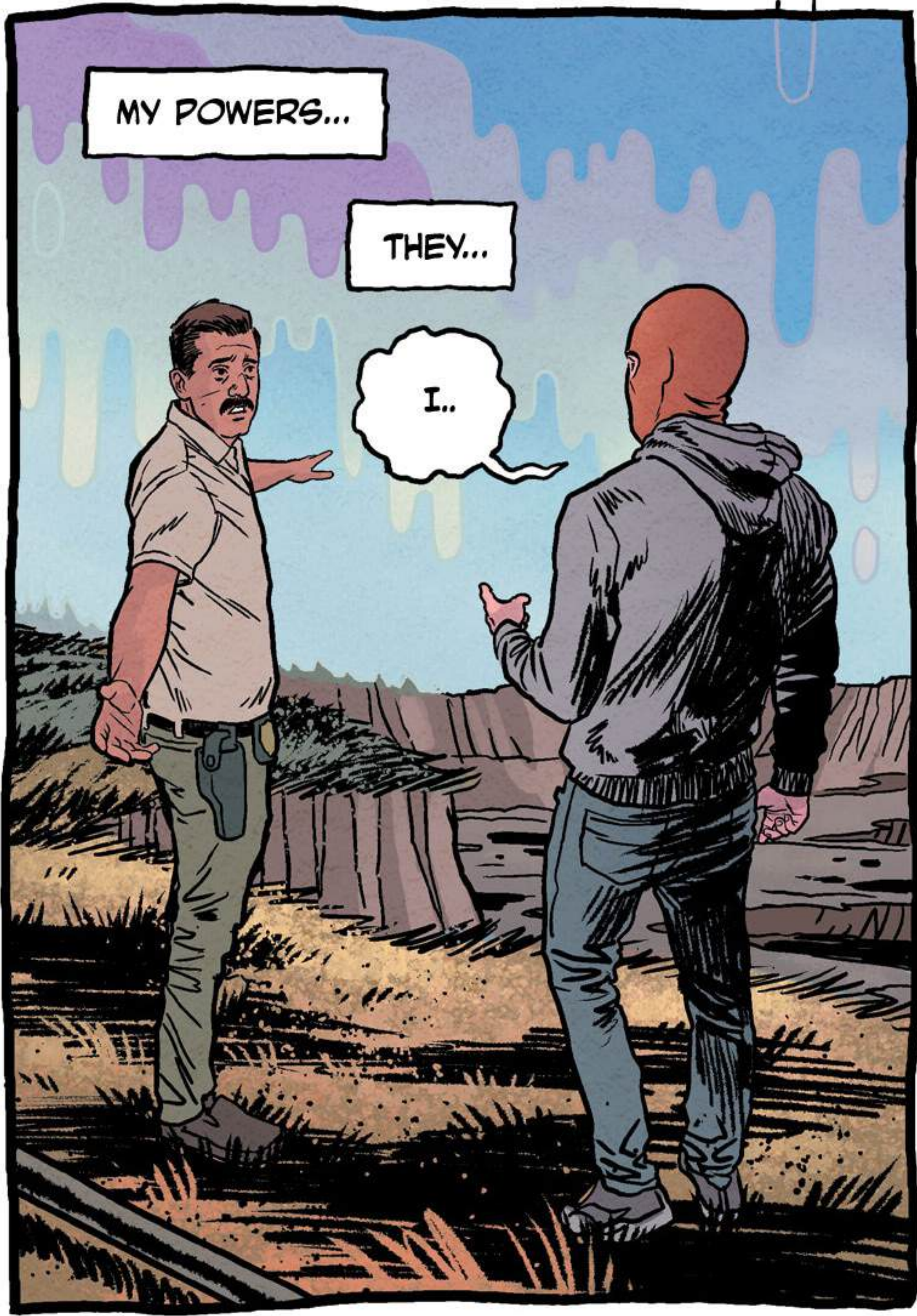
UNTIL YOU CAME HERE, I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS SUPERHERO SHIT!

I MEAN, LOOK, YOU FUCKING IDIOT...



DO YOU THINK I COULD DO THAT?!

NO. IT HAS TO BE YOU.



THE CAN'T MISS KID.



IT HAS
TO BE HIM.
1609 WEST J.

HE DELIBERATELY
SENT ME IN THE
OPPOSITE DIRECTION
OF THAT STORAGE
SPACE.

WAIT.
MY POWER
TELLS ME
WHAT'S TRUE.

I HEARD A
VOICE (THAT
VOICE!)

MACKENZIE
HEARD A
SONG...

AND THEN
WE **HEARD**
THE VOICE!

THAT
SCREAM...

IT HAS TO
BE BRIAN. HE'S
CROOKED.

CROOKED
COP.

HE BROUGHT
ME IN CLOSE
TO KEEP ME
IN THE...

BUT
THEN...

WHY EVEN TELL ME
ABOUT MACKENZIE
AT ALL?

IT HAS
TO BE...

DID YOU
SEE THAT,
JINGA?

image

8 DEC \$3.99 USA

THIRD

HOMETOWN



Jack used to call me "Auntie."

He said it was because I reminded him of his mom's aunt, Patty, who used to do everything for everyone else while she suffered.

It wasn't a compliment.

Still, I thought he'd come back for me.

CAN'T MISS KID...

But being with the others, doing whatever it was they do while being sexy and superpowered, and being rewarded with fame and adoration...well...

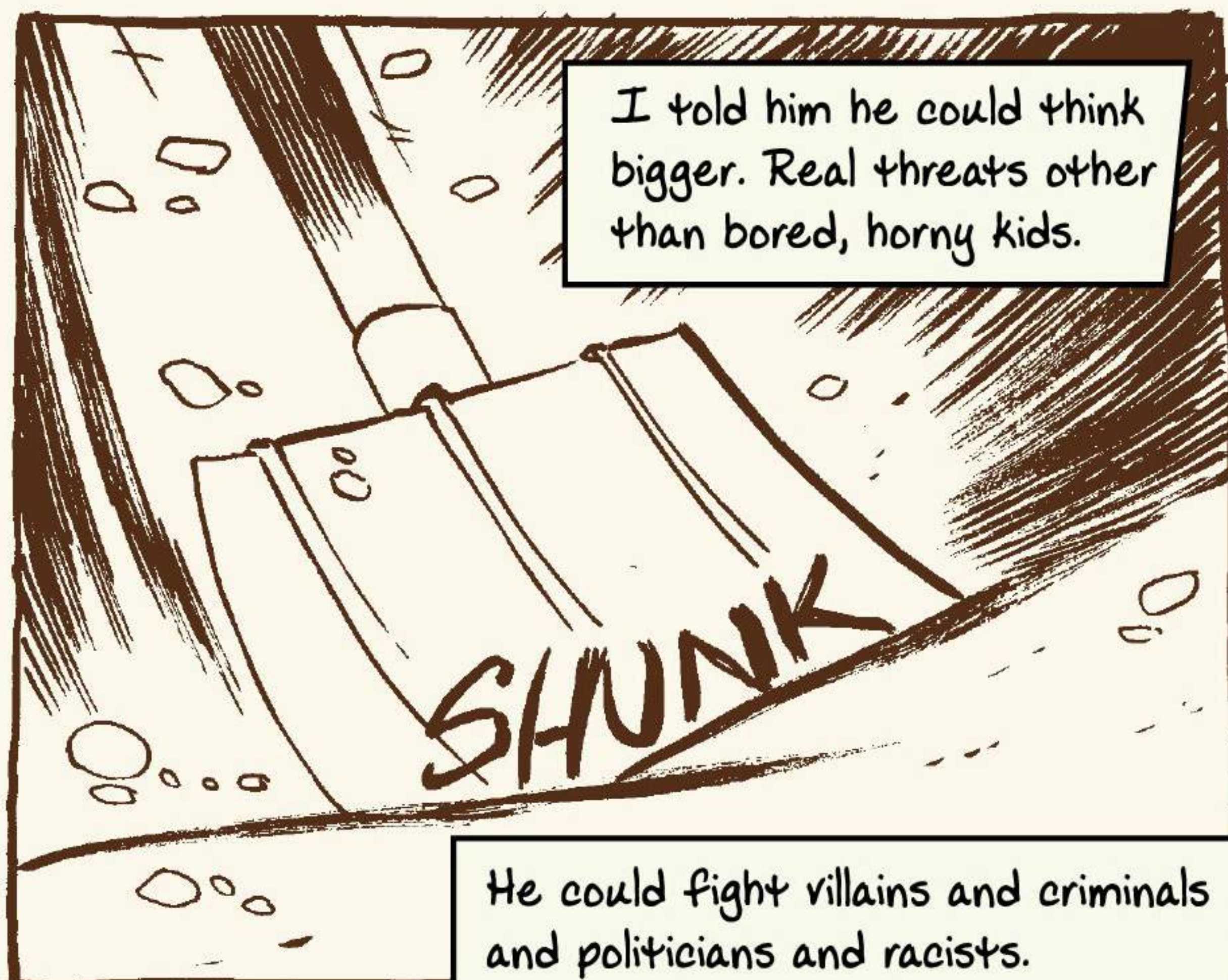


Jack didn't come back for Patty's funeral either.

When I first met "Crossjack," he was fighting drug dealers at the quarry, using his "can't miss" powers to bust up illegal parties.



I told him he could think bigger. Real threats other than bored, horny kids.



He could fight villains and criminals and politicians and racists.

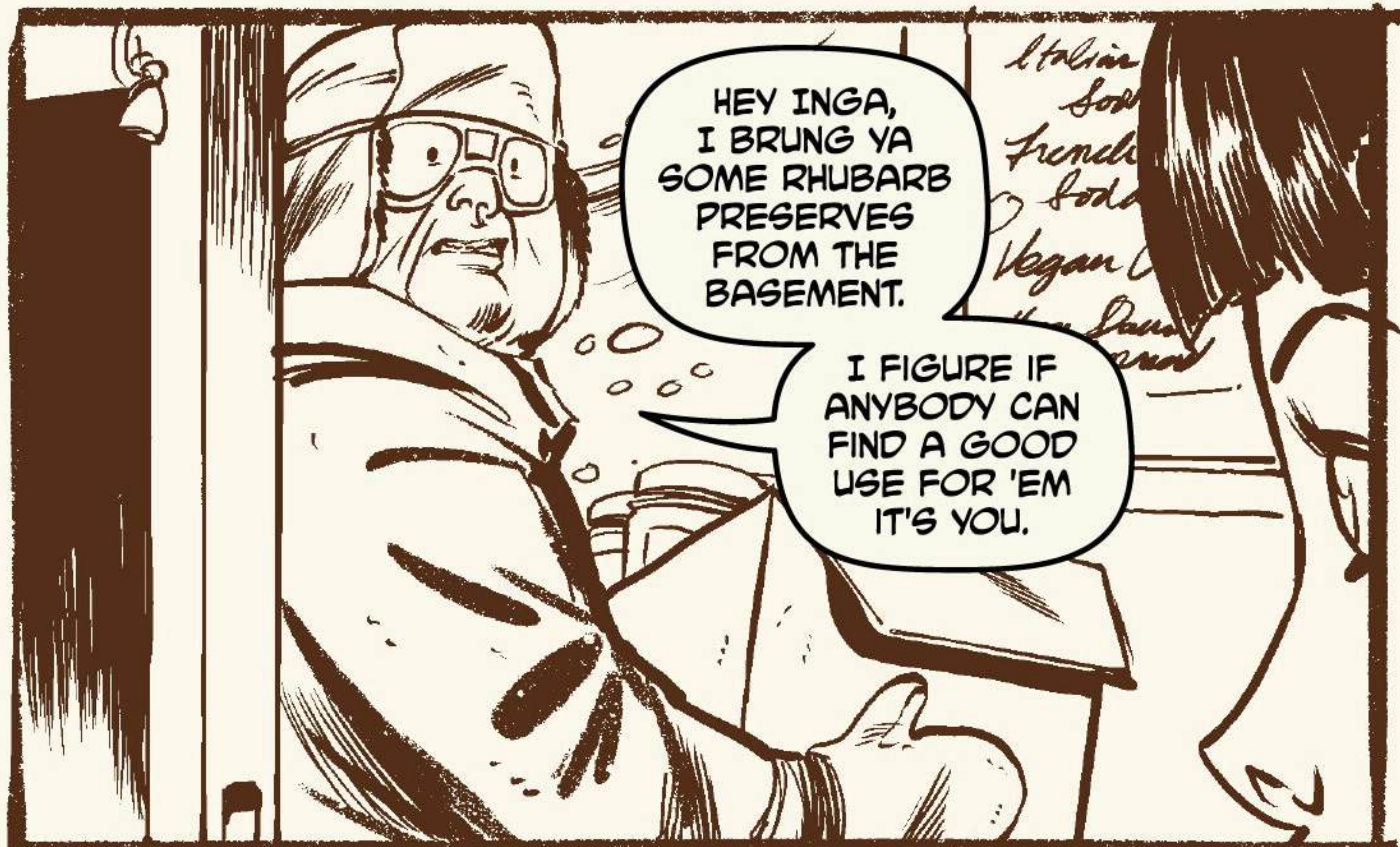
He could save Farmington.

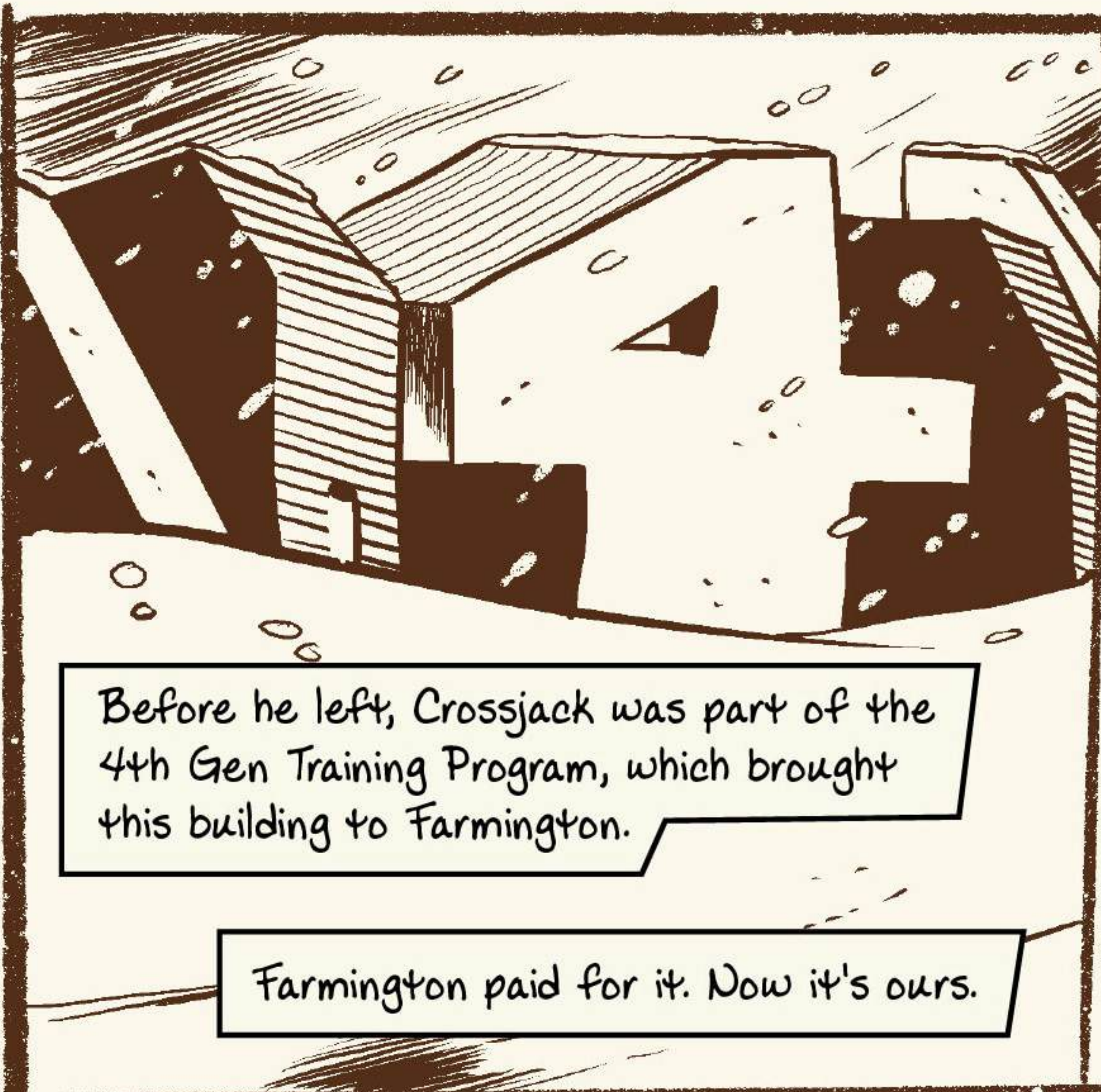


1609 WEST J STREET IS THE OWNER OF THAT STORAGE SPACE.



And then he was gone, and I was left to do it by myself, with good food and a strong community instead of muscles and a shield.





Before he left, Crossjack was part of the 4th Gen Training Program, which brought this building to Farmington.

Farmington paid for it. Now it's ours.



No superheroes to save us, we have to save ourselves.



But how do you save a town that doesn't want to be saved?



IF IT'S NOT HIM...

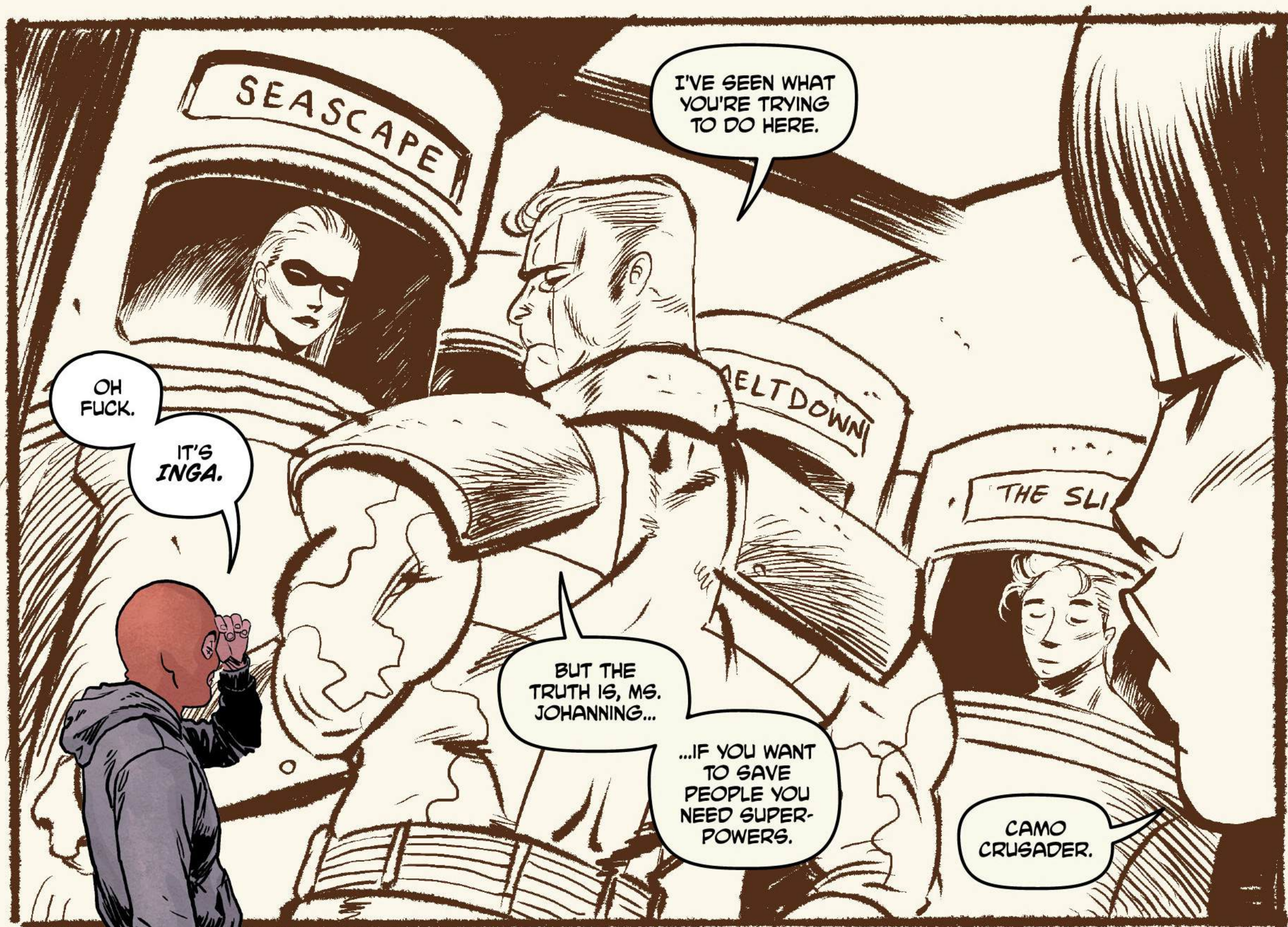




GUEST OF XAVER, JACK.
CODENAME: CROSSJACK.



ACCESS GRANTED.



I'VE SEEN WHAT
YOU'RE TRYING
TO DO HERE.

OH
FUCK.

IT'S
INGA.

BUT THE
TRUTH IS, MS.
JOHANNING...

...IF YOU WANT
TO SAVE
PEOPLE YOU
NEED SUPER-
POWERS.

CAMO
CRUSADER.



WHATEVER
YOU'RE DOING
HERE...

I WANT IN.

BOOK _____

Issue# _____

pg# _____

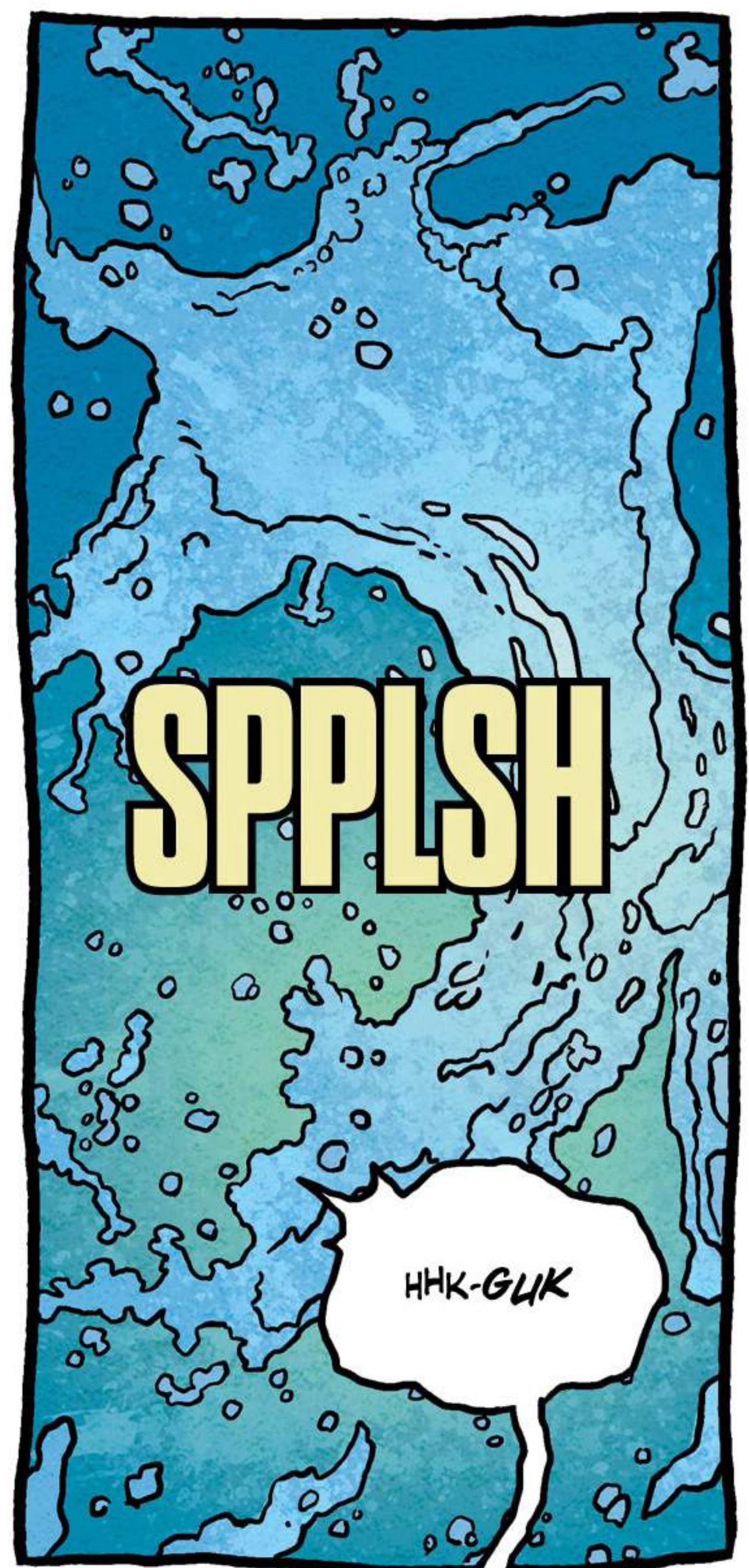
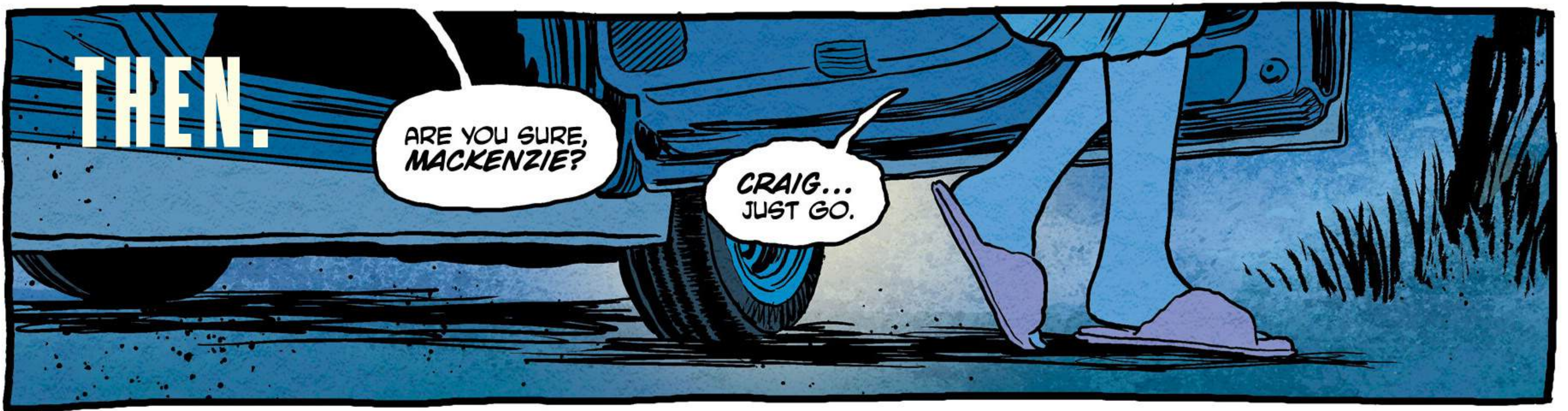
Penciller _____

Inker _____





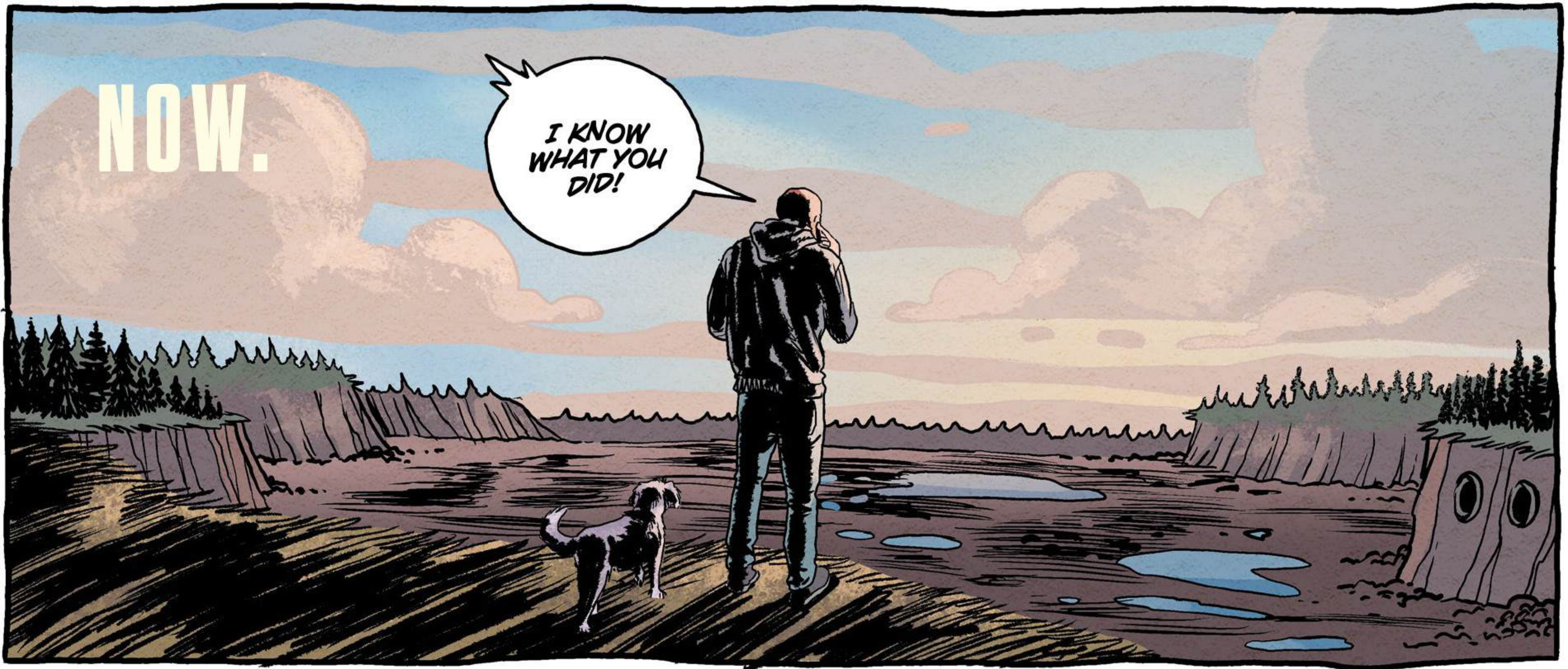
Chapter 9



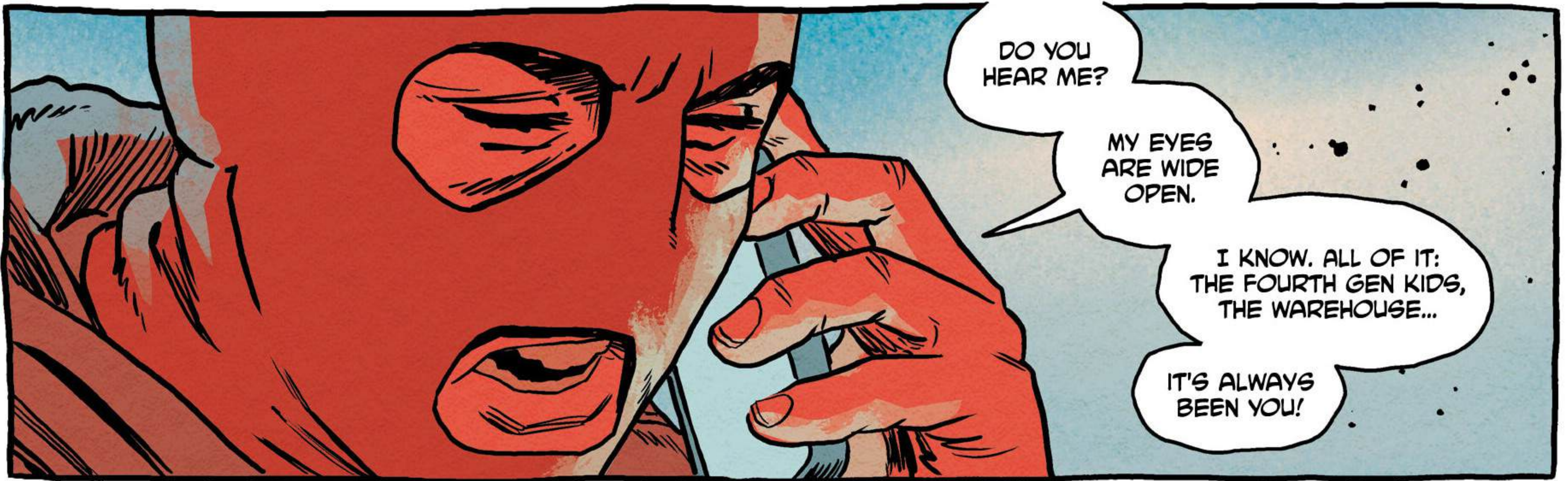
WAIT! NO...
NO NO NO NO!

No... We don't know you.
Just a child... We don't...

SHE will suffer. We...
We will have Justice.



I KNOW
WHAT YOU
DID!



DO YOU
HEAR ME?

MY EYES
ARE WIDE
OPEN.

I KNOW. ALL OF IT:
THE FOURTH GEN KIDS,
THE WAREHOUSE...



YOUR BUSINESS,
YOUR SUCCESS, THE
"FUTURE FORUM."

ALL BULLSHIT!
HOW COULD YOU DO
THIS TO FARMINGTON?!

JACK,
I DON'T
HAVE TIME.



YOU DON'T
HAVE...

HOW COULD
YOU...

YOU USED
ME!

BEEP



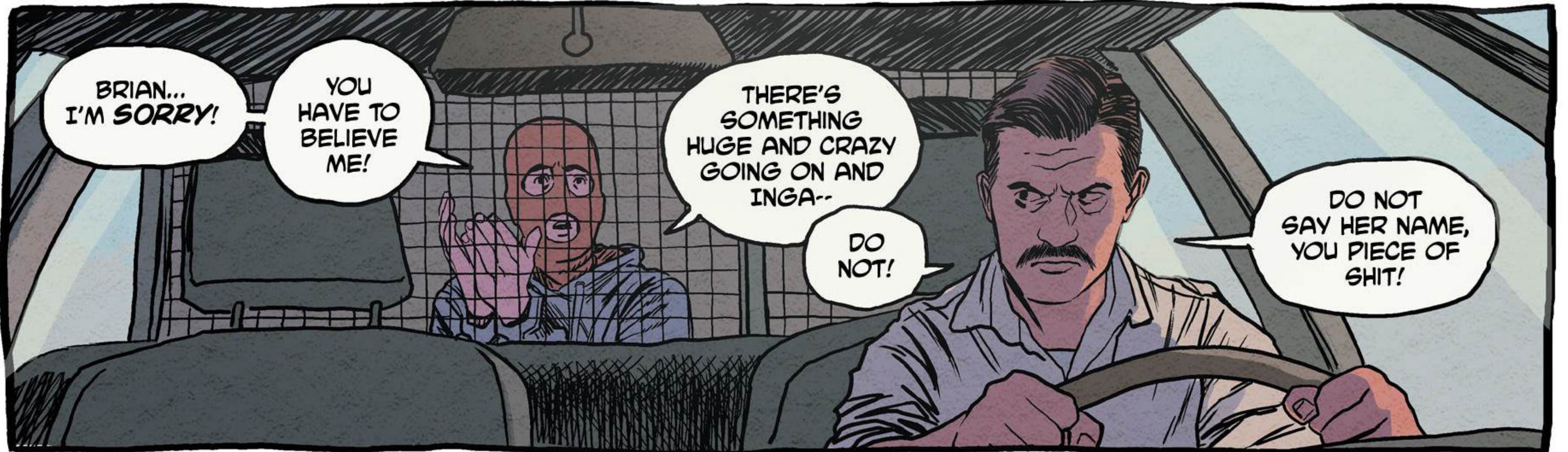
YOU
LIED
TO ME!

WAS
ANY OF IT
REAL?!

WAS ALL OF
THIS JUST TO
KEEP ME IN THE
DARK?

IS THAT WHY
YOU FUCKED
ME? HELLO?

HELLO!?
INGA!?







IT'S NOT ILLEGAL
TO SLEEP WITH
SOMEONE'S
WIFE.



NONE OF
THIS WOULD
BE...

IF YOU HADN'T SENT
ME OUT TO THAT HIPPIE
ENCAMPMENT, NONE OF
THIS WOULD EVEN BE
HAPPENING.

THEY DID
SOMETHING
TO ME OUT
THERE...

I
CAN'T...

I WAS
OUT OF
MY MIND.

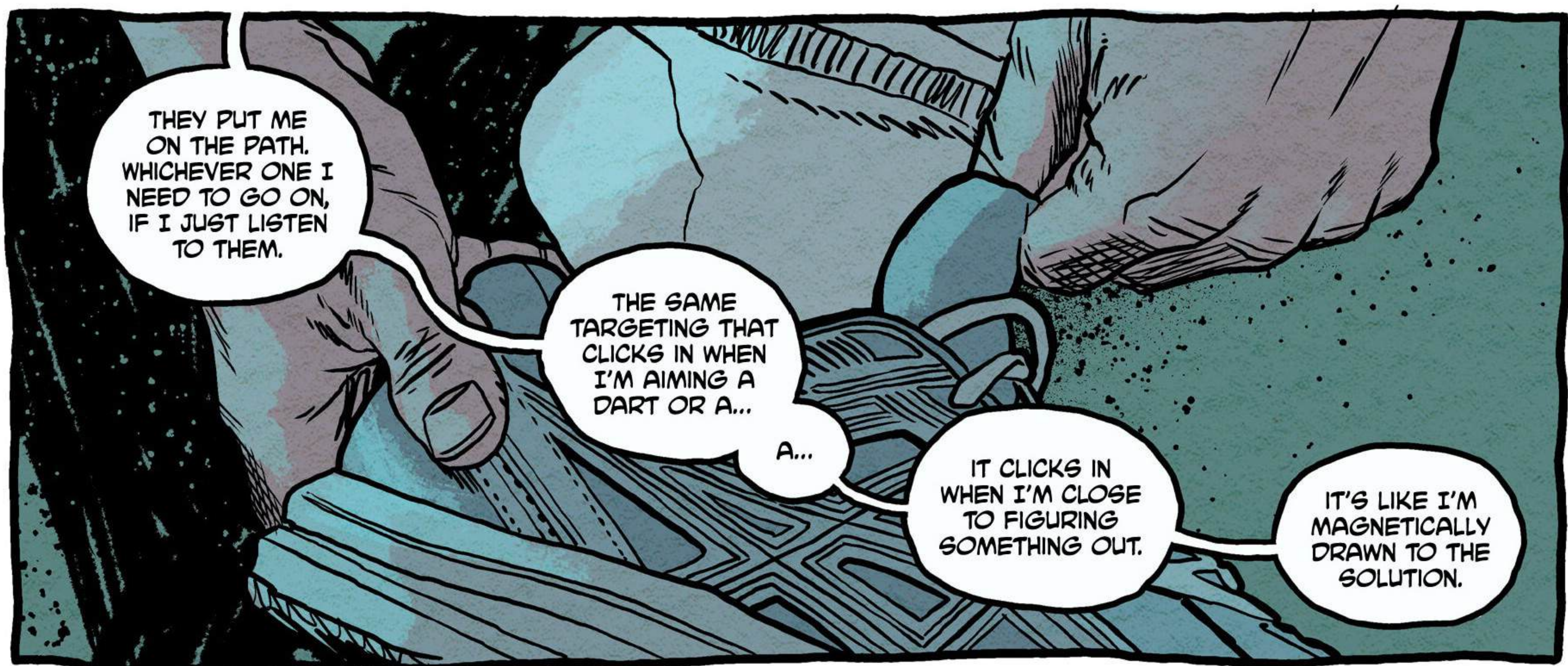
THEY EITHER
HAD POWERS OR
THEY DOSED ME
WITH SOMETHING
OR...



BUT HERE'S THE
THING. I DON'T
THINK THEY MEANT
TO, BUT THEY
UNLOCKED...

I LEARNED
SOMETHING.
MY POWERS...

MY POWERS
AREN'T JUST
FOR THROWING
WEAPONS AND
SHIELDS.



THEY PUT ME
ON THE PATH.
WHICHEVER ONE I
NEED TO GO ON,
IF I JUST LISTEN
TO THEM.

THE SAME
TARGETING THAT
CLICKS IN WHEN
I'M AIMING A
DART OR A...

A...

IT CLICKS IN
WHEN I'M CLOSE
TO FIGURING
SOMETHING OUT.

IT'S LIKE I'M
MAGNETICALLY
DRAWN TO THE
SOLUTION.

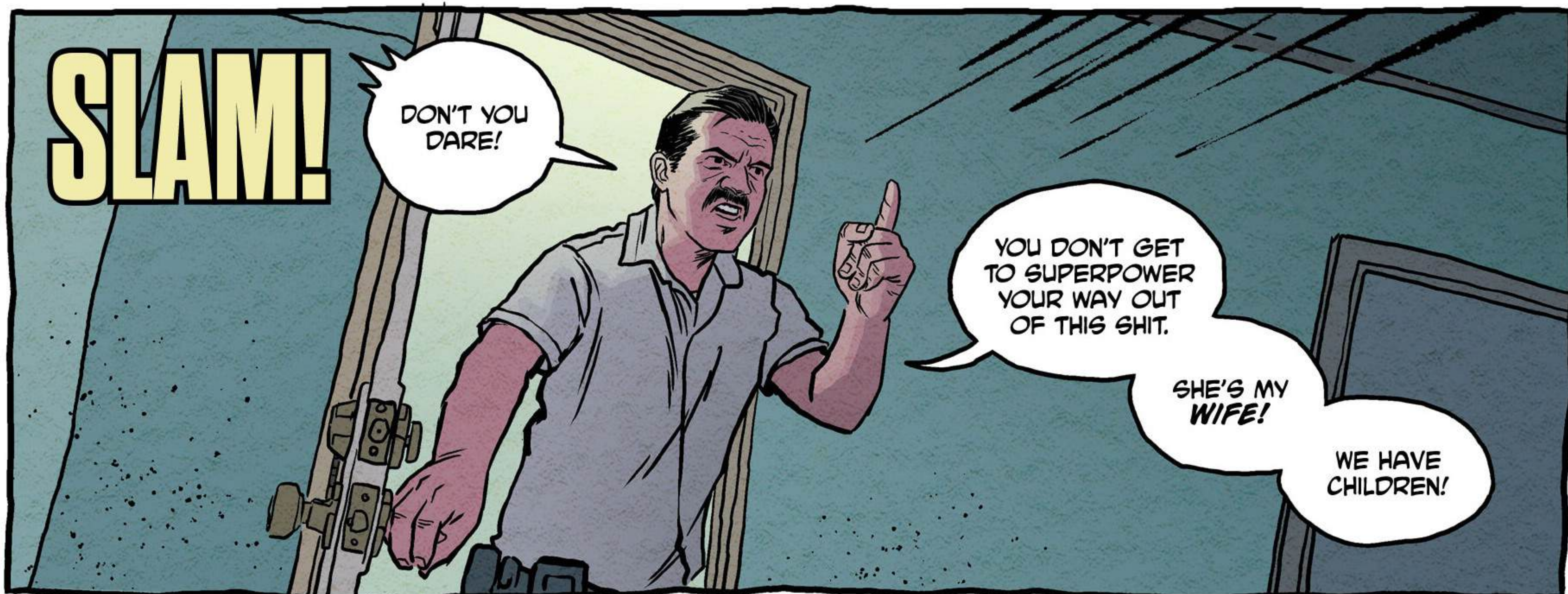


MAYBE...

MAYBE THAT'S WHY I WAS SO ATTRACTED TO INGA, AFTER I TOOK DOWN "DELIVERANCE."

MAYBE I INSTINCTIVELY *KNEW* IT WAS HER BEHIND...

ALL OF THIS.



SLAM!

DON'T YOU DARE!

YOU DON'T GET TO SUPERPOWER YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS SHIT.

SHE'S MY *WIFE!*

WE HAVE CHILDREN!



IT'S NOT MY *FAULT* FOR ASKING YOU TO HELP FIND OUT WHO KILLED A TEENAGER.

THAT'S PSYCHOTIC.

EVERYWHERE YOU GO, YOU FUCK UP EVERYTHING!

THIRD GEN. HODAG. FRIGHTSIDE. CAMO CRUSADER. YOU GOT ME FUCKING STABBED!



NONE OF THIS SHIT HAPPENS WHEN YOU'RE NOT HERE. YOU'RE LIKE CANCER.

YOU'RE NOT MAGNETICALLY DRAWN TO ANYTHING, YOU IDIOT! IT'S JUST...

...EVERYTHING YOU GET CLOSE TO DIES.

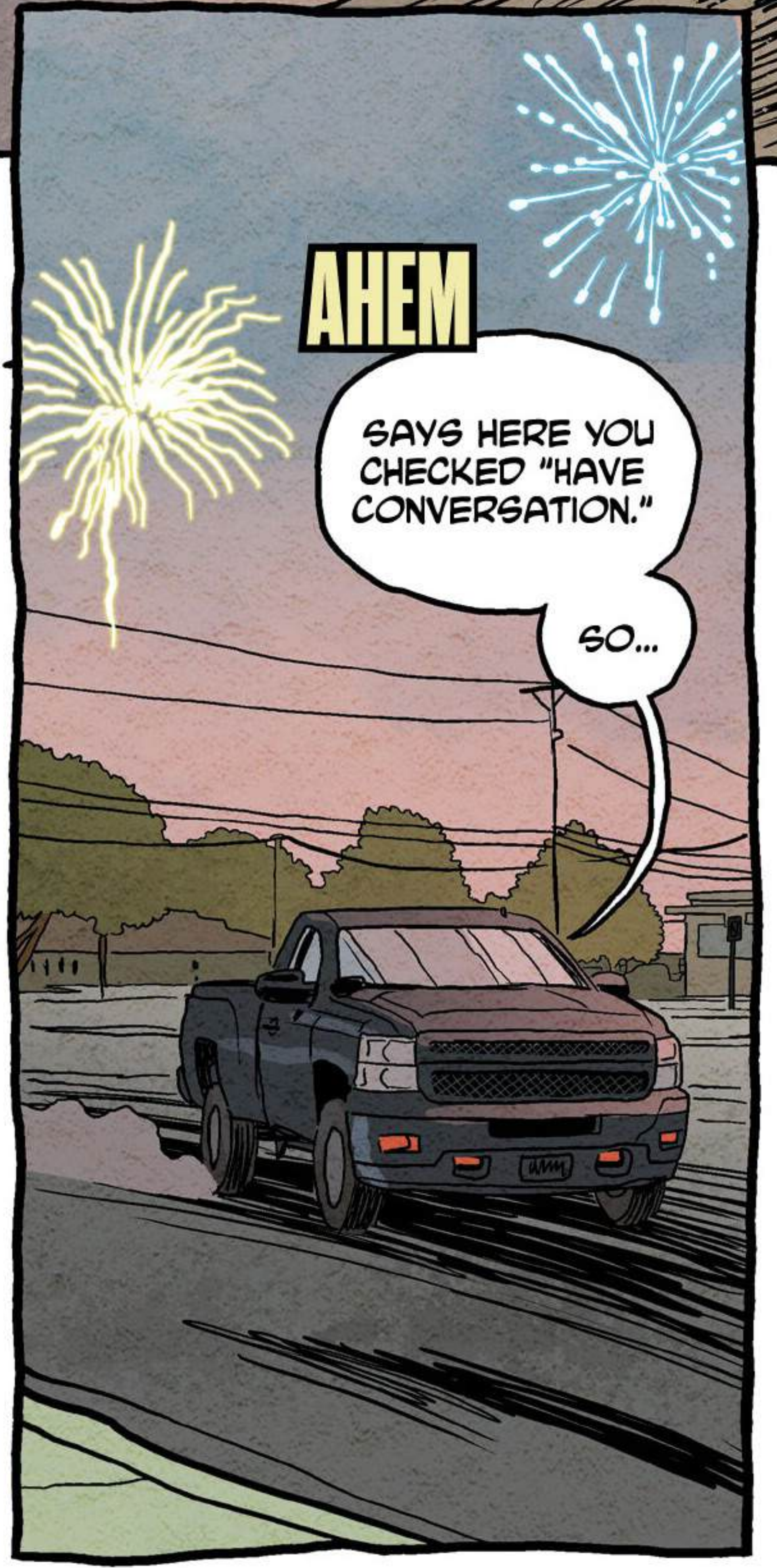
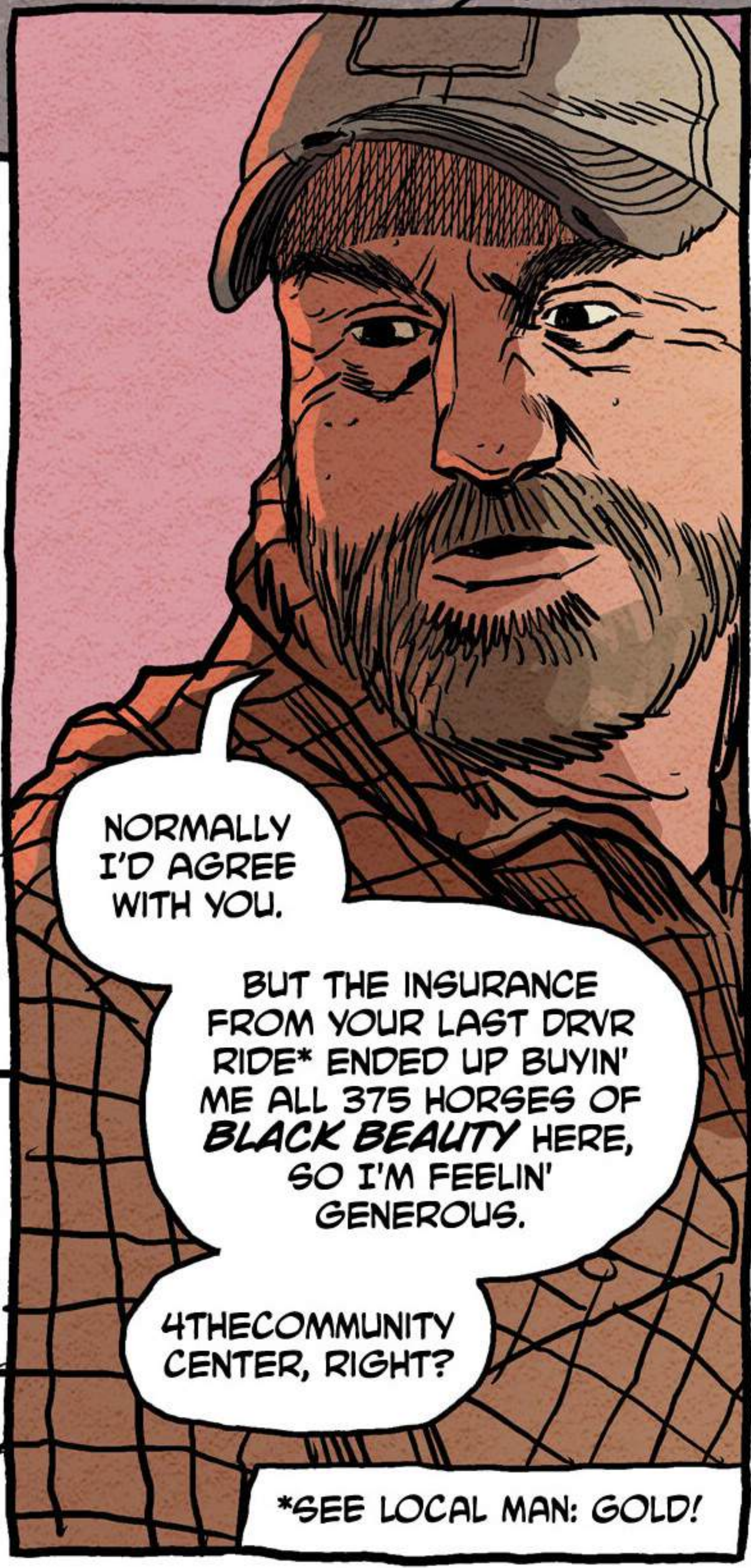
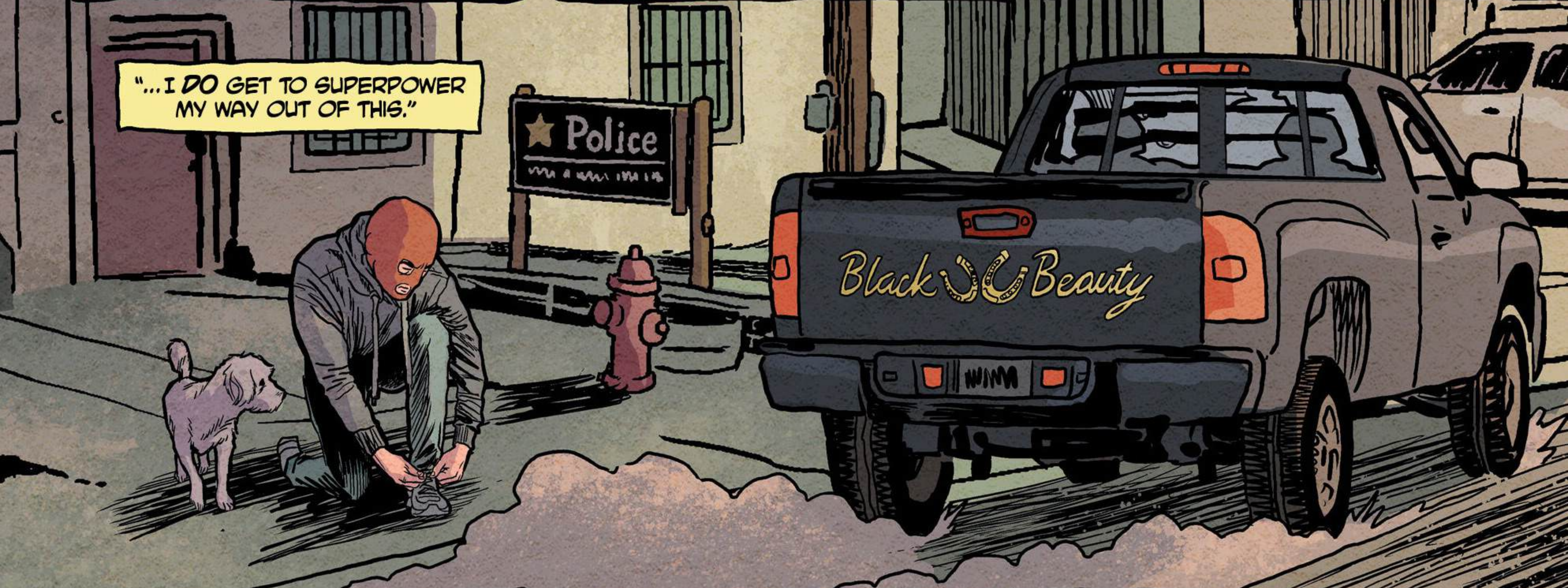


BRIAN... I'M SORRY, I REALLY AM.

I'M TRYING TO BE A BETTER PERSON.

AND I KNOW I FUCKED UP HUGE HERE...

BUT YOU'RE WRONG...





I JUST CAN'T
GET OVER IT.
I'VE GOT
THE *HOW*.

THE
PATH.

BUT THE WHY...
I CAN'T FIGURE
THE *WHY*.



I GUESS IT HAS
TO BE MONEY,
RIGHT?

I MEAN,
THIS IS AMERICA.
IT'S ALWAYS
ABOUT THE
MONEY.

BUT TO PLAN
SOMETHING FOR
LIKE TWENTY YEARS
AND BUILD A WHOLE
LIFE TO COVER
IT UP...



SHE HAS
A HUSBAND.
SHE HAS KIDS.
SHE'S LIKE...

THE MOST
BELOVED PERSON
IN TOWN. MY DAD
LOVES HER, AND HE
HATES EVERYONE.

AND THEN THE
CONSEQUENCES.
MY GOD.



THE THING WITH
4TH GEN WAS, THEY
JUST WANTED TO
KNOW IF YOU HAD
SUPERPOWERS.

THEY NEVER
EVEN ASKED
WHAT YOU WERE.

SEASCAPE WAS
GOOD-LOOKING AND
COULD CONTROL
WATER, SO, GOOD
ENOUGH, THEY
FIGURED.



BUT NOW, SHE GOT
OUT OF HER RE-GEN
BED, AND SHE TURNED
INTO THAT CREEPY
OLD HAG. AND...

AND SHE
KILLED A KID, AND
DROPPED HER ON
HER PARENTS'
FRONT PORCH.

AND NOW SHE'S
RUNNING UNDER
THE TOWN IN THE
GROUNDWATER.

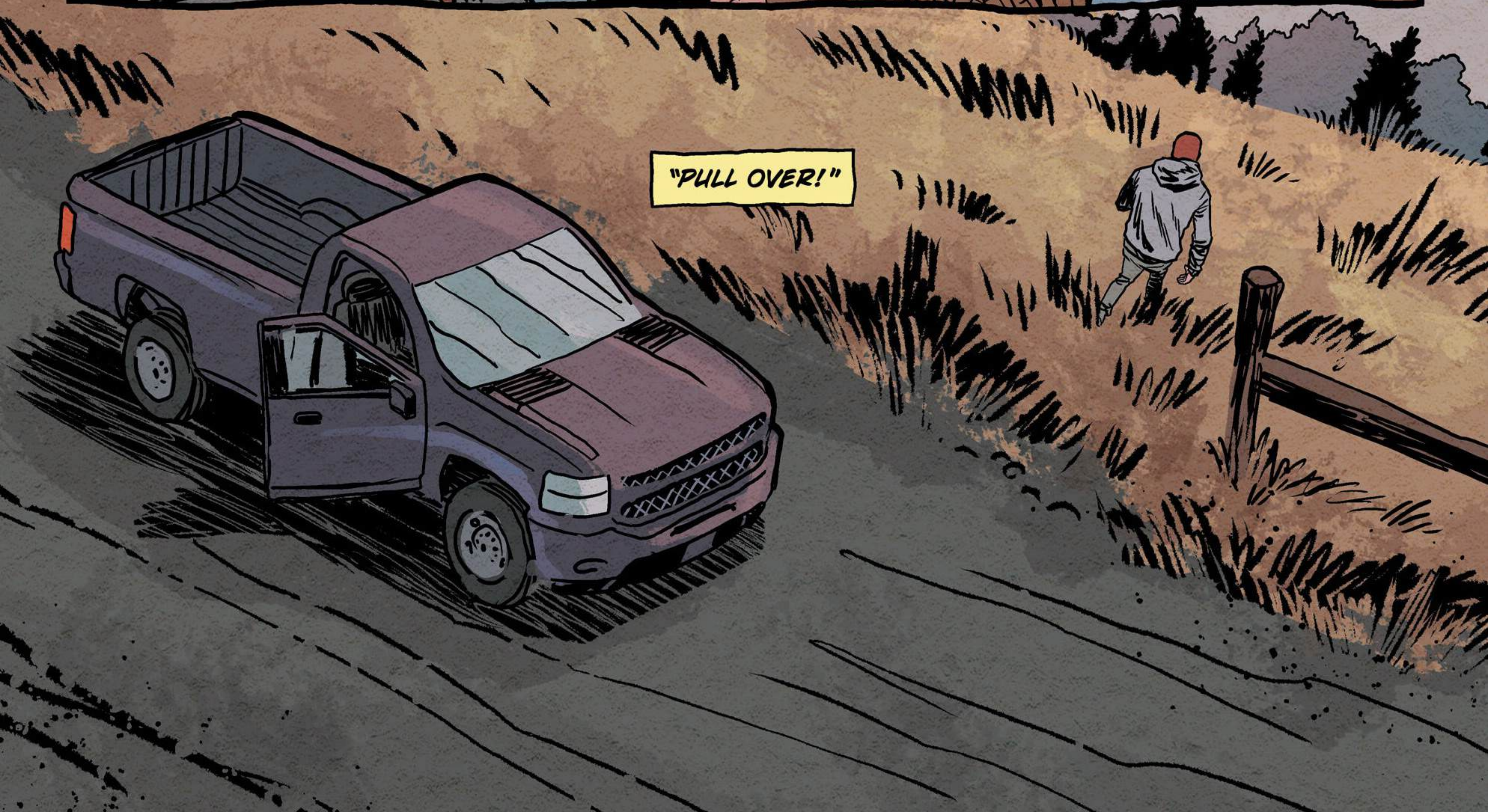


AND ALL
BECAUSE...
BECAUSE
WHAT?

BECAUSE
I LEFT INGA
TO JOIN THIRD
GEN? IS THIS...

DID INGA
DO ALL OF THIS
BECAUSE OF
ME?







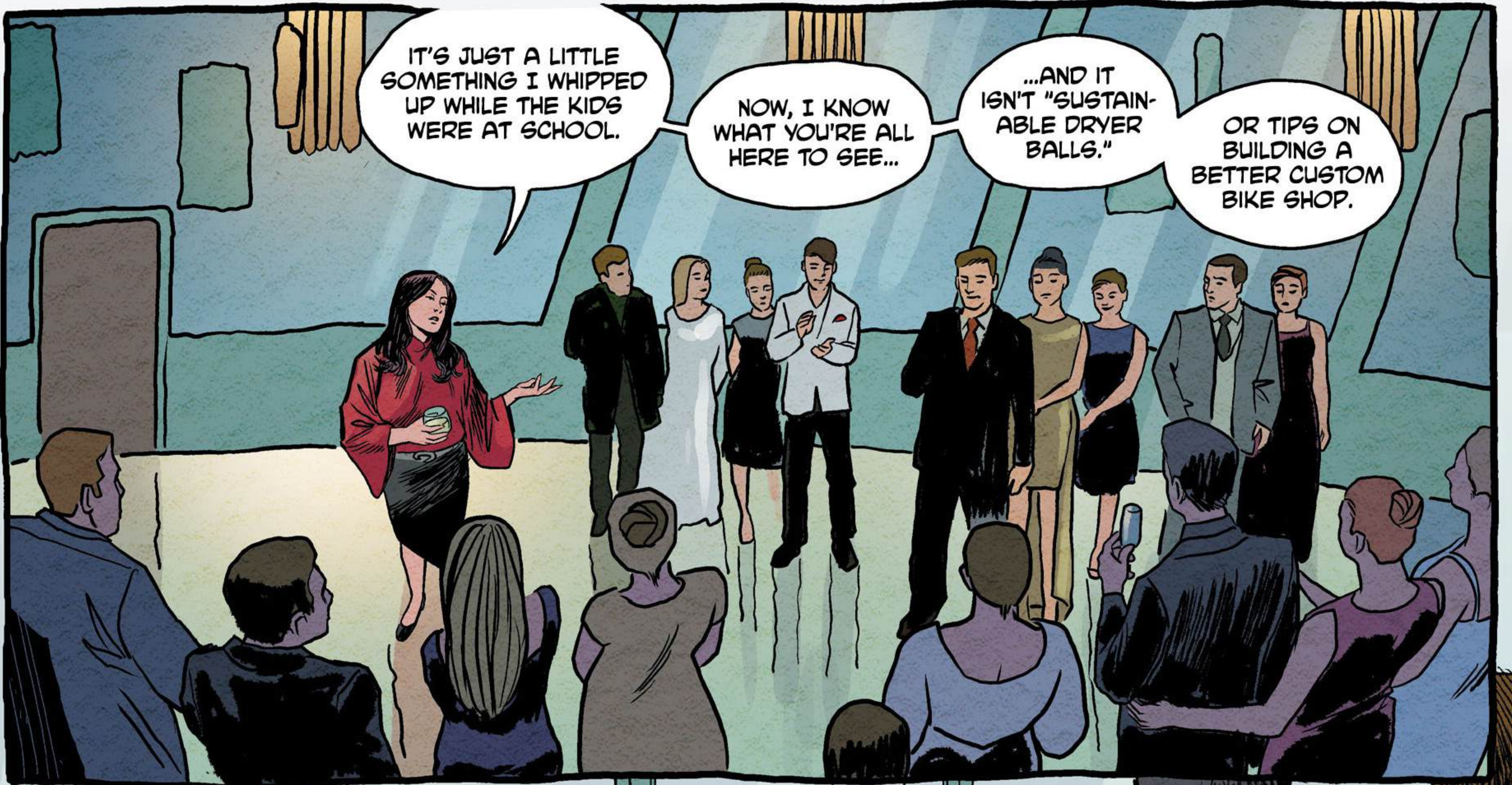
AN IMPRESSIVE ATTENDANCE FOR YOUR EVENT.

ESPECIALLY FOR SUCH A SMALL AND DEPRESSED TOWN.



YOU SHOULD BE PROUD, MRS. JOHANNINGS-BUCHOLZ.

WHAT, THIS?



IT'S JUST A LITTLE SOMETHING I WHIPPED UP WHILE THE KIDS WERE AT SCHOOL.

NOW, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ALL HERE TO SEE...

...AND IT ISN'T "SUSTAINABLE DRYER BALLS."

OR TIPS ON BUILDING A BETTER CUSTOM BIKE SHOP.



RUDY?

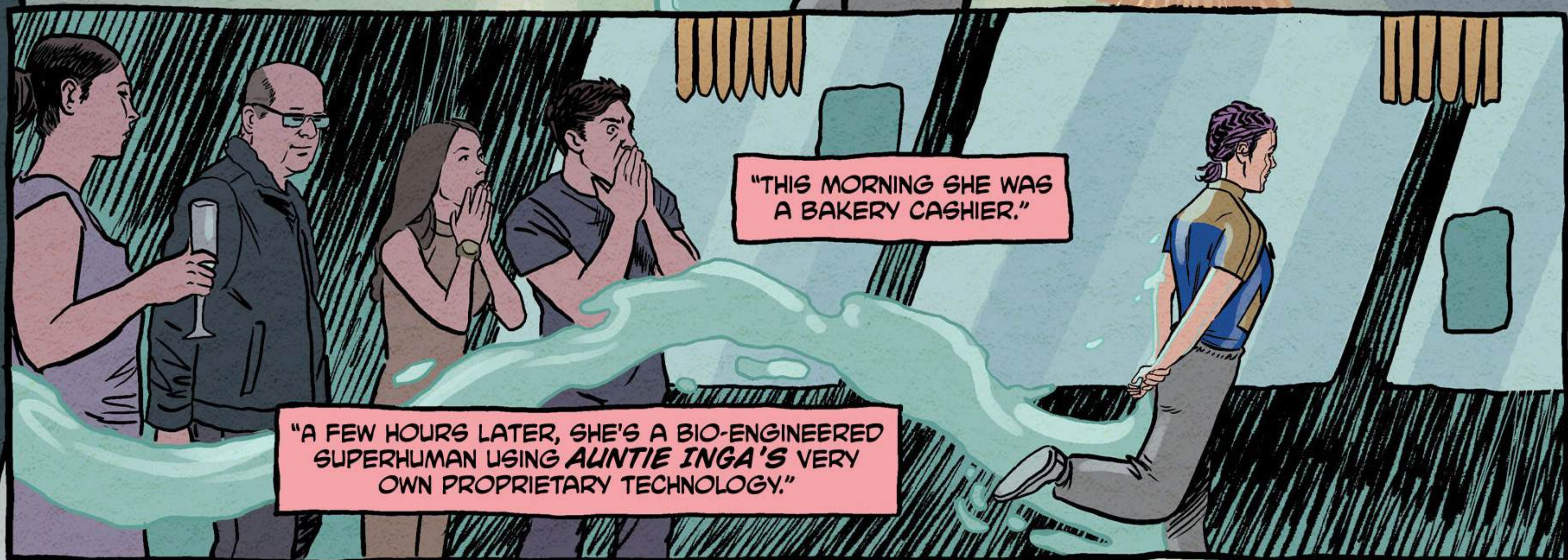
IT'S TIME TO SHOW OFF YOUR PROMOTION.



LADIES,
GENTLEMEN,
INNOVATORS AND
ENTREPRENEURS.

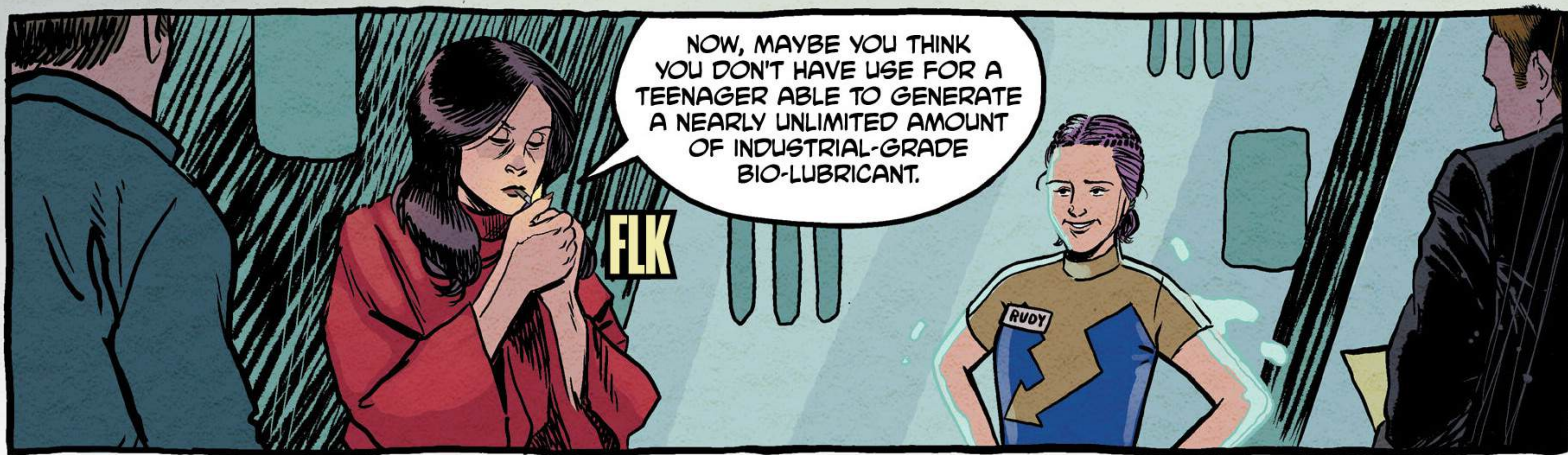
MEET
THE SLICK
2.0!

SLPPPP



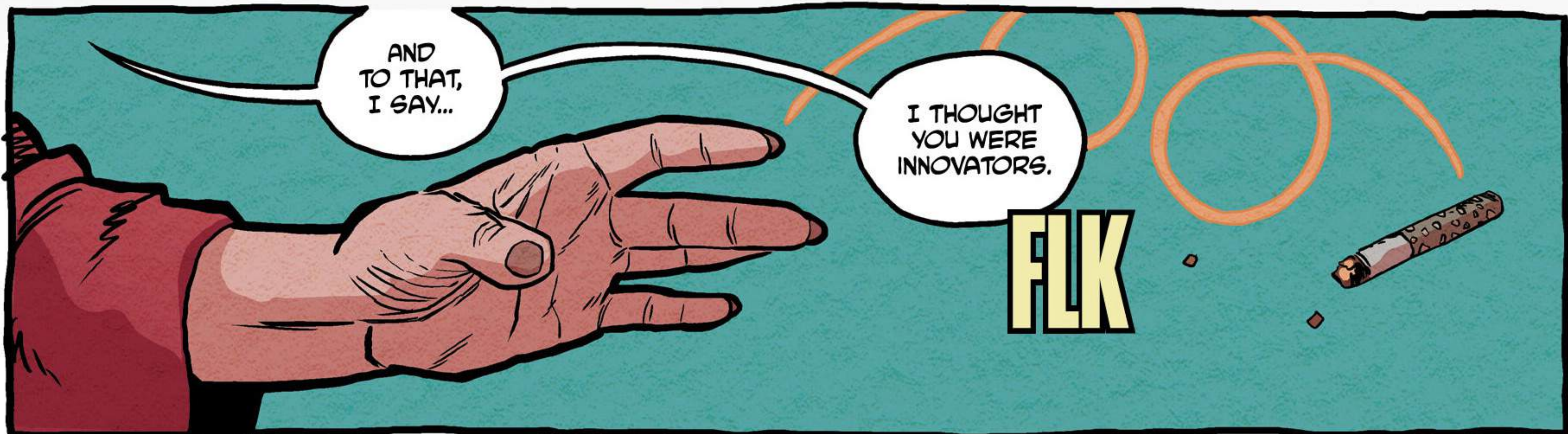
"THIS MORNING SHE WAS A
BAKERY CASHIER."

"A FEW HOURS LATER, SHE'S A BIO-ENGINEERED
SUPERHUMAN USING **AUNTIE INGA'S** VERY
OWN PROPRIETARY TECHNOLOGY."



NOW, MAYBE YOU THINK
YOU DON'T HAVE USE FOR A
TEENAGER ABLE TO GENERATE
A NEARLY UNLIMITED AMOUNT
OF INDUSTRIAL-GRADE
BIO-LUBRICANT.

FLK



AND
TO THAT,
I SAY...

I THOUGHT
YOU WERE
INNOVATORS.

FLK



AIIIEGGH!

FWOOMP



HUFF HUFF HUFF HUFF



I DID EVERYTHING I COULD TO HELP THIS TOWN SURVIVE WHEN IT LOST ITS ONE CHANCE AT GREATNESS.

AIIIEGGH!



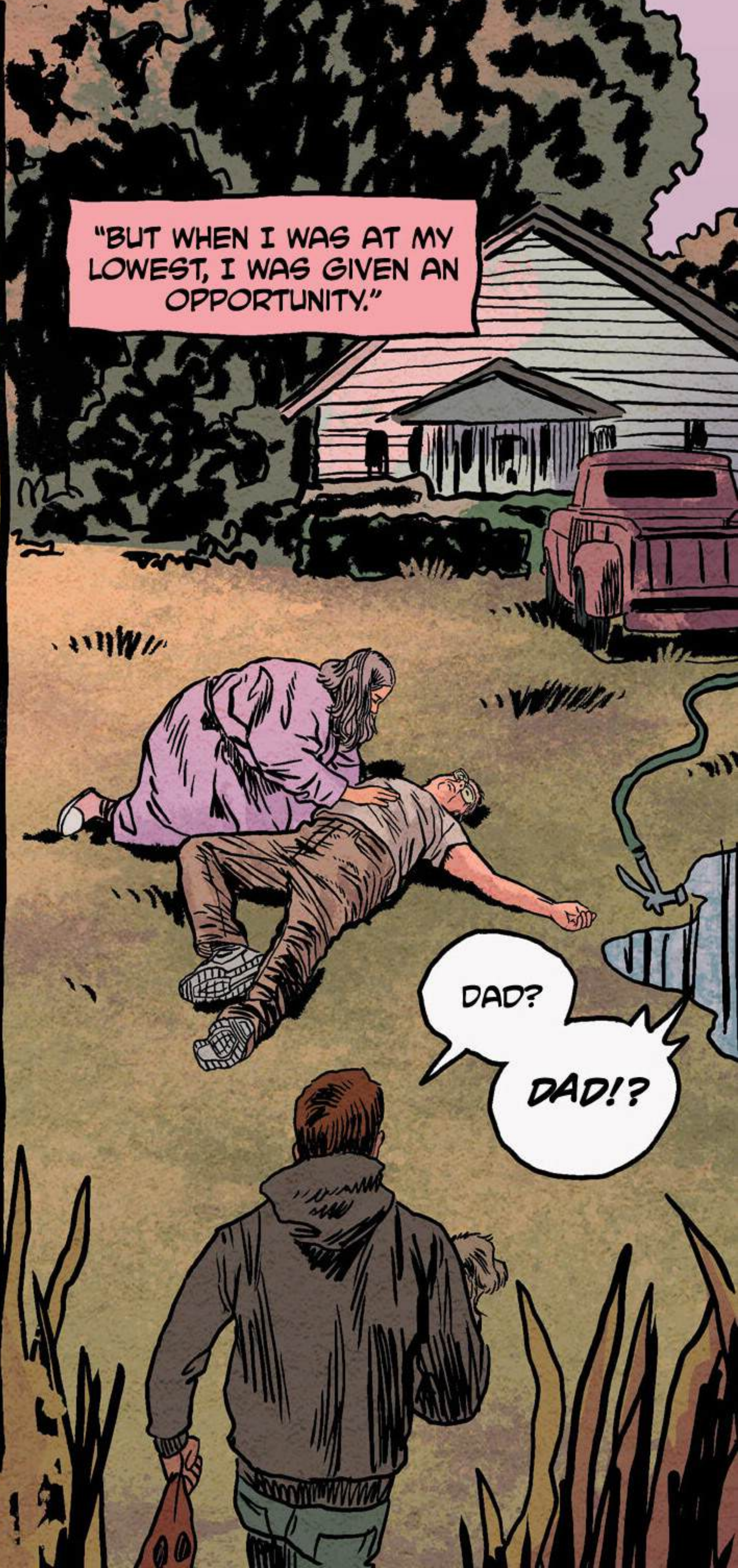
"AND I FAILED."

HNGH HNGH HNGH HNH



OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD

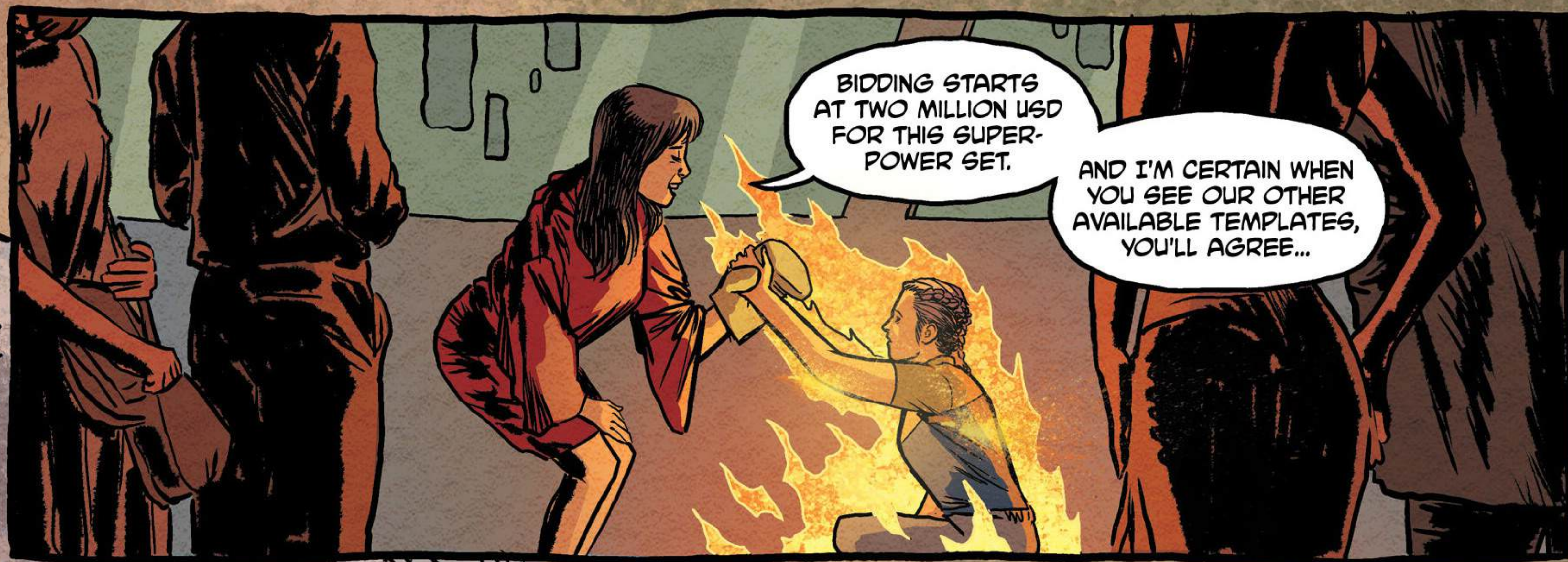
I ALMOST LAID DOWN AND DIED RIGHT THERE.

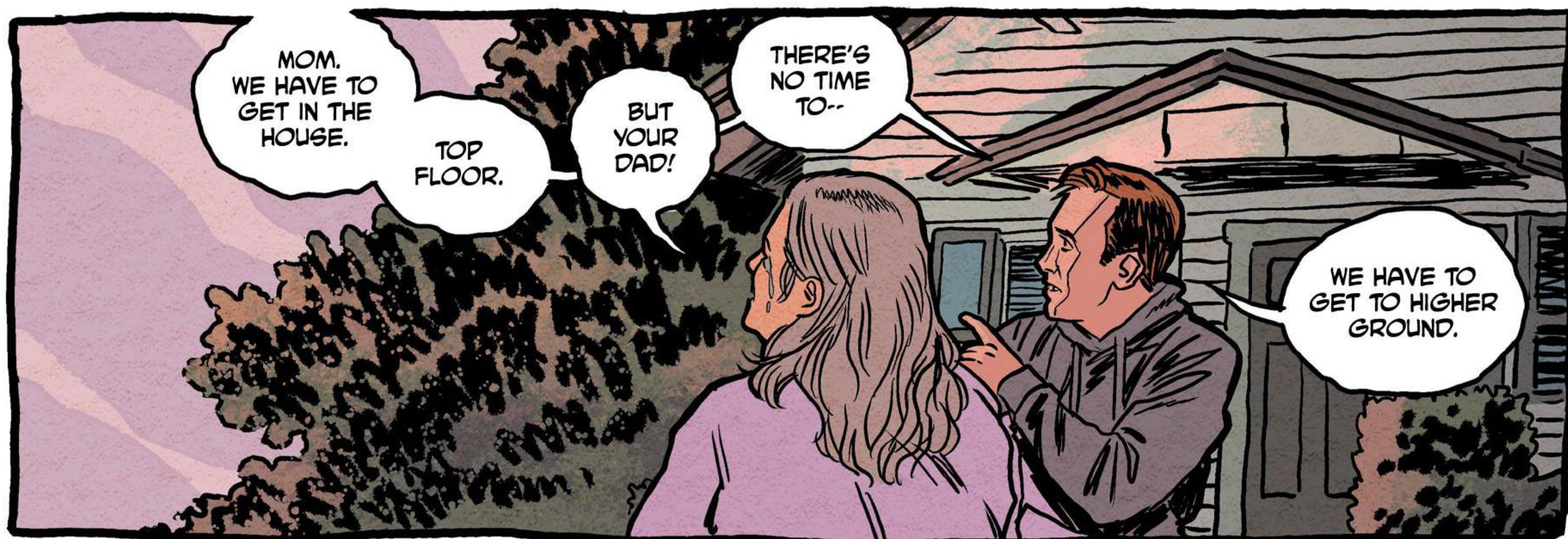


"BUT WHEN I WAS AT MY LOWEST, I WAS GIVEN AN OPPORTUNITY."

DAD?

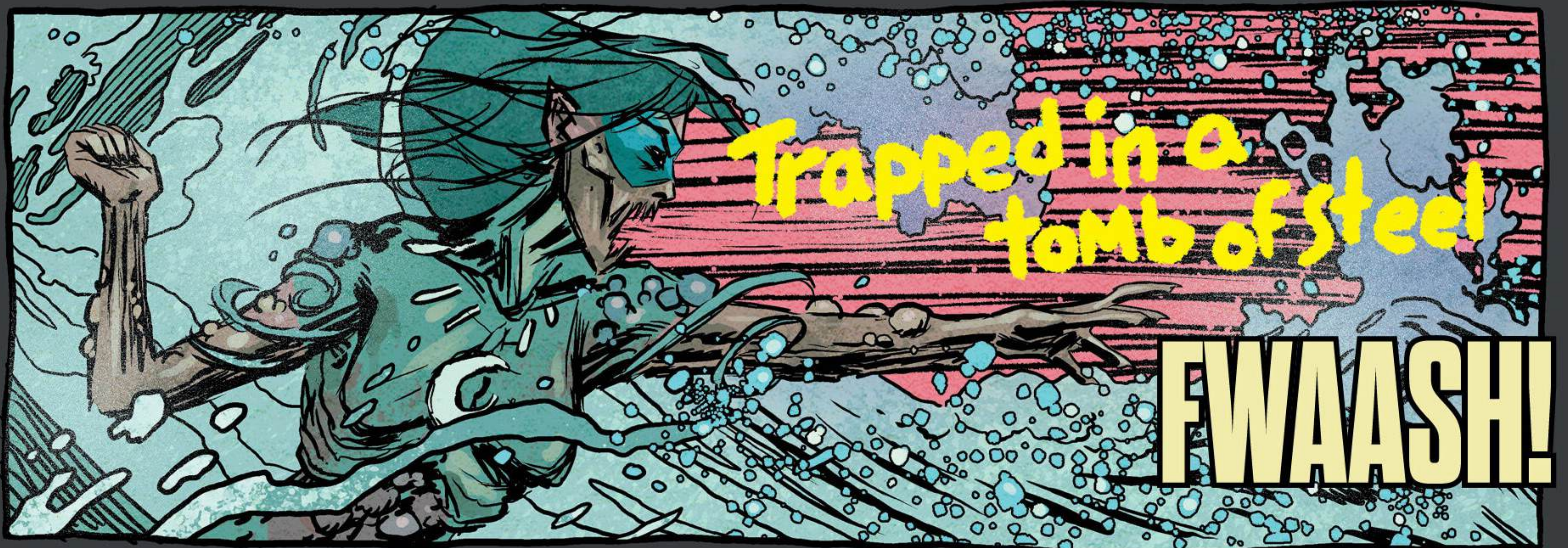
DAD!?

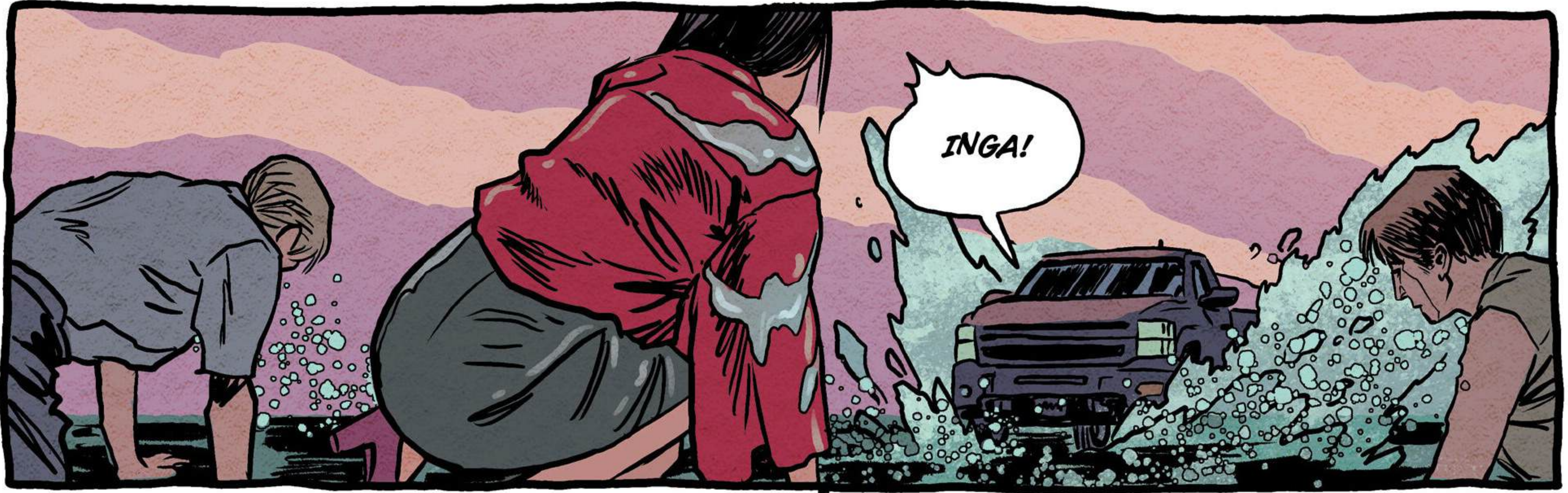




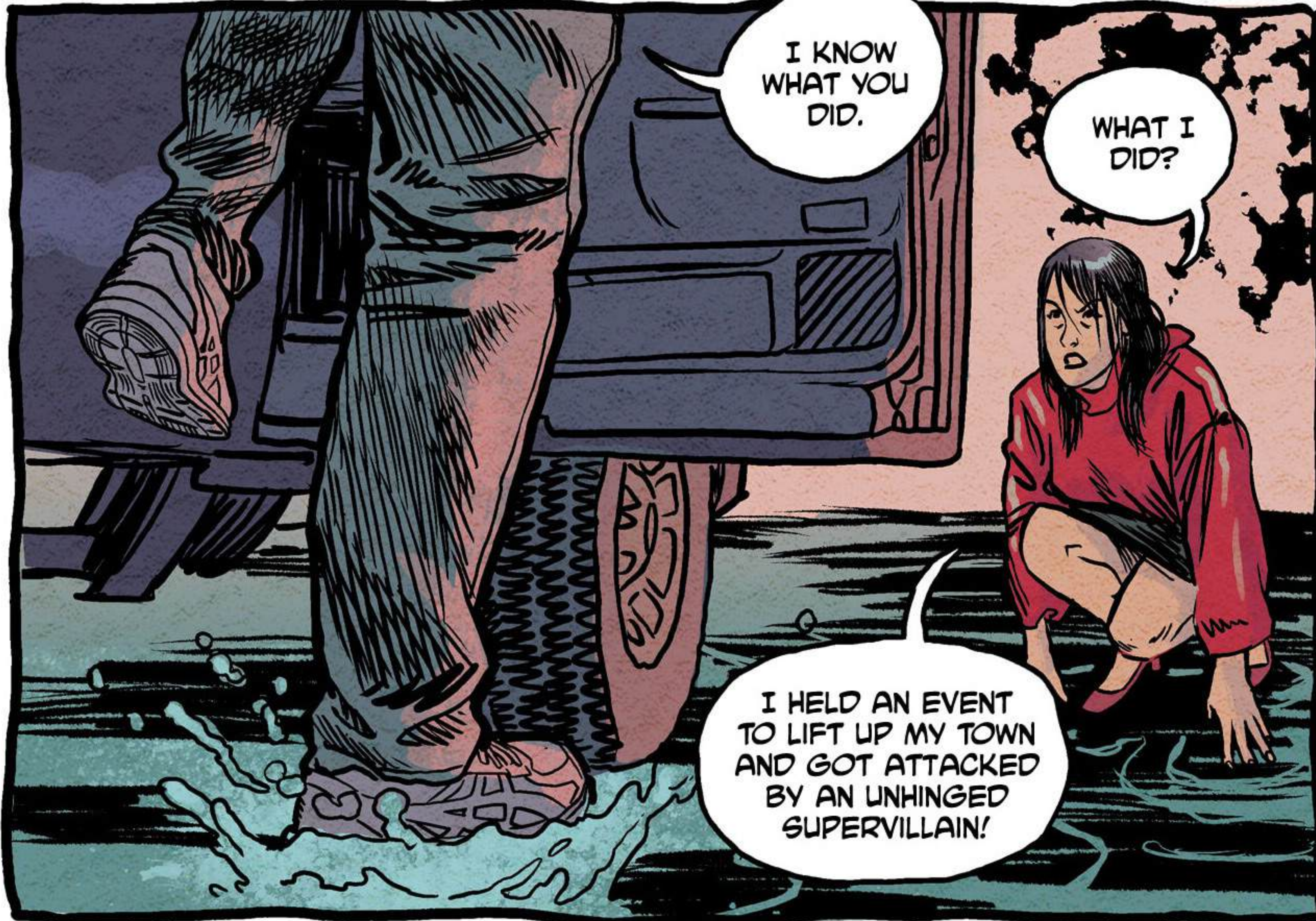








INGA!



I KNOW
WHAT YOU
DID.

WHAT I
DID?

I HELD AN EVENT
TO LIFT UP MY TOWN
AND GOT ATTACKED
BY AN UNHINGED
SUPERVILLAIN!



MY
DAD...

MY DAD,
HE...

I KNOW
WHAT
YOU--



YOU **MAD**, JACK?
YOU GONNA LOCK
ME UP?

YOU'RE
THE BIG CITY
SUPERHERO,
RIGHT?

YOU
GONNA
FIGHT
ME!?

SHOOT ME IN
MY EYEBALL
WITH AN
ARROW?



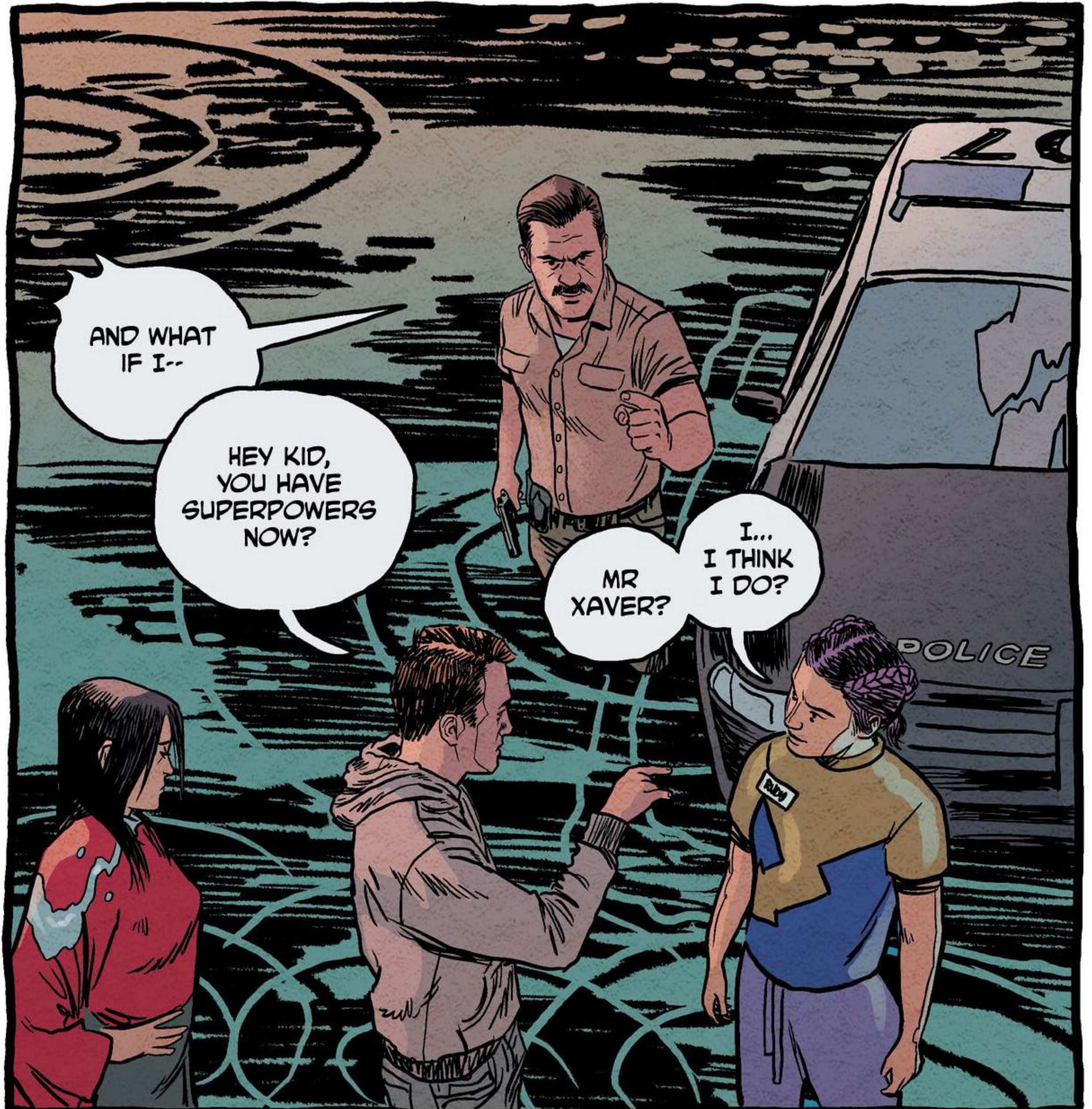
OR...

ARE YOU GOING
TO HELP THESE PEOPLE
BEFORE YOUR OLD TEAMMATE
BLOWS THE WHOLE COUNTY
INTO THE MISSISSIPPI
RIVER?

WHAT'S IT GOING
TO BE, JACK?
IS THIS GOING TO
BE ABOUT YOU?

OR IS IT
FINALLY GOING
TO BE ABOUT
FARMINGTON?

XAVER!



DOWNTOWN.

Drown in my earthen Seeeea of--

THOK

GHT
HNGK

HELL YEAH!
I TOLD YOU,
MOTHER-
FUCKER!

"COLD IRON"
IS PLUS FIVE
AGAINST
FEY!

AAAAA'IEEEEE

GO HELP
THOSE
PEOPLE.

MAKE SURE
NOBODY'S IN
THOSE FIRST-
FLOOR STORE-
FRONTS.

AAAAA'IEEEEE

SEA-
SCAPE...

...I'M
SORRY.

Weeee know
yoooooooo

I...
YEAH...

I KNOW
YOU TOO...



"WE WERE FRIENDS ONCE."

"YOU DESERVED..."

"BETTER THAN THIS..."

"YOU WERE A..."



"YOU DESERVED SO MUCH BETTER."



"A BIZARRE TRAGEDY IN A SMALL TOWN THAT'S BEEN IN THE NEWS OFTEN LATELY..."

"A TSUNAMI RIPPED THROUGH FARMINGTON, WISCONSIN LATE THIS AFTERNOON."



YES, YOU HEARD THAT RIGHT.

A TSUNAMI.
IN RURAL WISCONSIN.

THE DEATH TOLL IS UNKNOWN, BUT DAMAGE IS EXTENSIVE IN PARTS OF DOWNTOWN, AND AN EVENTS SPACE THAT WAS HOSTING A CONFERENCE AT THE TIME OF IMPACT.

AS OF YET, A CAUSE FOR THIS SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE EVENT IS UNKNOWN, BUT WHAT IS CERTAIN...



"SOMEONE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS UNNATURAL CATASTROPHE."

"AND IT WILL HAVE FAR-REACHING CONSEQUENCES..."

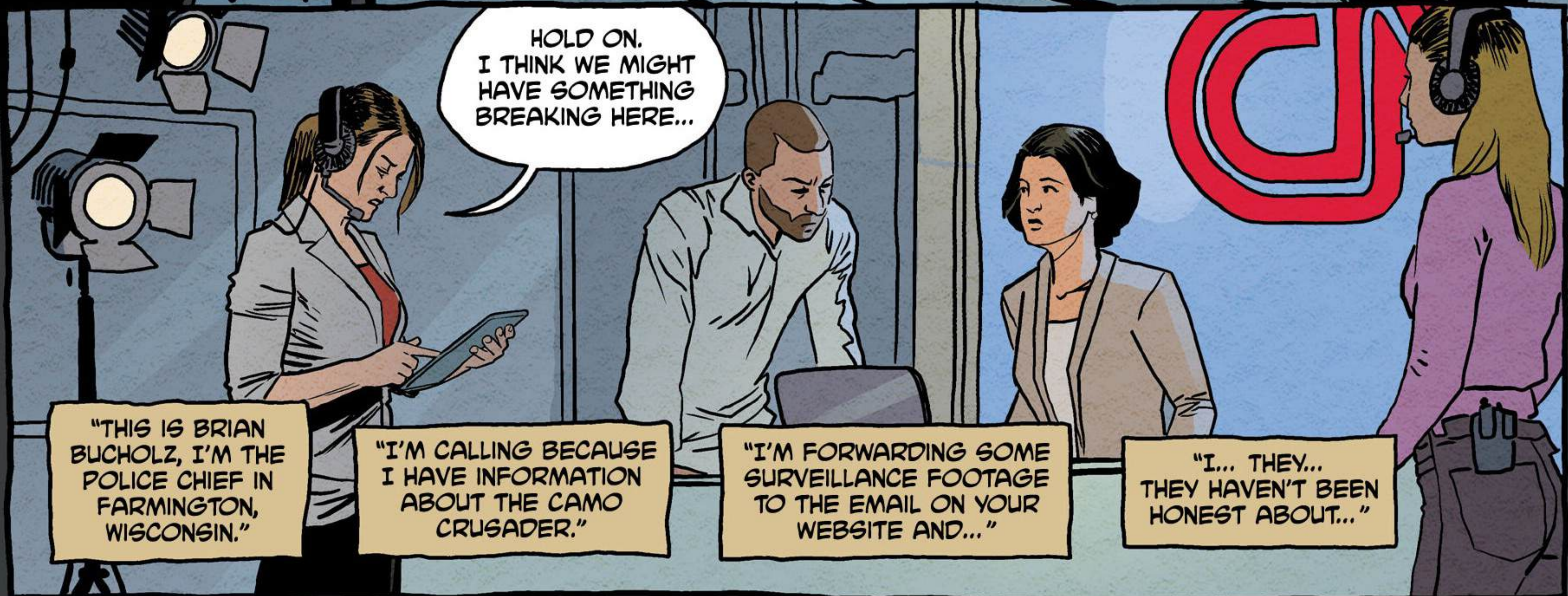


...FOR A
COMMUNITY THAT
HAS ALREADY SEEN
SO MUCH PAIN.

WE'RE
CLEAR.
BACK
IN 3.

WE'RE GOING
STRAIGHT TO THE
D.C. LIVESHOT WHEN
WE GET BACK...

...AND THEN RIGHT
INTO SPICER'S PIECE
ON THE STUDENT
PROTESTS IN--



HOLD ON.
I THINK WE MIGHT
HAVE SOMETHING
BREAKING HERE...

"THIS IS BRIAN
BUCHOLZ, I'M THE
POLICE CHIEF IN
FARMINGTON,
WISCONSIN."

"I'M CALLING BECAUSE
I HAVE INFORMATION
ABOUT THE CAMO
CRUSADER."

"I'M FORWARDING SOME
SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE
TO THE EMAIL ON YOUR
WEBSITE AND..."

"I... THEY...
THEY HAVEN'T BEEN
HONEST ABOUT..."



PLEASE!
DON'T--

HOLY SHIT,
IS THIS REAL?

JESUS,
IS THAT...
THAT'S
CROSSJACK,
RIGHT?



THOK

OH MY
FUCKING
GOD!

TO BE CONTINUED





I want to ask him sometimes.

If Jack is really doing as well in L.A. as he seems.

If he misses Farmington or if he prefers fighting superheroes and rescuing billionaires.

If he ever talks about his mom. His dad.

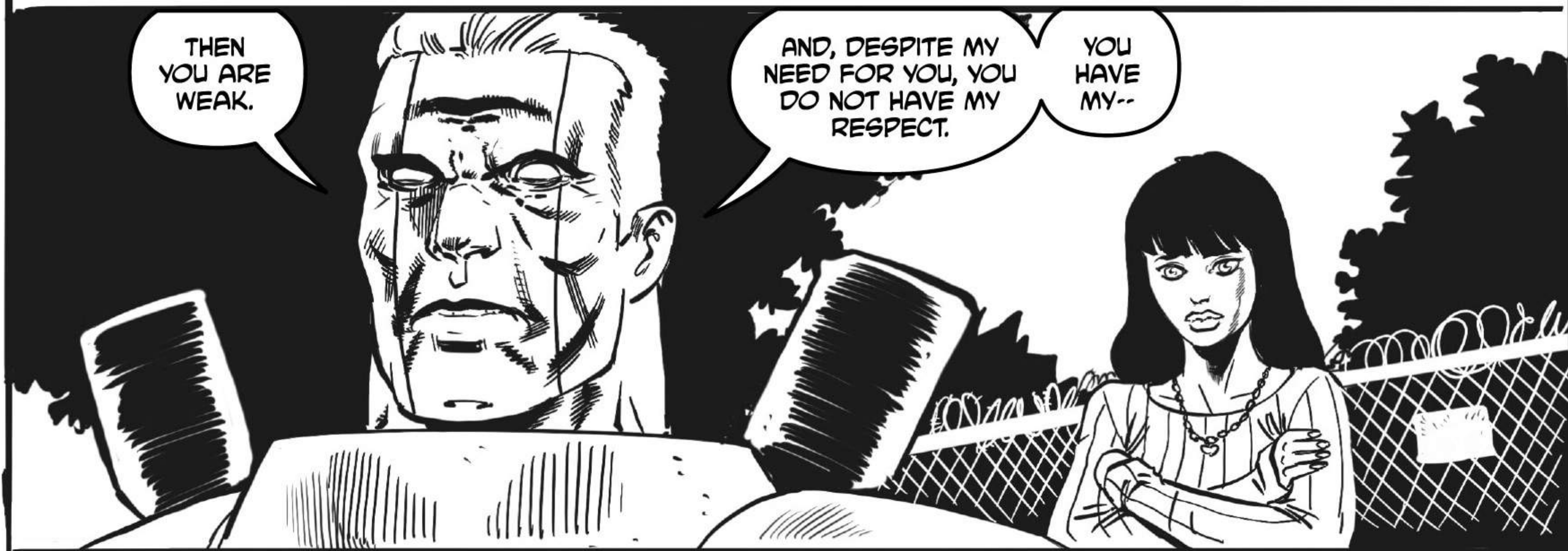
About me.

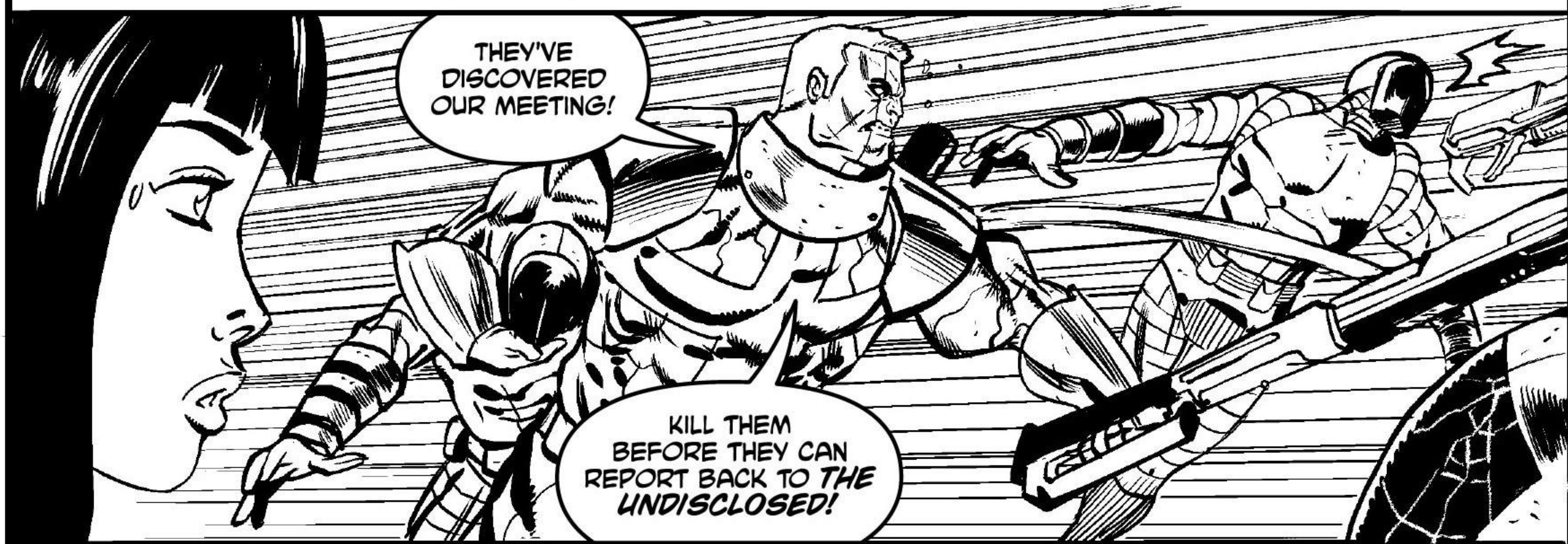


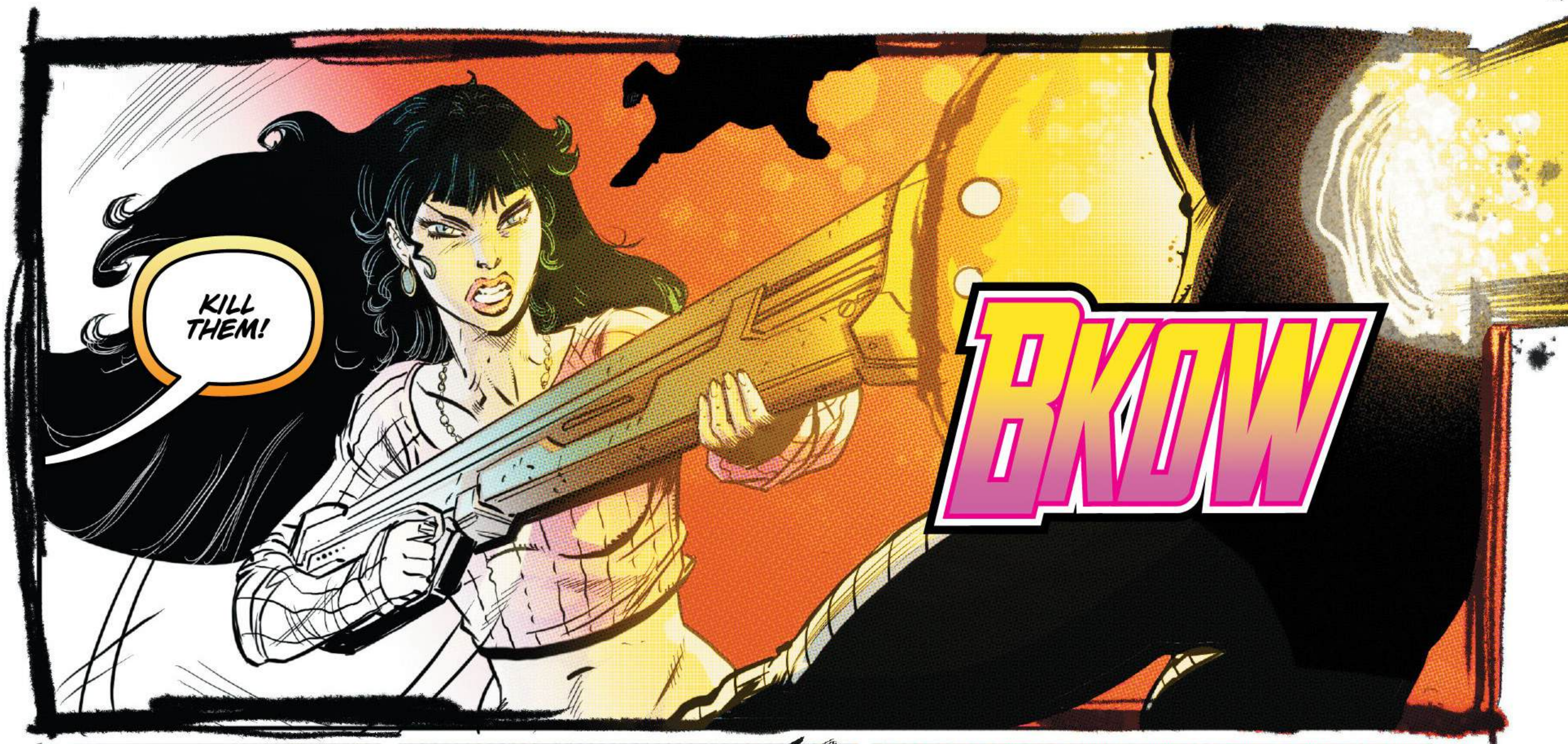
But Camo Crusader doesn't ever say much.

He's all business. Like he's above me because I'm not part of his world.

INGA...







KILL THEM!

BKOW

I didn't know who I was without Jack.

I didn't know where I belonged.

But in that moment...

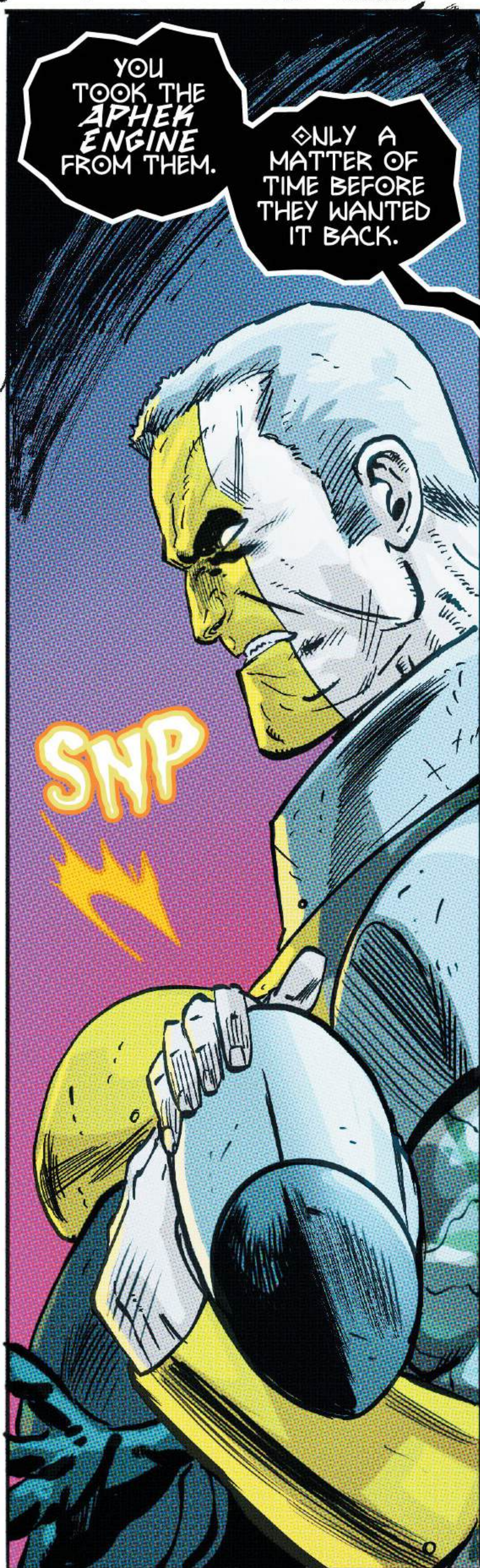
I JOINED HIS WORLD.



YOU TOOK THE APHEX ENGINE FROM THEM.

ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THEY WANTED IT BACK.

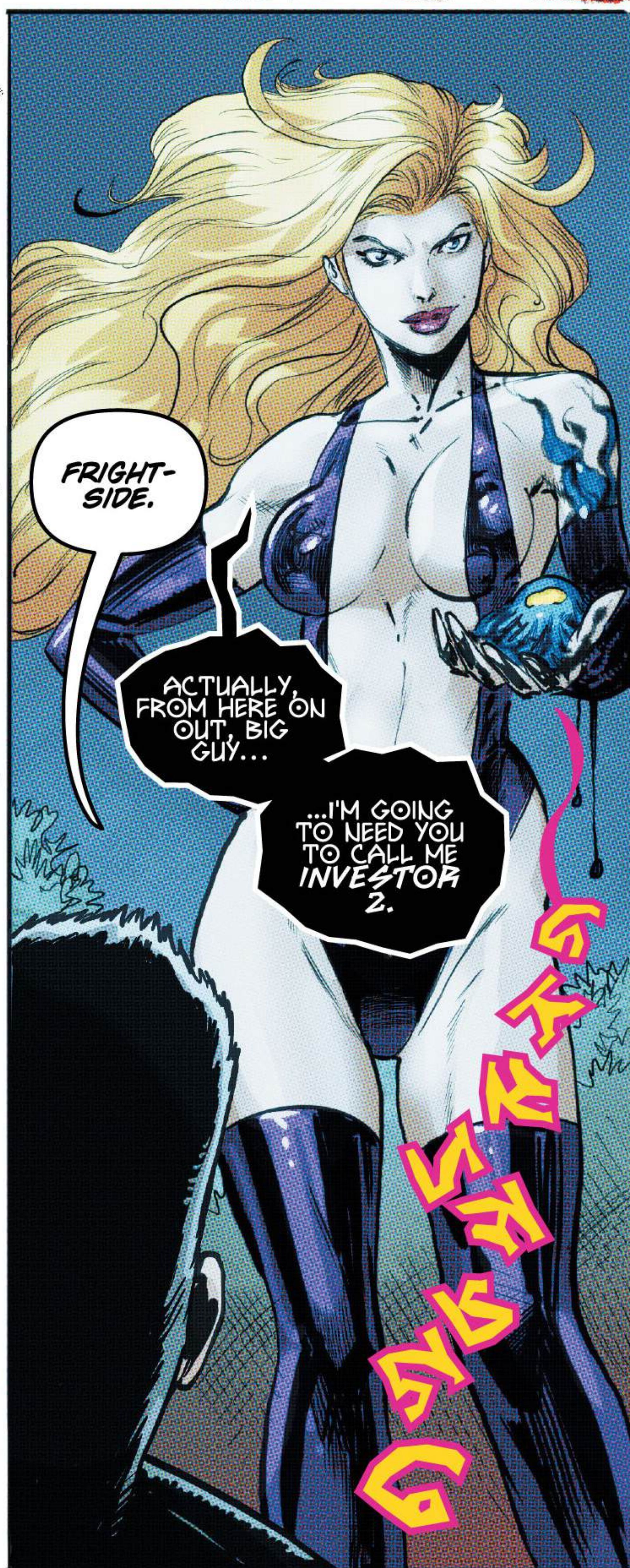
SNP



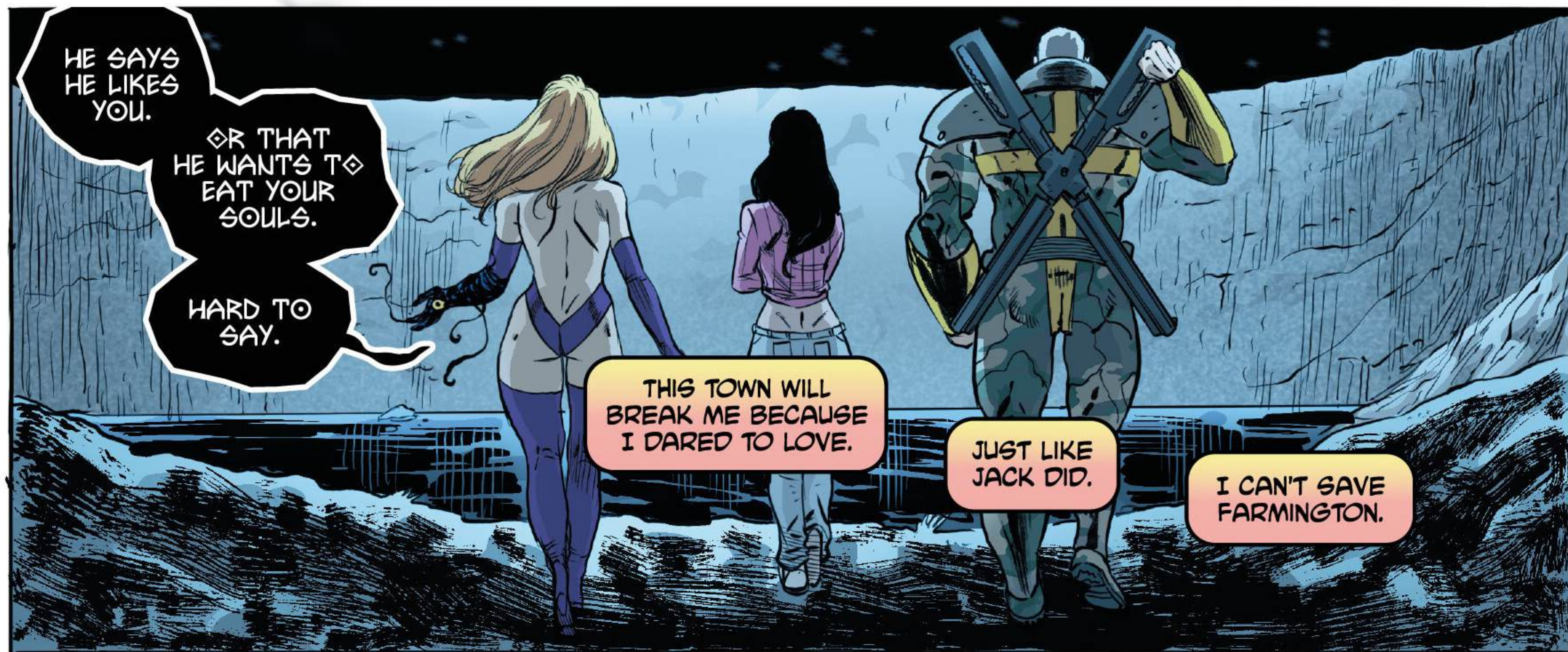
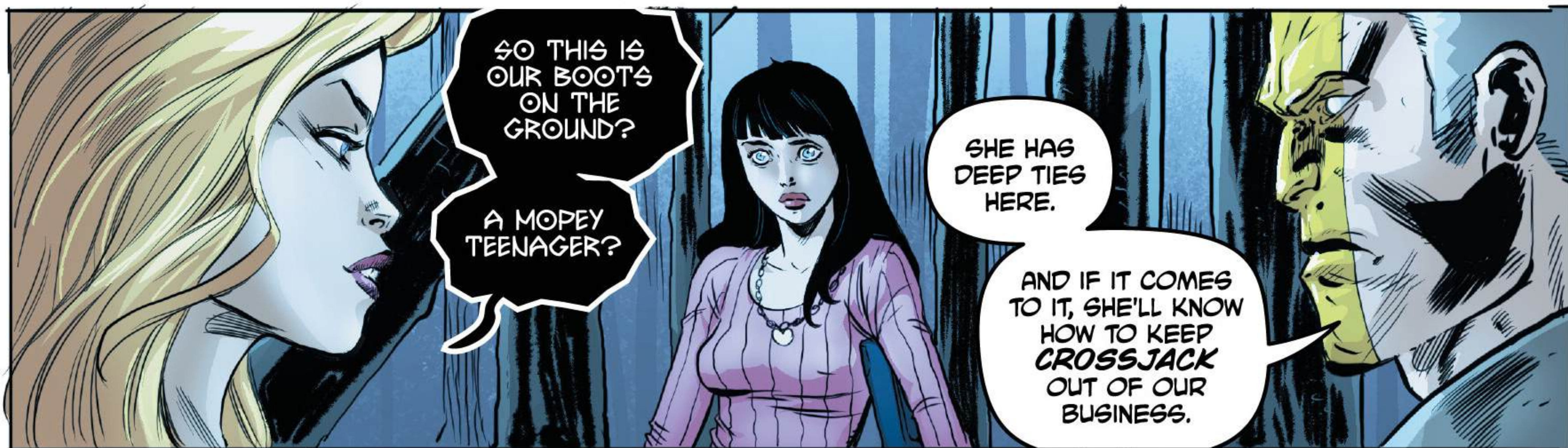
FRIGHT-SIDE.

ACTUALLY, FROM HERE ON OUT, BIG GUY...

...I'M GOING TO NEED YOU TO CALL ME INVESTOR 2.



GANK



Cover Gallery





**MIDWEST
SUPERHERO
NOIR!**
image
6
OCTOBER
\$3.99
USA

TM
THE DRY SEASON TM
PART 1
LOCALMAN TM



TM

LOCAL MAN

TM

image

7

\$3.99

LOCAL MAN

STRIKEFILE



7TH
EXPLOSIVE
ISSUE!

image

8

DEC

\$3.99

USA

LOCAL MANV™



3004
-23
AFTER KEITH!
AMP!

#9
image

Local MAN



A comic book cover illustration featuring a character with a large, yellow, spiky headpiece and a red visor. The character is wearing a blue and yellow suit. The background is a purple field with a pattern of small white dots. A large, yellow, circular object is in the foreground, and a large, yellow, spiky object is in the upper left. The title 'images of LOCAL MAN' is in the top right, and the names of the artists are in a black box on the right.

images of **LOCAL MAN**

with art by

Jared Hickman

Christian Meeseey

J. Gonzo

Chris Moreno

Tone Rodriguez









CHRIS
MORENO
2023





LOCAL MAN

STRAY DOGS CREATOR **TONY FLEECES** TEAMS WITH REVIVAL'S **TIM SEELEY** FOR A SERIES THAT COMBINES RURAL CRIME NOIR AND SUPERHERO ACTION!

JACK XAVER, FARMINGTON, WISCONSIN'S VERY OWN **LOCAL MAN**, IS CALLED IN TO INVESTIGATE A MYSTERIOUS DROWNING ON DRY LAND. BUT THERE'S A CONSPIRACY THEORY GAINING TRACTION THAT JACK MURDERED AMERICA'S MOST BELOVED CHAMPION, THE **CAMO CRUSADER**.

DIVE INTO ANOTHER TWISTED CASE WITH DARK TIES TO JACK'S SUPERHERO PAST.

ONE OF THE YEAR'S MOST CRITICALLY ACCLAIMED SERIES

"A GRIPPING, FUNNY, AND HEARTBREAKING SERIES BOTH BUILT ON THE ORIGINAL DAYS OF IMAGE BUT TAKING THE SUPERHERO GENRE TO PLACES IT'S NEVER GONE. A TRULY INSPIRING SERIES ON EVERY LEVEL, THIS IS ONE OF MY ONLY-MUST READ BOOKS ON THE STANDS."

— **GEOFF JOHNS** (JUSTICE LEAGUE, GHOST MACHINE)

"...BOTH A LAUGH RIOT AND AN EXISTENTIAL CLUSTER BOMB."

— **AIPT**

"IT'S A BOOK THAT SHOULD BE A JOKE – AND BELIEVE US, IT'S GOT PLENTY OF THOSE – BUT IT SOMEHOW MANAGES TO BE A WELL-THOUGHT-OUT SUPERHERO NOIR THAT MOVES BEYOND SIMPLE NOSTALGIA."

— **THE HOLLYWOOD REPORTER**

"AN EXPERT SATIRE OF 1990S SUPERHERO COMICS, WHILE ALSO SOMEHOW BEING A LOVING TRIBUTE TO THAT ERA" — **CBR**

ISBN: 978-1-5343-9736-1

CRIME & MYSTERY | SUPERHEROES

RATED **M** | MATURE (AGES 18+)

COLLECTS **LOCAL MAN** #6-9 AND GOLD



D.R. & QUINCH

